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THE WORLD'S BEST HISTORIES

# THE RISE
OF THE
# DUTCH REPUBLIC

A HISTORY

IN FOUR VOLUMES

BY

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*WITH FRONTISPIECE*

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*Dutch Republic*

# THE
# RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

## PART III.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LIBERATOR CONQUERED BY ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

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THE example thus set by Brill and Flushing was rapidly followed. The first half of the year 1572 was distinguished by a series of triumphs rendered still more remarkable by the reverses which followed at its close. Of a sudden, almost as it were by accident, a small but important sea-port, the object for which the Prince had so long been hoping, was secured. Instantly afterward, half the island of Walcheren renounced the yoke of Alva. Next, Enkhuizen, the key to the Zuyder Zee, the principal arsenal, and one of the first commercial cities in the Netherlands, rose against the Spanish Admiral, and hung out the banner of Orange on its ramparts.[1] The revolution effected here was purely the work of the people—of the mariners and burghers of the city.[2] Moreover, the magistracy was set aside and the government of Alva repudiated without shedding one drop of blood, without a single wrong to person or property.[3] By the same spontaneous movement, nearly all the important cities of Holland and Zeeland raised the standard of him in whom they recognized their deliverer.[4] The revolution was accomplished under nearly similar circumstances everywhere. With one fierce bound of enthusiasm the nation shook off its chain. Oudewater, Dort, Haarlem, Leyden, Gorcum, Loewenstein, Gouda, Medenblik, Horn, Alkmaar, Edam, Monnikendam, Purmerende, as well as Flushing, Veer, and Enkhuizen, all ranged themselves under the government of Orange, as lawful stadholder for the King.[5]

Nor was it in Holland and Zeeland alone that the beacon fires of freedom were lighted. City after City in Gelderland, Overyssel, and the See of Utrecht; all the important towns of Friesland, some sooner, some later, some without a strug-

[1] Bor, vi, 371–375. Hoofd, vi, 230–236.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. [3] Ibid. Van Meteren, 67–69.
[4] Hoofd, vi. 238–240, et seq. Bor, vi. 377, et seq.
[5] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, 69, et seq. Wagenaer, vi. 363–370.

gle, some after a short siege, some with resistance by the functionaries of government, some by amicable compromise, accepted the garrisons of the Prince, and formally recognized his authority.[1] Out of the chaos which a long and preternatural tyranny had produced, the first struggling elements of a new and a better world began to appear. It were superfluous to narrate the details which marked the sudden restoration of liberty in these various groups of cities. Traits of generosity marked the change of government in some, circumstances of ferocity disfigured the revolution in others. The island of Walcheren, equally divided as it was between the two parties, was the scene of much truculent and diabolical warfare. It is difficult to say whether the mutual hatred of race or the animosity of religious difference proved the deadlier venom. The combats were perpetual and sanguinary, the prisoners on both sides instantly executed. On more than one occasion, men were seen assisting to hang with their own hands and in cold blood their own brothers, who had been taken prisoners in the enemy's ranks.[2] When the captives were too many to be hanged, they were tied back to back, two and two, and thus hurled into the sea.[3] The islanders found a fierce pleasure in these acts of cruelty. A Spaniard had ceased to be human in their eyes. On one occasion, a surgeon at Veer cut the heart from a Spanish prisoner, nailed it on a vessel's prow, and invited the townsmen to come and fasten their teeth in it, which many did with savage satisfaction.[4]

In other parts of the country the revolution was, on the whole, accomplished with comparative calmness. Even traits of generosity were not uncommon. The burgomaster of Gonda, long the supple slave of Alva and the Blood-Council, fled for his life as the revolt broke forth in that city. He took refuge in the house of a certain widow, and begged for a place of concealment. The widow led him to a secret closet which served as a pantry. "Shall I be secure there?" asked the fugitive functionary. "O yes, sir Burgomaster," replied the widow, "'twas in that very place that my husband lay concealed when you, accompanied by the officers of justice, were searching the house, that you might bring him to the scaffold for his religion. Enter the pantry, your worship; I

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.
[2] Hoofd, vi. 227.
[3] "Vocten spoelen."—Hoofd. Wagenaer, vi. 355.
[4] Hoofd, vi. 228.

will be responsible for your safety."[1] Thus faithfully did the humble widow of a hunted and murdered Calvinist protect the life of the magistrate who had brought desolation to her hearth.

Not all the conquests thus rapidly achieved in the cause of liberty were destined to endure, nor were any to be retained without a struggle. The little northern cluster of republics which had now restored its honor to the ancient Batavian name was destined, however, for a long and vigorous life. From that bleak isthmus the light of freedom was to stream through many years upon struggling humanity in Europe; a guiding pharos across a stormy sea; and Haarlem, Leyden, Alkmaar—names hallowed by deeds of heroism such as have not often illustrated human annals, still breathe as trumpet-tongued and perpetual a defiance to despotism as Marathon, Thermapolae, or Salamis.

A new board of magistrates had been chosen in all the redeemed cities, by popular election. They were required to take an oath of fidelity to the King of Spain, and to the Prince of Orange as his stadholder; to promise resistance to the Duke of Alva, the tenth penny, and the inquisition; "to support every man's freedom and the welfare of the country; to protect widows, orphans, and miserable persons, and to maintain justice and truth."[2]

Diedrich Sonoy arrived on June 2d at Enkhuizen. He was provided by the Prince with a commission, appointing him Lieutenant-Governor of North Holland or Waterland.[3] Thus, to combat the authority of Alva was set up the authority of the King. The stadholderate over Holland and Zeeland, to which the Prince had been appointed in 1559, he now reassumed. Upon this fiction reposed the whole provisional polity of the revolted Netherlands. The government, as it gradually unfolded itself, from this epoch forward until the declaration of independence and the absolute renunciation of the Spanish sovereign power, will be sketched in a future chapter. The people at first claimed not an iota more of freedom than was secured by Philip's coronation oath. There was no pretence that Philip was not sovereign, but there *was* a pretence and a determination to worship God according to

[1] Hoofd, vi. 242.
[2] Bor, vi. 374, 375. Hoofd, vi. 230, 236. Wagenaer, vi. 360, 361.
[3] Bor, vi. 375.

conscience, and to reclaim the ancient political "liberties" of the land. So long as Alva reigned, the Blood-Council, the inquisition, and martial law, were the only codes or courts, and every charter slept. To recover this practical liberty and these historical rights, and to shake from their shoulders a most sanguinary government, was the purpose of William and of the people. No revolutionary standard was displayed.

The written instructions given by the Prince to his Lieutenant Sonoy[1] were to "see that the word of God was preached, without, however, *suffering any hindrance to the Roman Church in the exercise of its religion;* to restore fugitives and the banished for conscience sake, and to require of all magistrates and officers of guilds and brotherhoods an oath of fidelity." The Prince likewise prescribed the form of that oath, repeating therein, to his eternal honor, the same strict prohibition of intolerance. "Likewise," said the formula, "shall those of 'the religion' offer no let or hindrance to the Roman churches.[2]

The Prince was still in Germany, engaged in raising troops and providing funds. He directed, however, the affairs of the insurgent provinces in their minutest details, by virtue of the dictatorship inevitably forced upon him both by circumstances and by the people. In the meantime, Louis of Nassau, the Bayard[3] of the Netherlands, performed a most unexpected and brilliant exploit. He had been long in France, negotiating with the leaders of the Huguenots, and, more secretly, with the court. He was supposed by all the world to be still in that kingdom, when the startling intelligence arrived that he had surprised and captured the important city of Mons.[4] This town, the capital of Hainault, situate in a fertile, undulating, and beautiful country, protected by lofty walls, a triple moat, and a strong citadel, was one of the most flourishing and elegant places in the Netherlands. It was, moreover, from its vicinity to the frontiers of France, a most important acquisition to the insurgent party. The capture was thus accomplished. A native of Mons, one Antony Oliver, a geographical painter, had insinuated himself into the confidence of Alva, for whom he had prepared at

[1] See them in Bor, vi. 375–376.
[2] Ibid., vi. 376.
[3] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., iv. liv.
[4] Hoofd, vi. 237, 238. Bor, vi. 377, 378. Mendoza, lib. v. 120, 121.

different times some remarkably well-executed maps of the country. Having occasion to visit France, he was employed by the Duke to keep a watch upon the movements of Louis of Nassau, and to make a report as to the progress of his intrigues with the court of France. The painter, however, was only a spy in disguise, being in reality devoted to the cause of freedom, and a correspondent of Orange and his family. His communications with Louis, in Paris, had therefore a far different result from the one anticipated by Alva. A large number of adherents within the city of Mons had already been secured, and a plan was now arranged between Count Louis, Genlis, De la Noue, and other distinguished Huguenot chiefs, to be carried out with the assistance of the brave and energetic artist.[1]

On May 23, Oliver appeared at the gates of Mons, accompanied by three wagons, ostensibly containing merchandise, but in reality laden with arquebusses. These were secretly distributed among his confederates in the city. In the course of the day Count Louis arrived in the neighborhood, accompanied by five hundred horsemen and a thousand foot soldiers. This force he stationed in close concealment within the thick forests between Maubege and Mons. Towards evening he sent twelve of the most trusty and daring of his followers, disguised as wine merchants, into the city. These individuals proceeded boldly to a public house, ordered their supper, and while conversing with the landlord, carelessly inquired at what hour next morning the city gates would be opened. They were informed that the usual hour was four in the morning, but that a trifling present to the porter would ensure admission, if they desired it, at an earlier hour. They explained their inquiries by a statement that they had some casks of wine which they wished to introduce into the city before sunrise. Having obtained all the information which they needed, they soon afterwards left the tavern. The next day they presented themselves very early at the gate, which the porter, on promise of a handsome "drink-penny," agreed to unlock. No sooner were the bolts withdrawn, however, than he was struck dead, while about fifty dragoons rode through the gate.[2] The Count and his followers now gal-

[1] Bentivoglio, lib. vi. 100. Hoofd, vi. 237. Mendoza, lib. v. 120. Van Meteren, vi. 71.

[2] Hoofd, vi. 237. Bor, vi. 377. Meteren, 71. Mendoza, v. 120, 121.

loped over the city in the morning twilight, shouting "France! liberty! the town is ours!" "The Prince is coming!" "Down with the tenth penny; down with the murderous Alva!" So soon as a burgher showed his wondering face at the window, they shot at him with their carbines. They made as much noise, and conducted themselves as boldly as if they had been at least a thousand strong.

Meantime, however, the streets remained empty; not one of their secret confederates showing himself. Fifty men could surprise, but were too few to keep possession of the city. The Count began to suspect a trap. As daylight approached the alarm spread; the position of the little band was critical. In his impetuosity, Louis had far outstripped his army, but they had been directed to follow hard upon his footsteps, and he was astonished that their arrival was so long delayed. The suspense becoming intolerable, he rode out of the city in quest of his adherents, and found them wandering in the woods, where they had completely lost their way. Ordering each horseman to take a foot soldier on the crupper behind him, he led them rapidly back to Mons. On the way they were encountered by La Noue, "with the iron arm,"[1] and Genlis, who, meantime, had made an unsuccessful attack to recover Valenciennes, which within a few hours had been won and lost again. As they reached the gates of Mons, they found themselves within a hair's breadth of being too late; their adherents had not come forth; the citizens had been aroused; the gates were all fast but one—and there the porter was quarreling with a French soldier about an arquebuss. The drawbridge across the moat was at the moment rising; the last entrance was closing, when Guitoy de Chaumont, a French officer, mounted on a light Spanish barb, sprang upon the bridge as it rose. His weight caused it to sink again, the gate was forced, and Louis with all his men rode triumphantly into the town.[2]

The citizens were forthwith assembled by sound of bell in the market-place. The clergy, the magistracy, and the general council were all present. Genlis made the first speech, in which he disclaimed all intention of making conquests in

[1] He had been severely wounded in 1570. His arm had been amputated, but "do bons ouvriers lui firent un bras de fer, dont il a porté depuis le nom."—Vie de De la Noue, 63.

[2] De Thou, vi. 499. Mendoza, v, 121. Dewez Hist. Gén. de la Belg., v. 413-416. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.

the interest of France. This pledge having been given, Louis of Nassau next addressed the assembly: "The magistrates," said he, "have not understood my intentions. I protest that I am no rebel to the King; I prove it by asking no new oaths from any man. Remain bound by your old oaths of allegiance; let the magistrates continue to exercise their functions—to administer justice. I imagine that no person will suspect a brother of the Prince of Orange capable of any design against the liberties of the country. As to the Catholic religion, I take it under my very particular protection. You will ask why I am in Mons at the head of an armed force: are any of you ignorant of Alva's cruelties? The overthrow of this tyrant is as much the interest of the King as of the people, therefore there is nothing in my present conduct inconsistent with fidelity to his Majesty. Against Alva alone I have taken up arms; 'tis to protect you against his fury that I am here. It is to prevent the continuance of a general rebellion that I make war upon him. The only proposition which I have to make to you is this—I demand that you declare Alva de Toledo a traitor to the King, the executioner of the people, an enemy to the country, unworthy of the government, and hereby deprived of his authority."[1]

The magistracy did not dare to accept so bold a proposition; the general council, composing the more popular branch of the municipal government, were comparatively inclined to favor Nassau, and many of its members voted for the downfall of the tyrant. Nevertheless the demands of Count Louis were rejected. His position thus became critical. The civic authorities refused to pay for his troops, who were, moreover, too few in number to resist the inevitable siege. The patriotism of the citizens was not to be repressed, however, by the authority of the magistrates; many rich proprietors of the great cloth and silk manufactories, for which Mons was famous, raised and armed companies at their own expense; many volunteer troops were also speedily organized and drilled, and the fortifications were put in order. No attempt was made to force the reformed religion upon the inhabitants, and even Catholics who were discovered in secret correspondence with the enemy were treated with such extreme gentle-

[1] Paridaens. Mons sous les rapports historiques, statistiques, etc., 68–70 (Mons, 1819). The speech is reported from original documents in the Archives of the city: "farde intitulée Pièces relatives à la Surprise de Mons; déclarations des echevins, etc., etc.—Compare Bor. v. 377. Hoofd, vi. 238.

ness by Nassau as to bring upon him severe reproaches from many of his own party.[1]

A large collection of ecclesiastical plate, jewelry, money, and other valuables, which had been sent to the city for safe keeping from the churches and convents of the provinces, was seized, and thus, with little bloodshed and no violence, was the important city secured for the insurgents.[2] Three days afterwards, two thousand infantry, chiefly French, arrived in the place.[3] In the early part of the following month Louis was still further strengthened by the arrival of thirteen hundred foot and twelve hundred horsemen, under command of Count Montgomery, the celebrated officer,[4] whose spear at the tournament had proved fatal to Henry the Second. Thus the Duke of Alva suddenly found himself exposed to a tempest of revolution. One thunderbolt after another seemed descending around him in breathless succession. Brill and Flushing had been already lost; Middleburg was so closely invested that its fall seemed imminent, and with it would go the whole island of Walcheren, the key to all the Netherlands. In one morning[5] he had heard of the revolt of Enkhuizen and of the whole Waterland; two hours later came the news of the Valenciennes rebellion, and next day the astonishing capture of Mons. One disaster followed hard upon another. He could have sworn that the detested Louis of Nassau, who had dealt this last and most fatal stroke, was at that moment in Paris, safely watched by government emissaries; and now he had, as it were, suddenly started out of the earth, to deprive him of this important city, and to lay bare the whole frontier to the treacherous attacks of faithless France. He refused to believe the intelligence when it was first announced to him, and swore that he had certain information that Count Louis had been seen playing in the tennis-court at Paris, within so short a period as to make his presence in Hainault at that moment impossible. Forced, at last, to admit the truth of the disastrous news, he dashed his hat upon the ground in a fury, uttering imprecations upon the Queen Dowager of France, to whose perfidious intrigues he ascribed the success of the enterprise, and pledging himself to send

[1] Paridaens, 76, 77.
[2] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238.—Compare Bentivoglio, vi. 100, et seq.; Mendoza, v. 120, 121; Grotius.
[3] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238.
[4] Bor, vi. 378.
[5] Mendoza, v. 120; vi. 122.

her Spanish thistles enough in return for the Florentine lilies which she had thus bestowed upon him.[1]

In the midst of the perplexities thus thickening around him, the Duke preserved his courage, if not his temper. Blinded, for a brief season, by the rapid attacks made upon him, he had been uncertain whither to direct his vengeance. This last blow in so vital a quarter determined him at once. He forthwith despatched Don Frederic to undertake the siege of Mons, and earnestly set about raising large reinforcements to his army. Don Frederic took possession, without much opposition, of the Bethlehem cloister in the immediate vicinity of the city, and with four thousand troops began the investment in due form.[2]

Alva had, for a long time, been most impatient to retire from the provinces. Even he was capable of human emotions. Through the sevenfold panoply of his pride he had been pierced by the sharpness of a nation's curse. He was wearied with the unceasing execrations which assailed his ears. "*The hatred which the people bear me*," said he, in a letter to Philip, "because of the chastisement which it has been necessary for me to inflict, *although with all the moderation in the world*, make all my efforts vain. A successor will meet more sympathy and prove more useful."[3] On June 10, the Duke of Medina Coeli, with a fleet of more than forty sail, arrived off Blankenburg, intending to enter the Scheld.[4] Julian Romero, with two thousand Spaniards, was also on board the fleet. Nothing, of course, was known to the new comers of the altered condition of affairs in the Netherlands, nor of the unwelcome reception which they were like to meet in Flushing. A few of the lighter craft having been taken by the patriot cruisers, the alarm was spread through all the fleet. Medina Coeli, with a few transports, was enabled to effect his escape to Sluys, whence he hastened to Brussels in a much less ceremonious manner than he had originally contemplated. Twelve Biscayan ships stood out to sea, descried a large Lisbon fleet, by a singular coincidence, suddenly heaving in sight, changed their course again, and with a favoring breeze bore boldly up the Hond, passed Flushing in spite of a severe cannonade from the forts, and eventually made good

[1] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238. Van Meteren, iv. 71.
[2] Bor, vi. 384. Meteren, iv. 71, 72.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1107.
[4] Van Meteren, iv. 65. Hoofd, vi. 239. Mendoza, vi. 127, 128.

their entrance into Rammekens, whence the soldiery, about one-half of whom had thus been saved, were transferred at a very critical moment to Middelburg.[1]

The great Lisbon fleet followed in the wake of the Biscayans, with much inferior success. Totally ignorant of the revolution which had occurred in the Isle of Walcheren, it obeyed the summons of the rebel fort to come to anchor, and, with the exception of three or four, the vessels were all taken. It was the richest booty which the insurgents had yet acquired by sea or land. The fleet was laden with spices, money, jewelry, and the richest merchandise. Five hundred thousand crowns of gold were taken, and it was calculated that the plunder altogether would suffice to maintain the war for two years at least. One thousand Spanish soldiers, and a good amount of ammunition, were also captured. The unexpected condition of affairs made a pause natural and almost necessary, before the government could be decorously transferred. Medina Coeli, with Spanish grandiloquence, avowed his willingness to serve as a soldier, under a general whom he so much venerated, while Alva ordered that, in all respects, the same outward marks of respect should be paid to his appointed successor as to himself. Beneath all this external ceremony, however, much mutual malice was concealed.[2]

Meantime, the Duke, who was literally "without a single real,"[3] was forced at last to smother his pride in the matter of the tenth penny. On June 24th, he summoned the estates of Holland to assemble on the 15th of the ensuing month. In the missive issued for this purpose, he formally agreed to abolish the whole tax, on condition that the estates-general of the Netherlands would furnish him with a yearly supply of two millions of florins. Almost at the same moment the King had dismissed the deputies of the estates from Madrid, with the public assurance that the tax was to be suspended, and a private intimation that it was not abolished in terms, only in order to save the dignity of the Duke.[4]

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[1] Meteren, iv. 65, 66. Hoofd, vi. 239, 240. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1133. Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 437–442. Mendoza, vi. 127, 128.

[2] Meteren, iv. 66. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 440, 442. Hoofd, vi. 240, vii. 257. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1177.

[3] Mendoza, vi. 122.—"Hallando se sin un real como el Duque lo estara en esta sazon."

[4] "Garschelyk te quijten aboleren on aftestallen," etc.—Bor, vi. 384, 385, 386. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1135.

These healing measures came entirely too late. The estates of Holland met, indeed, on the appointed day in July, but they assembled not in obedience to Alva, but in consequence of a summons from William of Orange.[1] They met, too, not at the Hague, but at Dort, to take formal measures for renouncing the authority of the Duke.[2] The first congress of the Netherland commonwealth still professed loyalty to the Crown, but was determined to accept the policy of Orange without a question.

The Prince had again assembled an army in Germany, consisting of fifteen thousand foot and seven thousand horse, besides a number of Netherlanders, mostly Walloons, amounting to nearly three thousand more.[3] Before taking the field, however, it was necessary that he should guarantee at least three months' pay to his troops. This he could no longer do, except by giving bonds endorsed by certain cities of Holland as his securities.[4] He had according addressed letters in his own name to all the principal cities, fervently adjuring them to remember, at last, what was due to him, to the fatherland, and to their own character. "Let not a sum of gold," said he in one of these letters, "be so dear to you, that for its sake you will sacrifice your lives, your wives, your children, and all your descendants. to the latest generations; that you will bring sin and shame upon yourselves, and destruction upon us who have so heartily striven to assist you. Think what scorn you will incur from foreign nations, what a crime you will commit against the Lord God, what a bloody yoke ye will impose forever upon yourselves and your children, if you now seek for subterfuges; if you now prevent us from taking the field with the troops which we have enlisted. On the other hand, what inexpressible benefits you will confer on your country, if you now help us to rescue that fatherland from the power of Spanish vultures and wolves."[5]

This and similar missives, circulated throughout the province of Holland, produced a deep impression. In accordance with his suggestions, the deputies from the nobility and from twelve cities of that province assembled on July 15th, at Dort. Strictly speaking, the estates or government of Holland, the

[1] Bor, vi. 386. [2] Ibid.
[3] Bor.—Compare Hoofd, vii. 259; Meteren, iv. 71; Bentivoglio, v. 104.
[4] Ibid., vi. 386. Hoofd, vii., 259.
[5] This remarkable letter is published in Kluit, Hist. der Hollandsche Staatsregering, Deel. i. bl. 376–379 (Bijlagen).

body which represented the whole people, consisted of the nobles and six great cities. On this occasion, however, Amsterdam being still in the power of the King, could send no deputies, while, on the other hand, all the small towns were invited to send up their representatives to the Congress. Eight accepted the proposal; the rest declined to appoint delegates, partly from motives of economy, partly from timidity.[1]

These estates were the legitimate representatives of the people, but they had no legislative powers.[2] The people had never pretended to sovereignty, nor did they claim it now. The source from which the government of the Netherlands was supposed to proceed was still the divine mandate. Even now the estates silently conceded, as they had ever done, the supreme legislative and executive functions of the land's master.[3] Upon Philip of Spain, as representative of Count Dirk the First of Holland, had descended through many tortuous channels, the divine effluence originally supplied by Charles the Simple of France. That supernatural power was not contested, but it was now ingeniously turned against the sovereign. The King's authority was invoked against himself in the person of the Prince of Orange, to whom, thirteen years before, a portion of that divine right had been delegated. The estates of Holland met at Dort on July 15th, as representatives of the people, but they were summoned by Orange, royally commissioned in 1559 as stadholder, and therefore the supreme legislative and executive officer of certain provinces. This was the theory of the provisional government.[4] The Prince represented the royal authority, the nobles represented both themselves and the people of the open country, while the twelve cities represented the whole body of burghers. Together, they were supposed to embody all authority, both divine and human, which a congress could exercise. Thus the whole movement was directed against Alva and against Count Bossu, appointed stadholder by Alva in the place of Orange.[5] Philip's name was destined to figure for a long time at the head of documents by which moneys were raised, troops levied, and taxes collected, all to be used in deadly war against himself.

[1] Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. bl. 46, et seq.; and Bijlagen, bl. 374, et seq. Bor, vi. 381, 386, et seq. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist. vi. 377–380.

[2] Ibid., i. 50, 52.

[3] Kluit, Hol. Staatsreg., i. 10–17.

[4] Bor, vi. 388. Kluit, Hist. Hol. Staatsreg., i. 48, et seq.; and 374, et seq.

[5] Bor, Kluit, ubi sup. Wagenaer, vi. 377–380.

The estates were convened on July 15th, when Paul Buys, pensionary of Leyden, the tried and confidential friend of Orange, was elected Advocate of Holland.[1] The convention was then adjourned till the 18th, when Saint Aldegonde made his appearance, with full powers to act provisionally in behalf of his Highness.[2]

The distinguished plenipotentiary delivered before the congress a long and very effective harangue. He recalled the sacrifices and efforts of the Prince during previous years. He adverted to the disastrous campaign of 1568, in which the Prince had appeared full of high hope, at the head of a gallant army, but had been obliged, after a short period, to retire, because not a city had opened its gates nor a Netherlander lifted his finger in the cause. Nevertheless, he had not lost courage nor closed his heart; and now that, through the blessing of God, the eyes of men had been opened, and so many cities had declared against the tyrant, the Prince had found himself exposed to a bitter struggle. Although his own fortunes had been ruined in the cause, he had been unable to resist the daily flood of petitions which called upon him to come forward once more. He had again importuned his relations and powerful friends; he had at last set on foot a new and well-appointed army. The day of payment had arrived. Over his own head impended perpetual shame, over the fatherland perpetual woe, if the congress should now refuse the necessary supplies. "Arouse ye, then," cried the orator, with fervor, "awaken your own zeal and that of your sister cities. Seize Opportunity by the locks, who never appeared fairer than she does to-day."[3]

The impassioned eloquence of St. Aldegonde produced a profound impression. The men who had obstinately refused the demands of Alva, now unanimously resolved to pour forth their gold and their blood at the call of Orange. "Truly," wrote the Duke, a little later, "it almost drives me mad to see the difficulty with which your Majesty's supplies are furnished, and the liberality with which the people place their lives and fortunes at the disposal of this rebel."[4] It

[1] Resol. Holl., 14th Sept., 1574, b 93. Wagenaer, vi. 376.
[2] Bor, vi. 386, 387.
[3] Bor, vi. 386–388, and Hoofd, vii. 248, 249, report the speech in full.
[4] "Que verdaderamente me hace perder el juicio ver la dificultad con que á V. M. servera en sussaguda, y la liberalida con que acuden a este rebelde con sus vidas y haciendas."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1198.

seemed strange to the loyal governor that men should support their liberator with greater alacrity than that with which they served their destroyer! It was resolved that the requisite amount should be at once raised, partly from the regular imposts and current "requests," partly by loans from the rich, from the clergy, from the guilds and brotherhoods, partly from superfluous church ornaments and other costly luxuries. It was directed that subscriptions should be immediately opened throughout the land, that gold and silver plate, furniture, jewelry, and other expensive articles should be received by voluntary contributions, for which inventories and receipts should be given by the magistrates of each city, and that upon these money should be raised, either by loan or sale.[1] An enthusiastic and liberal spirit prevailed. All seemed determined rather than pay the tenth to Alva to pay the whole to the Prince.[2]

The estates, furthermore, by unanimous resolution, declared that they recognized the Prince as the King's lawful stadholder over Holland, Zeeland, Friesland, and Utrecht, and that they would use their influence with the other provinces to procure his appointment as Protector of all the Netherlands during the King's absence.[3] His Highness was requested to appoint an Admiral, on whom, with certain deputies from the Water-cities, the conduct of the maritime war should devolve. The conduct of the military operations by land was to be directed by Dort, Leyden, and Enkhuizen, in conjunction with the Count de la Marck. A pledge was likewise exchanged between the estates and the plenipotentiary, that neither party should enter into any treaty with the King, except by full consent and co-operation of the other. With regard to religion, it was firmly established, that the public exercises of divine worship should be permitted not only to the Reformed Church, but to the Roman Catholic—the clergy of both being protected from all molestation.[4]

After these proceedings, Count de la Marck made his appearance before the assembly. His commission from Orange was read to the deputies, and by them ratified.[5] The Prince, in that document, authorized "his dear cousin" to enlist

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[1] Bor, vi. 388. Hoofd, vii. 349, 350. Wagenaer, vi. 378–380.

[2] "Tanto flagrabant odio dominatus," says Grotius (Ann., ii. 58), "omnia dabant ne decimam derent."

[3] Bor, vi. 388, et seq. Hoofd, vii. 250. Kluit i. 50, et seq.

[4] Bor, vi. 388.

[5] Ibid., 389. Hoofd, vii. 250, 251.

troops, to accept the fealty of cities, to furnish them with garrisons, to re-establish all the local laws, muncipal rights, and ancient privileges which had been suppressed. He was to maintain *freedom of religion, under penalty of death to those who infringed it;* he was to restore all confiscated property; he was, with advice of his council, to continue in office such city magistrates as were favorable, and to remove those adverse to the cause.[1]

The Prince was, in reality, clothed with dictatorial and even regal powers. This authority had been forced upon him by the prayers of the people, but he manifested no eagerness as he partly accepted the onerous station. He was provisionally the depositary of the whole sovereignty of the northern provinces, but he cared much less for theories of government than for ways and means. It was his object to release the country from the tyrant who, five years long, had been burning and butchering the people. It was his determination to drive out the foreign soldiery. To do this, he must meet his enemy in the field. So little was he disposed to strengthen his own individual power, that he voluntarily imposed limits on himself, by an act, supplemental to the proceedings of the Congress of Dort. In this important ordinance made by the Prince of Orange, as a provisional form of government,[2] he publicly announced "that he *would do and ordain nothing* except by the advice of the estates, by reason that they were best acquainted with the circumstances and the humors of the inhabitants." He directed the estates to appoint receivers for all public taxes, and ordained that all military officers should make oath of fidelity to him, as stadholder, and *to the estates* of Holland, to be true and obedient, in order to liberate the land from the Albanian and Spanish tyranny, *for the service of his royal Majesty as Count of Holland.* The provisional constitution, thus made by a sovereign prince and actual dictator, was certainly as disinterested as it was sagacious.

Meanwhile the war had opened vigorously in Hainault. Louis of Nassau had no sooner found himself in possession of Mons than he had despatched Genlis to France, for those

[1] See the Commission in Bor, vi. 389–391.

[2] "Ordonnantie ende Instructie van den Prince van Orange, voor die van Hollandt, om by provisie 't Landt daarovaer geregeerd to werden."—Groot Placcaet Boek, D. iii. bl. 32. Vide Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. 69, et seq.

reinforcements which had been promised by royal lips.[1] On the other hand, Don Frederic held the city closely beleagured; sharp combats before the walls were of almost daily occurrence, but it was obvious that Louis would be unable to maintain the position into which he had so chivalrously thrown himself unless he should soon receive important succor. The necessary reinforcements were soon upon the way. Genlis had made good speed with his levy, and it was soon announced that he was advancing into Hainault, with a force of Huguenots, whose numbers report magnified to ten thousand veterans.[2] Louis despatched an earnest message to his confederate, to use extreme caution in his approach. Above all things, he urged him, before attempting to throw reinforcements into the city, to effect a junction with the Prince of Orange, who had already crossed the Rhine with his new army.[3]

Genlis, full of overweening confidence, and desirous of acquiring singly the whole glory of relieving the city, disregarded this advice.[4] His rashness proved his ruin, and the temporary prostration of the cause of freedom. Pushing rapidly forward across the French frontier, he arrived, towards the middle of July, within two leagues of Mons. The Spaniards were aware of his approach, and well prepared to frustrate his project. On the 19th, he found himself upon a circular plain of about a league's extent, surrounded with coppices and forests, and dotted with farm-houses and kitchen gardens.[5] Here he paused to send out a reconnoitring party. The little detachment was, however, soon driven in, with the information that Don Frederic of Toledo, with ten thousand men, was coming instantly upon them. The Spanish force, in reality, numbered four thousand infantry, and fifteen hundred cavalry; but three thousand half-armed boors had been engaged by Don Frederic, to swell his apparent force.[6] The demonstration produced its effect, and no sooner had the first panic of the intelligence been spread, than Noircarmes came charging upon them at the head of his cavalry. The infantry arrived directly afterwards, and the Huguenots were routed

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[1] Bor, vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 251.
[2] Bor, vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 251.—Compare Mendoza, vi. 141; Bentivoglio, v. 102.
[3] Bentivoglio, v. 102. Bor. vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 251.
[4] Bor, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.
[5] Mendoza, vi. 139.
[6] Hoofd, vi. 251. Mendoza, vi. 139.

almost as soon as seen. It was a meeting rather than a battle.[1] The slaughter of the French was very great, while but an insignificant number of the Spaniards fell. Chiappin Vitelli was the hero of the day. It was to his masterly arrangements before the combat, and to his animated exertions upon the field, that the victory was owing. Having been severely wounded in the thigh but a few days previously, he caused himself to be carried upon a litter[2] in a recumbent position in front of his troops, and was everywhere seen, encouraging their exertions, and exposing himself, crippled as he was, to the whole brunt of the battle. To him the victory nearly proved fatal; to Don Frederic it brought increased renown. Vitelli's exertions, in his precarious condition, brought on severe inflammation, under which he nearly succumbed, while the son of Alva reaped extensive fame from the total overthrow of the veteran Huguenots, due rather to his lieutenant and to Julian Romero.[3]

The number of dead left by the French upon the plain amounted to at least twelve hundred, but a much larger number was butchered in detail by the peasantry, among whom they attempted to take refuge, and who had not yet forgotten the barbarities inflicted by their countrymen in the previous war.[4] Many officers were taken prisoners, among whom was the commander-in-chief, Genlis. That unfortunate gentleman was destined to atone for his rashness and obstinacy with his life. He was carried to the castle of Antwerp, where, sixteen months afterwards, he was secretly strangled by command of Alva, who caused the report to be circulated that he had died a natural death.[5] About one hundred foot soldiers succeeded in making their entrance into Mons,[6] and this was all the succor which Count Louis was destined to receive from France, upon which country he had built such lofty and such reasonable hopes.

While this unfortunate event was occurring, the Prince had already put his army in motion. On July 7th he had crossed the Rhine at Duisburg, with fourteen thousand foot, seven thousand horse, enlisted in Germany, besides a force of

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[1] Bentivoglio, v. 102. [2] Strada, vii. 364.
[3] Strada, vii. 363–365. Bentivoglio, v. 102.
[4] Bor, vi. 397, 398. Hoofd, vi. 251, 252. Strada, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Meteren iv. 72. Mendoza, vi. 139, et seq.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1283.
[6] Hoofd, vi. 251. Meteren, iv. 71.

three thousand Walloons.[1] On July 23d, he took the city of Roermond, after a sharp cannonade, at which place his troops already began to disgrace the honorable cause in which they were engaged, by imitating the cruelties and barbarities of their antagonists. The persons and property of the burghers were, with a very few exceptions, respected; but many priests and monks were put to death by the soldiery under circumstances of great barbarity.[2] The Prince, incensed at such conduct, but being unable to exercise very stringent authority over troops whose wages he was not yet able to pay in full, issued a proclamation, denouncing such excesses, and commanding his followers, upon pain of death, to respect the rights of all individuals, whether Papist or Protestant, and to protect religious exercises both in Catholic and Reformed churches.[3]

It was hardly to be expected that the troops enlisted by the Prince in the same great magazine of hireling soldiers, Germany, from whence the Duke also derived his annual supplies, would be likely to differ very much in their propensities from those enrolled under Spanish banners; yet there was a vast contrast between the characters of the two commanders. One leader inculcated the practice of robbery, rape, and murder, *as a duty*, and issued distinct orders to butcher "every mother's son" in the cities which he captured; the other restrained every excess to the utmost of his ability, protecting not only life and property, but even the ancient religion.

The Emperor Maximilian had again issued his injunctions against the military operations of Orange. Bound to the monarch of Spain by so many family ties, being at once cousin, brother-in-law, and father-in-law of Philip, it was difficult for him to maintain the attitude which became him, as chief of that Empire to which the peace of Passau had assured religious freedom. It had, however, been sufficiently proved that remonstrances and intercessions addressed to Philip were but idle breath. It had therefore become an insult to require pacific conduct from the Prince on the ground of any past or future mediation. It was a still grosser mockery to call upon him to discontinue hostilities because the Netherlands were included in the Empire, and therefore protected by the treaties of Passau and Augsburg. Well did the Prince reply to

[1] Bor. vi. 398.
[2] Bor, vi. 399. Hoofd, vii. 259, 260.
[3] Ibid., vi. 399, 400. Ibid., vii. 259, 260.

his Imperial Majesty's summons in a temperate but cogent letter,[1] which he addressed to him from his camp, that all intercessions had proved fruitless, and that the only help for the Netherlands was the sword.

The Prince had been delayed for a month at Roermonde, because, as he expressed it, "he had not a single sou,"[2] and because, in consequence, the troops refused to advance into the Netherlands. Having at last been furnished with the requisite guarantees from the Holland cities for three months' pay, on August 27th, the day of the publication of his letter to the Emperor, he crossed the Meuse and took his circuitous way through Diest, Tirlemont, Sichem, Louvain, Mechlin, Termonde, Oudenarde, Nivelles.[3] Many cities and villages accepted his authority and admitted his garrisons. Of these Mechlin was the most considerable, in which he stationed a detachment of his troops. Its doom was sealed in that moment. Alva could not forgive this act of patriotism on the part of a town which had so recently excluded his own troops. "This is a direct permission of God," he wrote, in the spirit of dire and revengeful prophecy, "for us to punish her as she deserves, for the image-breaking and other misdeeds done there in the time of Madame de Parma, which our Lord was not willing to pass over without chastisement."[4]

Meantime the Prince continued his advance. Louvain purchased its neutrality[5] for the time with sixteen thousand ducats; Brussels obstinately refused to listen to him, and was too powerful to be forcibly attacked at that juncture; other important cities, convinced by the arguments and won by the eloquence of the various proclamations which he scattered as he advanced, ranged themselves spontaneously and even enthusiastically upon his side. How different would have been the result of his campaign but for the unexpected earthquake which at that instant was to appal Christendom, and to scatter all his well-matured plans and legitimate hopes. His chief reliance, under Providence and his own strong heart, had been upon French assistance. Although Genlis, by his misconduct, had sacrificed his army and himself, yet the Prince was still justly sanguine as to the policy of the French court. The papers which had been found in the possession

[1] See it in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Taeit, iii. 63, et seq.
[2] Groen v. Prinst, Archives, etc., iii. 490.
[3] Bor, vi. 400–402. Hoofd, vii. 260, et seq.
[4] Correspondonce de Philippe II., 1156.
[5] Hoofd, vii. 260.

of Genlis by his conquerors all spoke one language. "You would be struck with stupor," wrote Alva's secretary, "could you see a letter which is now in my power, *addressed by the King of France to Louis of Nassau.*"[1] In that letter the King had declared his determination to employ all the forces which God had placed in his hands to rescue the Netherlands from the oppression under which they were groaning. In accordance with the whole spirit and language of the French government, was the tone of Coligny in his correspondence with Orange. The Admiral assured the Prince that there was no doubt as to the earnestness of the royal intentions in behalf of the Netherlands, and recommending extreme caution, announced his hope within a few days to effect a junction with him at the head of twelve thousand French arquebusiers, and at least three thousand cavalry.[2] Well might the Prince of Orange, strong, and soon to be strengthened, boast that the Netherlands were free, and that Alva was in his power.[3] He had a right to be sanguine, for nothing less than a miracle could now destroy his generous hopes—and, alas! the miracle took place; a miracle of perfidy and bloodshed such as the world, familiar as it had ever been and was still to be with massacre, had not yet witnessed. On August 11th, Coligny had written thus hopefully of his movements towards the Netherlands, *sanctioned and aided by his King.* A fortnight from that day occurred the "Paris wedding;" and the Admiral, with thousands of his religious confederates, invited to confidence by superhuman treachery, and lulled into security by the music of august marriage bells, was suddenly butchered in the streets of Paris by royal and noble hands.

The Prince proceeded on his march, during which the heavy news had been brought to him, but he felt convinced that, with the very arrival of the awful tidings, the fate of that campaign was sealed, and the fall of Mons inevitable. In his own language, he had been struck to the earth "with the blow of a sledge-hammer,"[4]—nor did the enemy draw a different augury from the great event.

The crime was not committed with the connivance of the Spanish government. On the contrary, the two courts were

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[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., 1146.
[2] Groen v. Prinst.. Archives, iii. 496–500.
[3] Ibid., iii. 501–507.
[4] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 501–507, and iv. 102.

at the moment bitterly hostile to each other. In the beginning of the summer, Chares IX. and his advisers were as false to Philip, as at the end of it they were treacherous to Coligny and Orange. The massacre of the Huguenots had not even the merit of being a well-contrived and intelligently executed scheme. We have seen how steadily, seven years before, Catharine de' Medici had rejected the advances of Alva towards the arrangement of a general plan for the extermination of all heretics within France and the Netherlands at the same moment. We have seen the disgust with which Alva turned from the wretched young King at Bayonne, when he expressed the opinion that to take arms against his own subjects was wholly out of the question, and could only be followed by general ruin. "'Tis easy to see that he has been tutored,"[1] wrote Alva to his master. Unfortunately, the same mother, who had then instilled those lessons of hypocritical benevolence, had now wrought upon her son's cowardly but ferocious nature with a far different intent. The incomplete assassination of Coligny, the dread of signal vengeance at the hands of the Huguenots, the necessity of taking the lead in the internecine struggle, were employed with Medicean art, and with entire success. The King was lashed into a frenzy. Starting to his feet, with a howl of rage and terror, "I agree to the scheme," he cried, "provided not one Huguenot be left alive in France to reproach me with the deed."[2]

That night the slaughter commenced. The long premeditated crime was executed in a panic, but the work was thoroughly done. The King, who a few days before had written with his own hand to Louis of Nassau, expressing his firm determination to sustain the Protestant cause both in France and the Netherlands, who had employed the counsels of Coligny in the arrangement of his plans, and who had sent French troops, under Genlis and La Noue, to assist their Calvinist brethren in Flanders, now gave the signal for the general massacre of the Protestants, and with his own hands, from his own palace windows, shot his subjects with his arquebuse as if they had been wild beasts.

Between Sunday and Tuesday, according to one of the most

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[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., 1158. Hoofd, vii. 262.

[2] Von Raumer, Geschichte Europas seit dem Ende des funfzehnten Jahrhunderts (Leipzig, 1833), ii. 256.

moderate calculations, five thousand Parisians of all ranks were murdered. Within the whole kingdom, the number of victims was variously estimated at from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand.[1] The heart of Protestant Europe, for an instant, stood still with horror. The Queen of England put on mourning weeds, and spurned the apologies of the French envoy with contempt.[2] At Rome, on the contrary, the news of the massacre created a joy beyond description. The Pope, accompanied by his cardinals, went solemnly to the church of Saint Mark to render thanks to God for the grace thus singularly vouchsafed to the Holy See and to all Christendom; and a *Te Deum* was performed in presence of the same august assemblage.[3]

But nothing could exceed the satisfaction which the event occasioned in the mind of Philip the Second. There was an end now of all assistance from the French government to the Netherland Protestants. "The news of the events upon Saint Bartholomew's-day," wrote the French envoy at Madrid, Saint Goard, to Charles IX., "arrived on September 7th. The King, on receiving the intelligence, showed, contrary to his natural custom, so much gaiety, that he seemed more delighted than with all the good fortune or happy incidents which had ever before occurred to him. He called all his familiars about him in order to assure them that your Majesty was his good brother, and that no one else deserved the title of Most Christian. He sent his secretary Cayas to me with his felicitations upon the event, and with the information that he was just going to Saint Jerome to render thanks to God, and to offer his prayers that your Majesty might receive Divine support in this great affair. I went to see him next morning, and as soon as I came into his presence *he began to laugh*, and with demonstrations of extreme contentment, to praise your Majesty as deserving your title of Most Christian, telling me there was no King worthy to be your Majesty's companion, either for *valor or prudence*. He praised the steadfast resolution and the long dissimulation of so great an enterprise, which all the world would not be able to comprehend." * * * "I thanked him," continued the embassador, "and I said that I thanked God for enabling your

[1] Von Raumer, ii. 260.—Compare de Thou, t. vi. l. ii. 430; Bor, vi. 402, 403; Meteren, iv. 74.

[2] Von Raumer, ii. 263.

[3] De Thou, t. vi. l. liii. 442.

Majesty to *prove to his Master that his apprentice had learned his trade*, and deserved his title of most Christian King. I added, that he ought to confess that he owed the preservation of the Netherlands to your Majesty."[1]

Nothing certainly could, in Philip's apprehension, be more delightful than this most unexpected and most opportune intelligence. Charles IX., whose intrigues in the Netherlands he had long known, had now been suddenly converted by this stupendous crime into his most powerful ally, while at the same time the Protestants of Europe would learn that there was still another crowned head in Christendom more deserving of abhorrence than himself. He wrote immediately to Alva,[2] expressing his satisfaction that the King of France had disembarrassed himself of such pernicious men, because he would now be obliged to cultivate the friendship of Spain, neither the English Queen nor the German Protestants being thenceforth capable of trusting him. He informed the Duke, moreover, that the French envoy, Saint Goard, had been urging him to command the immediate execution of Genlis and his companions, who had been made prisoners, as well as all the Frenchmen who would be captured at Mons; and that he fully concurred in the propriety of the measure. "The sooner," said Philip, "the noxious plants are extirpated from the earth, the less fear there is that a fresh crop will spring up." The monarch, therefore, added, with his own hand, to the letter, "*I desire that if you have not already disembarrassed the world of them, you will do it immediately, and inform me thereof, for I see no reason why it should be deferred.*"[3] This is the demoniacal picture painted by the French ambassador, and by Philip's own hand, of the Spanish monarch's joy that his "Most Christian" brother had just murdered twenty-five thousand of his own subjects. In this cold-blooded way, too, did his Catholic Majesty order the execution of some thousand Huguenots additionally, in order more fully to carry out his royal brother's plans; yet Philip could write of himself, "that all the world recognized the

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Supplement, 125.

[2] The letter is published by M. Gachard. "Particularités inédites sur la Saint Barthélémy."—Bulletins de l'Acad. Roy. de Belg., xvi.

[3] "Y assi holgare que si ya no les ubiere deshechado del mundo lo hagais luego, y me aviseis dello, pues que no veo que aya causa ni la pueda aber por que esto se dexe de hazer."—Letter of Philip, 18th September, 1572, ubi sup.

gentleness of his nature and the mildness of his intentions."[1]

In truth, the advice thus given by Saint Goard on the subject of the French prisoners in Alva's possessions, was a natural result of the Saint Bartholomew. Here were officers and soldiers whom Charles IX. had himself sent into the Netherlands to fight *for the Protestant cause against Philip and Alva*. Already, the papers found upon them had placed him in some embarrassment, and exposed his duplicity to the Spanish government, before the great massacre had made such signal reparation for his delinquency. He had ordered Mondoucet, his envoy in the Netherlands, to use dissimulation to an unstinted amount, to continue his intrigues with the Protestants, and to deny stoutly all proofs of such connivance. "I see that the papers found upon Genlis," he wrote[2] twelve days before the massacre, "have been put into the hands of Assonleville, and that they know everything done by Genlis to have been committed with my consent. Nevertheless, you will tell the Duke of Alva *that these are lies invented to excite suspicion against me*. You will also give him occasional information of the enemy's affairs, in order to make him believe in your integrity. Even if he does not believe you, my purpose will be answered, provided you do it dexterously.[3] At the same time you must keep up a *constant communication with the Prince of Orange*, taking great care to *prevent discovery of your intelligence with him*."[4]

Were not these masterstrokes of diplomacy worthy of a King whom his mother, from boyhood upwards, had caused to study Macchiavelli's "Prince," and who had thoroughly taken to heart the maxim, often repeated in those days that the "Science of reigning was the science of lying?"[5]

The joy in the Spanish camp before Mons was unbounded. It was as if the only bulwark between the Netherland rebels and total destruction had been suddenly withdrawn. With anthems in Saint Gudule,[6] with bonfires, festive illumina-

[1] Letter to the Emperor. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Suppl., 46.

[2] These remarkable letters exchanged between Charles IX. and Mondoucet have recently been published by M. Emile Gachet (chef du bureau paléographique aux Archives de Belgique) from a manuscript discovered by him in the library at Rheims.—Compte Rendu de la Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340, sqq.

[3] "Encores qu'il ne y adjouste foy, toutes fois cela servira à mon intention, pourveu que le faciez destrement."—Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

[5] "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare."

[6] Letter of Mondoucet, ubi sup. Strada, vii. 366.—"In Hispanorum castris

tions, roaring artillery, with trumpets also, and with shawms, was the glorious holiday celebrated in court and in camp, in honor of the vast murder committed by the Most Christian King upon his Christian subjects; nor was a moment lost in apprising the Huguenot soldiers shut up with Louis of Nassau in the beleaguered city of the great catastrophe which was to render all their valor fruitless. "'Twas a punishment," said a Spanish soldier, who fought most courageously before Mons, and who elaborately described the siege afterwards, "well worthy of a king whose title is 'The Most Christian,' and it was still more honorable to inflict it with his own hands as he did."[1] Nor was the observation a pithy sarcasm, but a frank expression of opinion, from a man celebrated alike for the skill with which he handled both his sword and his pen.

The French envoy in the Netherlands was, of course, immediately informed by his sovereign of the great event. Charles IX. gave a very pithy account of the transaction. "To prevent the success of the enterprise planned by the Admiral," wrote the King on August 26th, with hands yet reeking, and while the havoc throughout France was at its height, "I have been obliged to permit the said Guises to rush upon the said Admiral,[2] which they have done, the said Admiral having been killed and all his adherents. A very great number of those belonging to the new religion have also been massacred and cut to pieces. It is probable that the fire thus kindled will spread through all the cities of my kingdom, and that all those of the said religion will be made sure of."[3] Not often, certainly, in history, has a Christian king spoken thus calmly of butchering his subjects while the work was proceeding all around him. It is to be observed, moreover, that the usual excuse for such enormities, religious fanaticism, cannot be even suggested on this occasion. Catharine, in times past had favored Huguenots as much as Catholics, while Charles had been, up to the very moment of the crime, in strict alliance with the heretics of both France and Flanders, and furthering the schemes of Orange and Nassau. Nay,

sub primas tenebras, ingentis lætitiæ signa hostes edere, scloporum explosione ter repetitia, læto tympanorum tubarumque cantu, ac toto circum vallo festis ignibus collucente," etc., etc.

[1] Mendoza, vii. 146.

[2] "J'ay été constraint permettre et doner moyen ausdits de Guise de courir sus audit Amiral," etc.—Correspondance de Mondoucet, etc., ubi sup.

[3] Correspondance de Mondoucet.

even at this very moment, and in this very letter in which he gave the news of the massacre, he charged his envoy still *to maintain the closest but most secret intelligence with the Prince of Orange;* taking great care that the Duke of Alva should not discover these relations. His motives were, of course, to prevent the Prince from abandoning his designs, and from coming to make a disturbance in France. The King, now that the deed was done, was most anxious to reap all the fruits of his crime. "Now, M. de Mondoucet, it is necessary in such affairs," he continued, "to have an eye to every possible contingency. I know that this news will be most agreeable to the Duke of Alva, for it is most favorable to his designs. At the same time, I don't desire that he alone should gather the fruit. I don't choose that he should, according to his excellent custom, conduct his affairs in such wise as to throw the Prince of Orange upon my hands, besides sending back to France Genlis and the other prisoners, as well as the French now shut up in Mons."[1]

This was a sufficiently plain hint, which Mondoucet could not well misunderstand. "Observe the Duke's countenance carefully when you give him this message," added the King, "and let me know his reply." In order, however, that there might be no mistake about the matter, Charles wrote again to his ambassador, five days afterwards, distinctly stating the regret which he should feel if Alva should not take the city of Mons, or if he should take it by composition. "Tell the Duke," said he, "that it is most important for the service of his master and of God that those Frenchmen and others in Mons should be cut in pieces."[2] He wrote another letter upon the same day, such was his anxiety upon the subject, instructing the envoy to urge upon Alva the necessity of chastising those rebels to the French crown. "If he tells you," continued Charles, "that this is tacitly requiring him to put to death all the French prisoners now in hand as well as to cut in pieces every man in Mons, you will say to him that this is exactly what he ought to do, and that he will be guilty of a great wrong to Christianity if he does otherwise."[3] Certainly, the Duke, having been thus distinctly ordered, both by his own master and by his Christian Majesty, to put every one of these Frenchmen to death, has a sufficiency of royal warrant. Nevertheless, he was not able to execute entirely these fero-

[1] Correspondance de Mondoucet. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

cious instructions. The prisoners already in his power were not destined to escape, but the city of Mons, in his own language, "proved to have sharper teeth than he supposed."[1]

Mondoucet lost no time in placing before Alva the urgent necessity of accomplishing the extensive cold-blooded massacre thus proposed. "The Duke has replied," wrote the envoy to his sovereign, " that he is executing his prisoners every day, and that he has but a few left. Nevertheless, for some reason which he does not mention, he is reserving the principal noblemen and chiefs."[2] He afterwards informed his master that Genlis, Jumelles, and the other leaders, had engaged, if Alva would grant them a reasonable ransom, to induce the French in Mons to leave the city, but that the Duke, although his language was growing less confident, still hoped to take the town by assault. "I have urged him," he added, " to put them all to death, assuring him that he would be responsible for the consequences of a contrary course." "Why does not your Most Christian master," asked Alva, "order these Frenchmen in Mons to come to him under oath to make no disturbance? Then my prisoners will be at my discretion and I shall get my city." "Because," answered the envoy, "they *will not trust his most Christian Majesty, and will prefer to die in Mons.*"[3]

This certainly was a most sensible reply, but it is instructive to witness the cynicism with which the envoy accepts this position for his master, while coldly recording the results of all these sanguinary conversations.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Prince of Orange arrived at Péronne, between Binche and the Duke of Alva's entrenchments.[4] The besieging army was rich in notabilities of elevated rank. Don Frederic of Toledo had hitherto commanded, but on August 27th, the Duke of Medina Coeli and of Alva had arrived in the camp.[5] Directly afterwards came the warlike Archbishop of Cologne,[6] at the head of two thousand cavalry.[7] There was but one chance for the Prince of Orange, and experience had taught him, four years before, its slenderness. He might still provoke his adversary into a pitched battle, and he relied upon God for the result.

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[1] Mondoucet to Charles IX., 15th September, 1572. [2] Ibid., (5th Sept.)
[3] Mondoucet to Charles IX., 15th September, 1572.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. Hoofd, vii. 262.
[5] Ibid., vii. 257.
[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. [7] Bor, vi. 402.

In his own words, "he trusted ever that the great God of armies was with him, and would fight in the midst of his forces."[1] So long as Alva remained in his impregnable camp, it was impossible to attack him, or to throw reinforcements into Mons. The Prince soon found, too, that Alva was far too wise to hazard his position by a superfluous combat. The Duke knew that the cavalry of the Prince was superior to his own.[2] He expressed himself entirely unwilling to play into the Prince's hands, instead of winning the game which was no longer doubtful. The Huguenot soldiers within Mons were in despair and mutiny; Louis of Nassau lay in his bed consuming with a dangerous fever; Genlis was a prisoner, and his army cut to pieces; Coligny was murdered, and Protestant France paralyzed; the troops of Orange, enlisted but for three months, were already rebellious, and sure to break into open insubordination when the consequences of the Paris massacre should become entirely clear to them; and there were, therefore, even more cogent reasons than in 1568, why Alva should remain perfectly still, and see his enemy's cause founder before his eyes. The valiant Archbishop of Cologne was most eager for the fray. He rode daily at the Duke's side, with harness on his back and pistols in his holsters, armed and attired like one of his own troopers, and urging the Duke, with vehemence, to a pitched battle with the Prince. The Duke commended, but did not yield to, the prelate's enthusiasm. "Tis a fine figure of a man, with his corslets and pistols," he wrote to Philip, "and he shows great affection for your Majesty's service."[3]

The issue of the campaign was inevitable. On September 11th, Don Frederic, with a force of four thousand picked men, established himself at Saint Florian, a village near the Havrè gate of the city, while the Prince had encamped at Hermigny, within half a league of the same place, whence he attempted to introduce reinforcements into the town. On the night of the 11th and 12th, Don Frederic hazarded an *encamisada* upon the enemy's camp, which proved eminently successful, and had nearly resulted in the capture of the Prince himself. A chosen band of six hundred arquebuisers, attired, as was customary in these nocturnal expeditions, with their shirts outside their armor, that they might recognize each other in the darkness, were led by Julian Romero, within

[1] Letter of Joha of Nassau. Archives, etc., iii. 461.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158.
[3] Ibid.

the lines of the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised, and for a moment powerless, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning until three, the Spaniards butchered their foes, hardly aroused from their sleep, ignorant by how small a force they had been thus suddenly surprised, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe.[1] The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in profound sleep, but a small spaniel, who always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws.[2] There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness, before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives,[3] and but for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day, the Prince ever afterwards[4] kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber. The midnight slaughter still continued, but the Spaniards in their fury, set fire to the tents. The glare of the conflagration showed the Orangists by how paltry a force they had been surprised. Before they could rally, however, Romero led off his arquebusiers, every one of whom had at least killed his man. Six hundred of the Prince's troops had been put to the sword, while many others were burned in their beds, or drowned in the little rivulet which flowed outside their camp. Only sixty Spaniards lost their lives.[5]

The disaster did not alter the plans of the Prince, for those plans had already been frustrated. The whole marrow of his enterprise had been destroyed in an instant by the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. He retreated to Péronne and Nivelles, an assasin, named Heist, a German, by birth, but a French chevalier, following him secretly in his camp, pledged to take

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[1] Mendoza, vii. 157. Strada, vii. 367, 368.

[2] Strada, vii. 368. Hoofd, vii. 263.

[3] Hoofd, vii. 264.

[4] Hoofd, vii. 263. In the statues of the Prince, a little dog is frequently sculptured at his feet.

[5] Bentivoglio, v. 106. Mendoza, vii. 157, et seq. Hoofd, vii. 263, 264, Bor, vii. 408.

his life for a large reward promised by Alva[1]—an enterprise not destined, however, to be successful. The soldiers flatly refused to remain an hour longer in the field, or even to furnish an escort for Count Louis, if, by chance, he could be brought out of the town.[2] The Prince was obliged to inform his brother of the desperate state of his affairs, and to advise him to capitulate on the best terms[3] which he could make. With a heavy heart he left the chivalrous Louis besieged in the city which he had so gallantly captured, and took his way across the Meuse towards the Rhine. A furious mutiny broke out among his troops. His life was, with difficulty, saved from the brutal soldiery—infuriated at his inability to pay them, except in the over-due securities of the Holland cities—by the exertions of the officers who still regarded him with veneration and affection.[4] Crossing the Rhine at Orsoy, he disbanded his army and betook himself, almost alone, to Holland.[5]

Yet even in this hour of distress and defeat, the Prince seemed more heroic than many a conqueror in his day of triumph. With all his hopes blasted, with the whole fabric of his country's fortunes shattered by the colossal crime of his royal ally, he never lost his confidence in himself nor his unfaltering trust in God. All the cities which, but a few weeks before, had so eagerly raised his standard, now fell off at once. He went to Holland, the only province which remained true, and which still looked up to him as its saviour, but he went thither expecting and prepared to perish. "*There I will make my sepulchre,*"[6] was his simple and sublime expression in a private letter to his brother.

He had advanced to the rescue of Louis, with city after city opening its arms to receive him. He had expected to be joined on the march by Coligny, at the head of a chosen army, and he was now obliged to leave his brother to his fate, having the massacre of the Admiral and his confederates substituted for their expected army of assistance, and with every city and every province forsaking his cause as eagerly as they had so lately embraced it. "It has pleased God," he said, "to

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[1] Letter of Mondoucet to Charles IX. Comm. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340.

[2] Letter of Prince of Orange to John of Nassau. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iii. 501–507, and the cypher explained in t. iv. c. ii.

[3] Hoofd, vii. 264. Meteren, iv. 75.

[4] Bor, vii. 408. Meteren, iv. 75.

[5] Hoofd, vii. 264.

[6] "Ayant délibéré de faire illecq ma sépultre."—Letter to his brother John of Nassau. Groen v. Prinst, Archives, etc., iv. 4.

take away every hope which we could have founded upon man; the King has published that the massacre was by his orders, and has forbidden all his subjects, upon pain of death, to assist me; he has, moreover, sent succor to Alva. Had it not been for this, we had been masters of the Duke, and should have made him capitulate at our pleasure."[1] Yet even then he was not cast down.

Nor was his political sagacity liable to impeachment by the extent to which he had been thus deceived by the French court. "So far from being reprehensible that I did not suspect such a crime," he said, "I should rather be chargeable with malignity had I been capable of so sinister a suspicion. 'Tis not an ordinary thing to conceal such enormous deliberations under the plausable cover of a marriage festival."[2]

Meanwhile, Count Louis lay confined to his couch with a burning fever. His soldiers refused any longer to hold the city, now that the altered intentions of Charles IX. were known[3] and the forces of Orange withdrawn. Alva offered the most honorable conditions, and it was therefore impossible for the Count to make longer resistance. The city was so important, and time was at that moment so valuable that the Duke was willing to forego his vengeance upon the rebel whom he so cordially detested, and to be satisfied with depriving him of the prize which he had seized with such audacity. "It would have afforded me sincere pleasure," wrote the Duke, "over and above the benefit to God and your Majesty, to have had the Count of Nassau in my power. I would overleap every obstacle to seize him, such is the particular hatred which I bear the man."[4] Under the circumstances, however, he acknowledged that the result of the council of war could only be to grant liberal terms.

On September 19th, accordingly, articles of capitulation were signed between the distinguished De la Noue with three others on the one part, and the Seigneur de Noircarmes and three others on the side of Spain. The town was given over to Alva, but all the soldiers were to go out with their weapons and property. Those of the townspeople who had borne arms against his Majesty, and all who still held to the Reformed religion, were to retire with the soldiery. The troops were to pledge themselves not to serve in future against the Kings

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iii. 501–507.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. Vie De la Noue, 75.
[4] Letter of Alva to Philippe II. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1162.

of France or Spain, but from this provision Louis, with his English and German soldiers, was expressly excepted, the Count indignantly repudiating the idea of such a pledge, or of discontinuing his hostilities for an instant. It was also agreed that convoys should be furnished, and hostages exchanged, for the due observance of the terms of the treaty. The preliminaries having been thus settled, the patriot forces abandoned the town.[1]

Count Louis, rising from his sick bed, paid his respects in person to the victorious generals, at their request. He was received in Alva's camp with an extraordinary show of admiration and esteem. The Duke of Medina Coeli overwhelmed him with courtesies and *"basolomanos,"* while Don Frederic assured him, in the high-flown language of Spanish compliment that there was nothing which he would not do to serve him, and that he would take a greater pleasure in executing his slightest wish than if he had been his next of kin.[2]

As the Count next day, still suffering with fever, and attired in his long dressing-gown, was taking his departure from the city, he ordered his carriage to stop at the entrance to Don Frederic's quarters. That general, who had been standing incognito near the door, gazing with honest admiration at the hero of so many a hard-fought field, withdrew as he approached, that he might not give the invalid the trouble of alighting.[3] Louis, however, recognizing him, addressed him with the Spanish salutation, *"Perdone vuestra Señoria la pesedumbre,"* and paused at the gate.[4] Don Frederic, from politeness to his condition, did not present himself, but sent an aid-de-camp to express his compliments and good wishes. Having exchanged these courtesies, Louis left the city, conveyed, as had been agreed upon, by a guard of Spanish troops. There was a deep meaning in the respect with which the Spanish generals had treated the rebel chieftain. Although

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[1] Bor, vii. 408, 409. Hoofd, vii. 265. Meteren, iv. 76. Mendoza, vii. 158, 159, 160.

[2] "So haten auch Don Frederico, le grand Prieur genañt (which he certainly was not, however) und der Herzog de Medina Celi mit sonder ehrerbietung Graf Ludwig in dem Albanischen Lager selbst persönlich angesprochen und haben den Don Fed. viel besolosmanos gemacht und under andern sich erbotten wo er Grf Ludwigen freundschaft und angenehmen willen werde zu erzeigen wissen, soll sein Gnad: sich des zu ihm gewiszlich versehen das er solchs so gern und willig thun wolle als ob er S. Gn. nechster verwandter were."—Schwarz to Landgrave Will. of Hesse. Appendix to vol. iv. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, 17*.

[3] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 515, 518.

[4] Hoofd, vii. 265.

the massacre of Saint Bartholomew met with Alva's entire approbation, yet it was his cue to affect a holy horror at the event, and he avowed that he would "rather cut off both his hands than be guilty of such a deed"[1]—as if those hangman's hands had the right to protest against any murder, however wholesale. Count Louis suspected at once, and soon afterwards thoroughly understood, the real motives of the chivalrous treatment which he had received.[2] He well knew that these very men would have sent him to the scaffold, had he fallen into their power, and he therefore estimated their courtesy at its proper value.

It was distinctly stated, in the capitulation of the city, that all the soldiers, as well as such of the inhabitants as had borne arms, should be allowed to leave the city, with all their property. The rest of the people, it was agreed, might remain without molestations to their persons or estates.[3] It has been the general opinion of historians that the articles of this convention were maintained by the conquerors in good faith.[4] Never was a more signal error. The capitulation was made late at night, on September 20th, without the provision which Charles IX. had hoped for: the massacre, namely, of De la Noue and his companions. As for Genlis and those who had been taken prisoners at his defeat, their doom had already been sealed. The city was evacuated on September 21st. Alva entered it upon the 24th. Most of the volunteers departed with the garrison, but many who had, most unfortunately, prolonged their farewells to their families, trusting to the word of the Spanish Captain Molinos, were thrown into prison.[5] Noircarmes the butcher of Valenciennes, now made his appearance in Mons. As grand bailiff of Hainault, he came to the place as one in authority, and his deeds were now to complete the infamy which must for ever surround his name. In brutal violation of the terms upon which the town had surrendered, he now set about the work of massacre and

[1] Letter of Louis of Nassau to Charles IX. (1st June, 1573). Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison, etc., iv. 86,* et seq. The letter is taken from the Archives of Simancas.

[2] "Et que cà esté la seulle cause de la courtoisie et fidelité dont le Duc d'Albe a ussé envers le Conte à la prinse de la ville de Monts; comme il a depuis dict à plusieurs que c'estoit pour monstrer qu'il ne vouldroit point avoir faict ung si méchant acte qu'avoit faict le Roy de France," etc., etc.—Ibid.

[3] Mendoza, vii. 157vo, 158vo. Bor, vii. 408, 409.

[4] Bor, Le Petit, Guicciardini, et al.

[5] Mons; sous les Rapports Historiques et Statisques, etc., par F. Paridaens (Mons, 1819), 77, sqq.

pillage. A Commission of Troubles, in close imitation of the famous Blood Council of Brussels, was established,[1] the members of the tribunal being appointed by Noircarmes, and all being inhabitants of the town. The council commenced proceedings by condemning all the volunteers, although expressly included in the capitulation. Their wives and children were all banished; their property all confiscated. On December 15th, the executions commenced. The intrepid De Leste, silk manufacturer, who had commanded a band of volunteers, and sustained during the siege the assaults of Alva's troops with remarkable courage at a very critical moment, was one of the earliest victims.[2] In consideration "that he was a gentleman, and not among the most malicious,"[3] he was executed by sword. "In respect that he heard the mass, and made a sweet Catholic end," it was allowed that he should be "buried in consecrated earth."[4] Many others followed in quick succession. Some were beheaded, some were hanged, some were burned alive. All who had borne arms or worked at the fortifications were, of course, put to death. Such as refused to confess and receive the Catholic sacraments perished by fire. A poor wretch, accused of having ridiculed these mysteries, had his tongue torn out before being beheaded.[5] A cobbler, named Blaise Bouzet, was hanged for having eaten meat-soup upon Friday.[6] He was also accused of going to the Protestant preachings for the sake of participating in the alms distributed on these occasions,[7] a crime for which many other paupers were executed.[8] An old man of sixty-two was sent to the scaffold for having permitted his son to bear arms among the volunteers.[9] At last, when all pretexts were wanting to justify executions, the council assigned as motives for its decrees an adhesion of heart on the part of the victims to the cause of the insurgents or to the doctrines of the Reformed Church.[10] Ten, twelve, twenty persons were often hanged,

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[1] Paridaens, 77–87.

[2] Paridaens, 77–87.

[3] Sentence against Pierre de Leste apud Altmeyer—Une Succursale au Tribunal de Sang, 113, note 3.

[4] Ibid.—"En considération de sa belle fin, doulce et catholique avec grande recognoissance et repentance, Monsq[r]. de Vaulx accorda la terre saincte et son corps porté aux cordeliers."

[5] Paridaens. Sentence du 6[me] Mars, 1573, et autres.

[6] Altmeyer, 120, from the Archives Judiciaires de Hainaut. Régistre contenant les sentences criminelles.

[7] Ibid.

[8] Sentences du 6[me] Mars, 1573, et autres, apud Paridaens, 82.

[9] Paridaens.

[10] Ibid., Sentences du 6[me] Mars, et autres.

burned, or beheaded in a single day.[1] Gibbets laden with mutilated bodies lined the public highways, while Noircarmes, by frightful expressions of approbation, excited without ceasing the fury of his satellites.[2] This monster would perhaps be less worthy of execration had he been governed in these foul proceedings by fanatical bigotry or by political hatred; but his motives were of the most sordid description. It was mainly to acquire gold for himself that he ordained all this carnage. With the same pen which signed the death-sentences of the richest victims, he drew orders to his own benefit on their confiscated property.[3] The lion's share of the plunder was appropriated by himself. He desired the estate of François de Glarges, Seigneur d'Eslesmes. The gentleman had committed no offence of any kind, and, moreover, lived beyond the French frontier. Nevertheless, in contempt of international law, the neighboring territory was invaded, and d'Eslesmes dragged before the blood tribunal of Mons. Noircarmes had drawn up beforehand, in his own handwriting, both the terms of the accusation and of the sentence. The victim was innocent and a Catholic, but he was rich. He confessed to have been twice at the preaching, from curiosity, and to have omitted taking the sacrament at the previous Easter. For these offences he was beheaded, and his confiscated estate adjudged at an almost nominal price to the secretary of Noircarmes, bidding for his master.[4] "You can do me no greater pleasure," wrote Noircarmes to the council, "than to make quick work with all these rebels, and to proceed with the confiscation of their estates, real and personal. Don't fail to put all those to the torture out of whom anything can be got."[5]

Notwithstanding the unexampled docility of the commissioners, they found it difficult to extract from their redoubted chief a reasonable share in the wages of blood. They did not scruple, therefore, to display their own infamy, and to enumerate their own crimes, in order to justify their demand for higher salaries. "Consider," they said, in a petition to this end, "consider closely all that is odious in our office, and the

[1] Paridaens, 83 Sentences des 15me et 31me Dec., 1572, 17me Jan., 1573, 6me Mars, 10me, 11me, 13me Avril, 9me Juillet, 26me et 27me Août, 1573.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., 84. Lettres aux Commissaires des 1er Juin et 24me Nov., 1573.
[4] Ibid., 85. Greffe de Mons. Sentence du 24me Fev., 1573. Lettre de Noircarmes à Buzequies de 25me Nov., 1573, cited by Paridaens.
[5] Altmeyer, 115, from the Archives de Hainaut.

great number of banishments and of executions which we have *pronounced among all our own relations and friends.*"[1]

It may be added, moreover, as a slight palliation for the enormous crimes committed by these men, that, becoming at last weary of their business, they urged Noircarmes to desist from the work of proscription. Longehaye, one of the commissioners, even waited upon him personally, with a plea for mercy in favor of "the poor people, even beggars, who, although having borne arms during the siege, might then be pardoned." Noircarmes, in a rage at the proposition, said that, "if he did not know the commissioners to be honest men, he should believe *that their palms had been oiled*,"[2] and forbade any farther words on the subject. When Longehaye still ventured to speak in favor of certain persons "who were very poor and simple, not charged with duplicity, and good Catholics besides," he fared no better. "Away with you!" cried Noircarmes in a great fury,[3] adding that he had already written to have execution done upon the whole of them. "Whereupon," said poor blood-councillor Longehaye, in his letter to his colleagues, "I retired, I leave you to guess how."[4]

Thus the work went on day after day, month after month. Till August 27th of the following year (1573) the executioner never rested, and when Requesens, successor to Alva caused the prisons of Mons to be opened, there were found still seventy-five individuals condemned to the block, and awaiting their fate.[5]

It is the most dreadful commentary upon the times in which these transactions occurred, that they could sink so soon into oblivion. The culprits took care to hide the records of their guilt, while succeeding horrors, on a more extensive scale, at other places, effaced the memory of all these comparatively obscure murders and spoliations. The prosperity of Mons, one of the most flourishing and wealthy manufacturing towns in the Netherlands, was annihilated, but there were so many cities in the same condition that its

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1 "Considérer des près tout l'odieux de nostre charge et le grand nombre de bannissemens et d'exécutions que nous avons pronouncées *au milieu* de tous nos parens et amis."—Lettres des Commissaires du 22me Juin, 1575; apud Paridaens, 86; from the Greffe de Mons.

2 "—— vous avé veu —— la collere de Monseigneur—disant que se ne nous cognoissoit gens de bien, auroit opinion qu'avions heu les mains engraissées."—Letter of Longehaye in Altmeyer, 125, sqq.

3 "Replicqua, Arrière! par grant furie," etc.—Ibid.

4 "Sur quoy me rethiray, je vous laisse à penser comment."—Ibid.

5 Paridaens, 86, sqq.

misery was hardly remarkable. Nevertheless, in our own days, the fall of a mouldering tower in the ruined Chateau de Naast at last revealed the archives of all these crimes.[1] How the documents came to be placed there remains a mystery, but they have at last been brought to light.

The Spaniards had thus recovered Mons, by which event the temporary revolution throughout the whole Southern Netherlands was at an end. The keys of that city unlocked the gates of every other in Brabant and Flanders. The towns which had so lately embraced the authority of Orange now hastened to disavow the Prince, and to return to their ancient hypocritical and cowardly allegiance.[2] The new oaths of fidelity were in general accepted by Alva, but the beautiful archiepiscopal city of Mechlin was selected for an example and a sacrifice.

There were heavy arrears due to the Spanish troops. To indemnify them, and to make good his blasphemous prophecy of Divine chastisement for its past misdeeds, Alva now abandoned this town to the license of his soldiery. By his command Don Frederic advanced to the gates and demanded its surrender. He was answered by a few shots from the garrison. Those cowardly troops, however, having thus plunged the city still more deeply into the disgrace which, in Alva's eyes, they had incurred by receiving rebels within their walls after having but just before refused admittance to the Spanish forces, decamped during the night, and left the place defenseless.[3]

Early next morning there issued from the gates a solemn procession of priests, with banner and crozier, followed by a long and suppliant throng of citizens, who attempted by this demonstration to avert the wrath of the victor. While the penitent psalms were resounding, the soldiers were busily engaged in heaping dried branches and rubbish into the moat. Before the religious exercises were concluded, thousands had forced the gates or climbed the walls, and entered the city with a celerity which only the hope of rapine could inspire. The sack instantly commenced. The property of friend and foe, of Papist and Calvinist, was indiscriminately rifled. Everything was dismantled and destroyed. "Hardly a nail," said a Spaniard, writing soon afterwards from Brus-

[1] Paridaens, 279, note E.
[2] Bor. vi. 415.
[3] Bor, vi. 409. Meteren, iv. 76.

sels, "was left standing in the walls." The troops seemed to imagine themselves in a Turkish town, and wreaked the Divine vengeance which Alva had denounced upon the city with an energy which met with his fervent applause.[1]

Three days long the horrible scene continued, one day for the benefit of the Spaniards, two more for that of the Walloons and Germans. All the churches, monasteries, religious houses of every kind, were completely sacked. Every valuable article which they contained, the ornaments of altars, the reliquaries, chalices, embroidered curtains, and carpets of velvet or damask, the golden robes of the priests, the repositories of the host, the precious vessels of chrism and extreme unction, the rich clothing and jewelry adorning the effigies of the Holy Virgin, all were indiscriminately rifled by the Spanish soldiers. The holy wafers were trampled underfoot, the sacramental wine was poured upon the ground, and, in brief, all the horrors which had been committed by the iconoclasts in their wildest moments, and for a thousandth part of which enormities heretics had been burned in droves, were now repeated in Mechlin by the especial soldiers of Christ, by Roman Catholics who had been sent to the Netherlands to avenge the insults offered to the Roman Catholic faith. The motive, too, which inspired the sacrilegious crew was not fanaticism, but the desire of plunder. The property of Romanists was taken as freely as that of Calvinists, of which sect there were, indeed, but few in the archiepiscopal city. Cardinal Granvelle's house was rifled. The pauper funds deposited in the convents were not respected. The beds were taken from beneath sick and dying women, whether lady abbess or hospital patient, that the sacking might be torn to pieces in search of hidden treasure.[2]

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[1] Bor, vi. 409. Hoofd, vii. 266. 267. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1185. "Bref il n'y ha heu église, ny monastère, soit d'hommes ou de femmes, hospital ny lieu sacré auquel l'on aye porté respect, que tout n'aye esté saccagé jusques aux lianges et deniers d'epargne des povres.—Discours du Pillage de Malines, 2me Oct., 1572, p. 409; apud Willems, Mengelingen van historisch-vaderlandsten inhoud (Antwerpen, 1827–1830.) The author of this contemporary account was a citizen of Mechlin, and a Catholic.

[2] Discours du Pillage de Malines, 2me Octobre, 1572, 406, 407. "Voires ne ont esté respectez les repositoires et cyboires, où estoyent les sainctes hostyes et précieux corps de nostre seigneur et rédempteur, ny les vaisseaux des saint chresme et extrémes onctions, qui ont esté ravis par les soldats Espagnols —— tiré déhors le ciboire, gectant en terre les sainctes hosties," etc., etc.

"Et y a la mater des noires-soeurs ha perdu 6e florins de son espargne —— et pardessus ha esté tiré à la dicte mater, gisant malade, son lict de dessoubz

The iconoclasts of 1566 had destroyed millions of property for the sake of an idea, but they had appropriated nothing. Moreover, they had scarcely injured a human being; confining their wrath to graven images. The Spaniards at Mechlin spared neither man nor woman. The murders and outrages would be incredible, were they not attested by most respectable Catholic witnesses. Men were butchered in their houses, in the streets, at the altars. Women were violated by hundreds in churches and in grave-yards.[1] Moreover, the deed had been as deliberately arranged as it was thoroughly performed. It was sanctioned by the highest authority. Don Frederic, son of Alva, and General Noircarmes were both present at the scene, and applications were in vain made to them that the havoc might be stayed. "They were seen whispering to each other in the ear on their arrival," says an eye-witness and a Catholic, "and it is well known that the affair had been resolved upon the preceding day. The two continued together as long as they remained in the city."[2] The work was, in truth, fully accomplished. The ultra-Catholic, Jean Richardot, member of the Grand Council, and nephew of the Bishop of Arras, informed the State Council that the sack of Mechlin had been so horrible that the poor and unfortunate mothers had not a single morsel of bread to put in the mouths of their children, who were dying before their eyes—so insane and cruel had been the avarice of the plunderers. "He could say more," he added, "if his hair did not stand on end, not only at recounting, but even at remembering the scene."[3]

Three days long the city was abandoned to that trinity of furies which ever wait upon War's footsteps—Murder, Lust, and Rapine—under whose promptings human beings become so much more terrible than the most ferocious beasts. In his letter to his master, the Duke congratulated him upon these foul proceedings as upon a pious deed well accomplished. He thought it necessary, however, to excuse himself before the public in a document, which justified the sack of Mechlin by its refusal to accept his garrison a few months

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elle; comme aussi ha este faict avec infinité de femmes accouchées et d' aultres avortées et de malades."—Discours, etc., 409.

[1] Discours, etc., 415.

[2] Ibid., 411, 412.

[3] Letter of Jean Richardot, apud Gachard; Rapport au Ministre de l'Intérieur sur les Archives de Lille, 234.

before, and by the shots which had been discharged at his troops as they approached the city.[1] For these offenses, and by his express order, the deed was done. Upon his head must the guilt forever rest.[2]

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[1] Bor, vi. 409, 410.

[2] Bor, vi. 409, 410. Meteren, iv. 76. Hoofd, vii. 266, 267.—Compare Bentivoglio, vi. 114. Mendoza, viii. 161. The latter historian endeavors to exonerate the Duke by imputing all the blame to the insubordination of his soldiers. Unfortunately the Commander's letters show that he had deliberately ordered the sack, and was highly satisfied with the faithful manner in which it was accomplished: "donde quedan (los soldados) al presente exécutando el castigo que évidentamente parece que *Dios ha sido servido darles*." With the blasphemy customary upon such occasions, the Almighty was, of course represented as the chief perpetrator and instigator of these diabolical crimes.—Vide Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1165.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THREE THOROUGH MASSACRES.

Affairs in Holland and Zeeland—Siege of Tergoes by the patriots—Importance of the place—Difficulty of relieving it—Its position—Audacious plan for sending succor across the "Drowned Land"—Brilliant and successful expedition of Mondragon—The siege raised—Horrible sack of Zutphen—Base conduct of Count Van der Berg—Refusal of Naarden to surrender—Subsequent unsuccessful deputation to make terms with Don Frederic—Don Frederic before Naarden—Treachery of Romero—The Spaniards admitted—General massacre of the garrison and burghers—The city burned to the ground—Warm reception of Orange in Holland—Secret negotiations with the Estates—Desperate character of the struggle between Spain and the provinces—Don Frederic in Amsterdam—Plans for reducing Holland—Skirmish on the ice at Amsterdam—Preparations in Haarlem for the expected siege—Description of the city—Early operations—Complete investment—Numbers of besiegers and besieged—Mutual barbarities—Determined repulse of the first assault—Failure of Batenburg's expedition—Cruelties in city and camp—Mining and countermining—Second assault victoriously repelled—Suffering and disease in Haarlem—Disposition of Don Frederic to retire—Memorable rebuke by Alva—Efforts of Orange to relieve the place—Sonoy's expedition—Exploit of John Haring—Cruel execution of prisoners on both sides—Quiryn Dirkzoon and his family put to death in the city—Fleets upon the lake—Defeat of the patriot armada—Dreadful suffering and starvation in the city—Parley with the besiegers—Despair of the city—Appeal to Orange—Expedition under Batenburg to relieve the city—His defeat and death—Desperate condition of Haarlem—Its surrender at discretion—Sanguinary executions—General massacre—Expense of the victory in blood and money—Joy of Philip at the news.

While thus Brabant and Flanders were scourged back to the chains which they had so recently broken, the affairs of the Prince of Orange were not improving in Zeeland. Never was a twelvemonth so marked by contradictory fortune, never were the promises of a spring followed by such blight and disappointment in autumn than in the memorable year 1572. On the island of Walcheren, Middelburg and Arnemuyde still held for the King—Campveer and Flushing for the Prince of Orange. On the island of South Beveland, the city of Goes or Tergoes was still stoutly defended by a small garrison of Spanish troops. As long as the place held out, the city of Middelburg could be maintained. Should that important

city fall, the Spaniards would lose all hold upon Walcheren and the province of Zeeland.

Jerome de't Zeraerts, a brave, faithful, but singularly unlucky officer, commanded for the Prince in Walcheren.[1] He had attempted by various hastily planned expeditions to give employment to his turbulent soldiery, but fortune had refused to smile upon his efforts. He had laid siege to Middelburg and failed. He had attempted Tergoes and had been compelled ingloriously to retreat. The citizens of Flushing, on his return, had shut the gates of the town in his face, and for several days refused to admit him or his troops.[2] To retrieve this disgrace, which had sprung rather from the insubordination of his followers and the dislike which they bore his person than from any want of courage or conduct on his part, he now assembled a force of seven thousand men, marched again to Tergoes, and upon August 26th laid siege to the place in form.[3] The garrison was very insufficient, and although they conducted themselves with great bravery, it was soon evident that unless reinforced they must yield. With their overthrow it was obvious that the Spaniards would lose the important maritime province of Zeeland, and the Duke accordingly ordered D'Avila, who commanded in Antwerp, to throw succor into Tergoes without delay. Attempts were made, by sea and by land, to this effect, but were all unsuccessful. The Zeelanders commanded the waters with their fleet, and were too much at home among those gulfs and shallows not to be more than a match for their enemies. Baffled in their attempt to relieve the town by water or by land, the Spaniards conceived an amphibious scheme. Their plan led to one of the most brilliant feats of arms which distinguishes the history of this war.

The Scheld, flowing past the city of Astwerp and separating the provinces of Flanders and Brabant, opens wide its two arms in nearly opposite directions, before it joins the sea. Between these two arms lie the isles of Zeeland, half floating upon, half submerged by the waves. The town of Tergoes was the chief city of South Beveland, the most important part of this archipelago, but South Beveland had not always been an island. Fifty years before, a tempest, one of the most violent recorded in the stormy annals of that exposed country,

[1] Bor, vi. 392. [2] Ibid., vi. 394. [3] Ibid.

had overthrown all barriers,[1] the waters of the German Ocean, lashed by a succession of north winds, having been driven upon the low coast of Zeeland more rapidly than they could be carried off through the narrow straits of Dover. The dykes of the island had burst, the ocean had swept over the land, hundreds of villages had been overwhelmed, and a tract of country torn from the province and buried forever beneath the sea. This "Drowned Land,"[2] as it is called, now separated the island from the main. At low tide it was, however, possible for experienced pilots to ford the estuary, which had usurped the place of the land. The average depth was between four and five feet at low water, while the tide rose and fell at least ten feet; the bottom was muddy and treacherous, and it was moreover traversed by three living streams or channels, always much too deep to be fordable.[3]

Captain Plomaert, a Fleming of great experience and bravery, warmly attached to the King's cause, conceived the plan of sending reinforcements across this drowned district to the city of Tergoes. Accompanied by two peasants of the country, well acquainted with the track, he twice accomplished the dangerous and difficult passage, which, from dry land to dry land, was nearly ten English miles in length. Having thus satisfied himself as to the possibility of the enterprise, he laid his plan before the Spanish colonel, Mondragon.[4]

That courageous veteran eagerly embraced the proposal, examined the ground, and after consultation with Sancho d'Avila, resolved in person to lead an expedition along the path suggested by Plomaert. Three thousand picked men, a thousand from each nation,[5]—Spaniards, Walloons, and Germans, were speedily and secretly assembled at Bergen op Zoom, from the neighborhood of which city, at a place called Aggier,[6] it was necessary that the expedition should set forth. A quantity of sacks were provided, in which a supply of biscuit and of powder was placed, one to be carried by each soldier upon his head. Although it was already late in the autumn, the weather was propitious; the troops, not yet in-

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[1] Mendoza, viii. 166, et seq.—Compare Guicciardini and Bentivoglio, vii. 100–114.

[2] "Verdronken Land."—Bor, vi. 394.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza, Bentivoglio, etc., etc.

[4] Hoofd, vii. 270, 271. Bentivoglio, vi. 3.

[5] Bentivoglio, vi. 112.

[6] Bor, vi. 394.

formed as to the secret enterprise for which they had been selected, were already assembled at the edge of the water, and Mondragon, who, notwithstanding his age, had resolved upon heading the hazardous expedition, now briefly, on the evening of October 20th, explained to them the nature of the service. His statement of the dangers which they were about to encounter rather inflamed than diminished their ardor. Their enthusiasm became unbounded, as he described the importance of the city which they were about to save, and alluded to the glory which would be won by those who thus courageously came forward to its rescue. The time of about half ebb tide having arrived, the veteran, preceded only by the guides and Plomaert, plunged gaily into the waves, followed by his army, almost in single file. The water was never lower than the breast, often higher than the shoulder. The distance to the island, three and a half leagues at least, was to be accomplished within, at most, six hours, or the rising tide would overwhelm them forever. And thus, across the quaking and uncertain slime, which often refused them a footing, that adventurous band, five hours long, pursued their midnight march, sometimes swimming for their lives, and always struggling with the waves which every instant threatened to engulf them.

Before the tide had risen to more than half-flood, before the day dawned, the army set foot on dry land again, at the village of Irseken. Of the whole three thousand, only nine unlucky individuals had been drowned; so much had courage and discipline availed in that dark and perilous passage through the very bottom of the sea.[1] The Duke of Alva might well pronounce it one of the most brilliant and original achievements in the annals of war.[2] The beacon fires were immediately lighted upon the shore, as agreed upon, to inform Sancho d'Avila, who was anxiously awaiting the result at Bergen op Zoom, of the safe arrival of the troops. A brief repose was then allowed. At the approach of daylight, they set forth from Irseken, which lay about four leagues from Tergoes. The news that a Spanish army had thus arisen from the depths of the sea, flew before them as they marched. The besieging force commanded the water with their fleet, the land with their army; yet had these indomitable Spaniards

[1] Bentivoglio, Mendoza, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 76, 77.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1179.

found a path which was neither land nor water, and had thus stolen upon them in the silence of the night. A panic preceded them as they fell upon a foe much superior in number to their own force. It was impossible for 't Zeraerts to induce his soldiers to offer resistance. The patriot army fled precipitately and ignominiously to their ships, hotly pursued by the Spaniards, who overtook and destroyed the whole of their rear guard before they could embark. This done, the gallant little garrison which had so successfully held the city, was reinforced with the courageous veterans who had come to their relief. His audacious project thus brilliantly accomplished, the "good old Mondragon,"[1] as his soldiers called him, returned to the province of Brabant.[2]

After the capture of Mons and the sack of Mechlin, the Duke of Alva had taken his way to Nimwegen, having despatched his son, Don Frederic, to reduce the northern and eastern country, which was only too ready to submit to the conqueror. Very little resistance was made by any of the cities which had so recently, and with such enthusiasm, embraced the cause of Orange. Zutphen attempted a feeble opposition to the entrance of the King's troops, and received a dreadful chastisement in consequence. Alva sent orders to his son to leave *not a single man alive in the city*, and to burn every house to the ground.[3] The Duke's command was almost literally obeyed. Don Frederic entered Zutphen, and without a moment's warning put the whole garrison to the sword. The citizens next fell a defenseless prey; some being stabbed in the streets, some hanged on the trees which decorated the city, some stripped stark naked, and turned out into the fields to freeze to death in the wintry night. As the work of death became too fatiguing for the butchers, five hundred innocent burghers were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned like dogs in the river Yssel. A few stragglers who had contrived to elude pursuit at first, were afterwards taken from their hiding places, and hung upon *the gallows by the feet*, some of which victims suffered for days and nights of agony before death came to their relief. It is superfluous to add that the outrages upon women were no less universal in Zutphen than they had been in every city cap-

1 "El bueno viejo Mondragon."—Ibid.
2 Bentivoglio, Bor, Mendoza, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
3 Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1180.

tured or occupied by the Spanish troops. These horrors continued till scarcely chastity or life remained, throughout the miserable city.[1]

This attack and massacre had been so suddenly executed, that assistance would hardly have been possible, even had there been disposition to render it. There was, however, no such disposition. The whole country was already cowering again, except the provinces of Holland and Zeeland. No one dared approach, even to learn what had occurred within the walls of the town, for days after its doom had been accomplished. "A wail of agony was heard above Zutphen last Sunday," wrote Count Nieuwenar, "a sound as of a mighty massacre, but we know not what has taken place."[2]

Count Van den Bergh, another brother-in-law of Orange, proved himself signally unworthy of the illustrious race to which he was allied. He had, in the earlier part of the year, received the homage of the cities of Gelderland and Overyssel, on behalf of the patriot Prince. He now basely abandoned the field where he had endeavored to gather laurels while the sun of success had been shining. Having written from Kampen, whither he had retired, that he meant to hold the city to the last gasp, he immediately afterwards fled secretly and precipitately from the country.[3] In his flight he was plundered by his own people, while his wife, Mary of Nassau, then far advanced in pregnancy, was left behind, disguised as a peasant girl, in an obscure village.[4]

With the flight of Van den Bergh, all the cities which, under his guidance, had raised the standard of Orange, deserted the cause at once. Friesland, too, where Robles obtained a victory over six thousand patriots, again submitted to the yoke. But if the ancient heart of the free Frisians was beating thus feebly, there was still spirit left among their brethren on the other side of the Zuyder Zee. It was not while William of Orange was within her borders, nor while her sister provinces had proved recreant to him, that Holland would follow their base example. No rebellion being left,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1180. Bor, vi. 415. Hoofd, vii. 274. Meteren, iv. 78.—Compare Mendoza, viii. 172, and Bentivoglio, vi. 114, who glides rapidly over these scenes of horror with a smoothness all his own.

[2] "Aussi dict on que dimanche passé on a ouy ung grand jammergeschrey et tuerie dedans Zutfen, mais on ne sçait ce que c'est."—Comte Nieuwenar to Louis of Nassau. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iv. 28.

[3] Bor, vi. 415. Meteren, iv. 78. Hoofd, vii. 274.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186.

except in the northwestern extremities of the Netherlands, Don Frederic was ordered to proceed from Zutphen to Amsterdam, thence to undertake the conquest of Holland. The little city of Naarden, on the coast of the Zuyder Zee, lay in his path, and had not yet formally submitted. On November 22d a company of one hundred troopers was sent to the city gates to demand its surrender. The small garrison which had been left by the Prince was not disposed to resist, but the spirit of the burghers was stouter than their walls. They answered the summons by a declaration that they had thus far held the city for the King and the Prince of Orange, and, with God's help, would continue so to do. As the horsemen departed with this reply, a lunatic, called Adrian Krankhoeft, mounted the ramparts and discharged a culverine among them.[1] No man was injured, but the words of defiance, and the shot fired by a madman's hand, were destined to be fearfully answered.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the place, which was at best far from strong, and ill provided with arms, ammunition, or soldiers, despatched importunate messages to Sonoy, and to other patriot generals nearest to them, soliciting reinforcements. Their messengers came back almost empty handed. They brought a little powder and a great many promises, but not a single man-at-arms, not a ducat, not a piece of artillery. The most influential commanders, moreover, advised an honorable capitulation, if it were still possible.[2]

Thus baffled, the burghers of the little city found their proud position quite untenable. They accordingly, on December 1st, despatched the burgomaster and a senator to Amersfoort, to make terms, if possible, with Don Frederic.[3] When these envoys reached the place, they were refused admission to the general's presence. The army had already been ordered to move forward to Naarden, and they were directed to accompany the advance guard, and to expect their reply at the gates of their own city. This command was sufficiently ominous. The impression which it made upon them was confirmed by the warning voices of their friends in Amersfoort, who entreated them not to return to Naarden. The advice was not lost upon one of the two envoys. After they had advanced a little distance on their journey, the burgomaster Laurentzoon slid privately out of the sledge in

[1] Bor, vi. 417. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. Hoofd, vii. 276.

which they were traveling, leaving his coat behind him. "Adieu; I think I will not venture back to Naarden at present," said he, calmly, as he abandoned his companion to his fate.[1] The other, who could not so easily desert his children, his wife, and his fellow-citizens, in the hour of danger, went forward as calmly to share in their impending doom.

The army reached Bussem, half a league distant from Naarden, in the evening. Here Don Frederic established his headquarters, and proceeded to invest the city. Senator Gerrit was then directed to return to Naarden and to bring out a more numerous deputation on the following morning, duly empowered to surrender the place. The envoy accordingly returned next day, accompanied by Lambert Hortensius, rector of a Latin academy, together with four other citizens. Before this deputation had reached Bussem, they were met by Julian Romero, who informed them that he was commissioned to treat with them on the part of Don Frederic. He demanded the keys of the city, and gave the deputation a solemn pledge that the lives and property of all the inhabitants should be sacredly respected. To attest this assurance, Don Julian gave his hand three several times to Lambert Hortensius. A soldier's word thus plighted, the commissioners, without exchanging any written documents, surrendered the keys, and immediately afterwards accompanied Romero into the city, who was soon followed by five or six hundred musketeers.[2]

To give these guests a hospitable reception, all the housewives of the city at once set about preparations for a sumptuous feast, to which the Spaniards did ample justice, while the colonel and his officers were entertained by Senator Gerrit at his own house.[3] As soon as this conviviality had come to an end, Romero, accompanied by his host, walked into the square. The great bell had been meantime ringing, and the citizens had been summoned to assemble in the Gast Huis Church, then used as a town hall.[4] In the course of a few minutes five hundred had entered the building, and stood quietly awaiting whatever measures might be offered for their deliberation. Suddenly a priest, who had been pacing to and fro before the church door, entered the building, and bade

[1] "Adieu, ik komm niet weder binnen Naarden voor dit pas."—Bor, vi. 417.
[2] Bor, vi. 417. Hoofd, vii. 277.
[3] Hoofd, vii. 278.
[4] Bor, Hoofd.

them all prepare for death; but the announcement, the preparation, and the death, were simultaneous.[1] The door was flung open, and a band of armed Spaniards rushed across the sacred threshold. They fired a single volley upon the defenseless herd, and then sprang in upon them with sword and dagger. A yell of despair arose as the miserable victims saw how hopelessly they were engaged, and beheld the ferocious faces of their butchers. The carnage within that narrow space was compact and rapid. Within a few minutes all were despatched, and among them Senator Gerrit, from whose table the Spanish commander had but just risen. The church was then set on fire, and the dead and dying were consumed to ashes together.[2]

Inflamed but not satiated, the Spaniards then rushed into the streets, thirsty for fresh horrors. The houses were all rifled of their contents, and men were forced to carry the booty to the camp, who were then struck dead as their reward. The town was then fired in every direction, that the skulking citizens might be forced from their hiding-places. As fast as they came forth they were put to death by their impatient foes. Some were pierced with rapiers, some were chopped to pieces with axes, some were surrounded in the blazing streets by troops of laughing soldiers, intoxicated, not with wine but with blood, who tossed them to and fro with their lances, and derived a wild amusement from their dying agonies. Those who attempted resistance were crimped alive like fishes, and left to gasp themselves to death in lingering torture.[3] The soldiers becoming more and more insane, as the foul work went on, opened the veins of some of their victims, and drank their blood as if it were wine.[4] Some of the burghers were for a time spared, that they might witness the violation of their wives and daughters, and were then butchered in company with these still more unfortunate victims.[5] Miracles of brutality were accomplished. Neither church nor hearth was sacred. Men were slain, women outraged at the altars, in the streets, in their blazing homes. The life of Lambert Hortensius was spared, out of regard to his learning and genius, but he hardly could thank his foes for the boon, for they struck his only son dead, and tore his

[1] "Maar, 't aanseggen, bereyden en sterven was een ding."—Hoofd, vii. 278.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[3] Hoofd, vii. 279.—"Als visschen gekorven en lankzaamelyk gewentelt in een traye doodt."
[4] Hoofd, ubi sup.
[5] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

heart out before his father's eyes.[1] Hardly any man or woman survived, except by accident. A body of some hundred burghers made their escape across the snow into the open country. They were, however, overtaken, stripped stark naked, and hung upon the trees by the feet, to freeze, or to perish by a more lingering death. Most of them soon died, but twenty, who happened to be wealthy, succeeded, after enduring much torture, in purchasing their lives of their inhuman persecutors. The principal burgomaster, Heinrich Lambertszoon, was less fortunate. Known to be affluent, he was tortured by exposing the soles of his feet to a fire until they were almost consumed. On promise that his life should be spared, he then agreed to pay a heavy ransom; but hardly had he furnished the stipulated sum when, by express order of Don Frederic himself, he was hanged in his own doorway, and his dissevered limbs afterwards nailed to the gates of the city.[2]

Nearly all the inhabitants of Naarden, soldiers and citizens, were thus destroyed; and now Don Frederic issued peremptory orders that no one, on pain of death, should give lodging or food to any fugitive. He likewise forbade the dead all that could now be forbidden them—a grave. Three weeks long did these unburied bodies pollute the streets, nor could the few wretched women who still cowered within such houses as had escaped the flames ever move from their lurking-places without treading upon the festering remains of what had been their husbands, their fathers, or their brethren. Such was the express command of him whom the flatterers called the "most divine genius ever known." Shortly afterwards came an order to dismantle the fortifications, which had certainly proved sufficiently feeble in the hour of need, and to raze what was left of the city from the surface of the earth. The work was faithfully accomplished, and for a long time Naarden ceased to exist.[3]

Alva wrote, with his usual complacency in such cases, to his sovereign, that "they had cut the throats of the burghers

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[1] Bor, vi. 419. Hoofd.—It was even said that they devoured it; nor was this the only act of cannibalism of which they were accused, for it was said and believed by many that the bodies of children were roasted and eaten by the soldiers. These last traits of horror are, however, only mentioned by Hoofd as reports. The tearing out of the heart before the father's eyes is attested both by him and by Bor.

[2] Hoofd, vii. 280.

[3] Bor, vi. 419. Hoofd, vii. 280. Meteren, iv. 73.

and all the garrison, and that they had not left a mother's son alive."[1] The statement was almost literally correct, nor was the cant with which these bloodhounds commented upon their crimes less odious than their guilt. "It was *a permission of God*," said the Duke, "that these people should have undertaken to defend a city, which was so weak that no other persons would have attempted such a thing."[2] Nor was the reflection of Mendoza less pious. "The sack of Naarden," said that really brave and accomplished cavalier, "was a chastisement which must be believed to have taken place by express permission of a Divine Providence; a punishment for having been the first of the Holland towns in which heresy built its nest, whence it has taken flight to all the neighboring cities."[3]

It is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination, that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base; to exaggerate impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single harmless nation at the hands of despotism, and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people, bursting from time to time out of slavery into madness. It is good, too, that these crimes should be remembered, and freshly pondered; but it is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny, ever young and ever old, constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features, with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portrait, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less.

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[1] "Degollaron burgeses y soldados, sin escaparse hombre nascido."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186. Every inhabitant of Naarden was put to the sword, says the ultra-Catholic Renom de France, except the ecclesiastics and two or three persons of quality who were reserved. Then the city was pillaged, after which a fire was lighted, "qui la *consomma entièrement*."—Hist. des Causes des Révoltes des Pays Bas, MS., ii. xx.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186.

[3] Mendoza, viii. 173.—The details of these acts of iniquity have only been preserved by the Dutch writers. Mendoza, and Cabrera (who always follows Mendoza), dismiss the sacking of each successive city with a phrase and a pious ejaculation. Alva briefly condenses the principal horrors in a few energetic lines.—Compare Wagenaer, Vad. Hist. vi. 403–408; Meteren, iv. 78; Bentivoglio, vi. 115.

The history of Alva's administration in the Netherlands is one of those pictures which strike us almost dumb with wonder. Why has the Almighty suffered such crimes to be perpetrated in His sacred name? Was it necessary that many generations should wade through this blood in order to acquire for their descendants the blessings of civil and religious freedom? Was it necessary that an Alva should ravage a peaceful nation with sword and flame—that desolation should be spread over a happy land, in order that the pure and heroic character of a William of Orange should stand forth more conspicuously, like an antique statue of spotless marble against a stormy sky?

After the army which the Prince had so unsuccessfully led to the relief of Mons had been disbanded, he had himself repaired to Holland. He had come to Kampen shortly before its defection from his cause. Thence he had been escorted across the Zuyder Zee to Eukhuyzen.[1] He came to that province, the only one which through good and ill report remained entirely faithful to him, not as a conqueror but as an unsuccessful, proscribed man. But there were warm hearts beating within those cold lagunes, and no conqueror returning from a brilliant series of victories could have been received with more affectionate respect than William in that darkest hour of the country's history. He had but seventy horsemen at his back, all which remained of the twenty thousand troops which he had a second time levied in Germany, and he felt that it would be at that period hopeless for him to attempt the formation of a third army. He had now come thither to share the fate of Holland, at least, if he could not accomplish her liberation. He went from city to city, advising with the magistracies and with the inhabitants, and arranging many matters pertaining both to peace and war.[2] At Haarlem the States of the Provinces, according to his request, had been assembled. The assembly begged him to lay before them, if it were possible, any schemes and means which he might have devised for further resistance to the Duke of Alva. Thus solicited, the Prince, in a very secret session, unfolded his plans, and satisfied them as to the future prospects of the cause.[3] His speech has nowhere been preserved. His strict

[1] Bor, vi. 414. Hoofd, vii. 264.
[2] Letter of St. Aldegonde in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 2**.
[3] Bor, vi. 414. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 396, 397.

injunctions as to secrecy, doubtless, prevented or effaced any record of the session. It is probable, however, that he entered more fully into the state of his negotiations with England, and into the possibility of a resumption by Count Louis of his private intercourse with the French court, than it was safe, publicly, to divulge.

While the Prince had been thus occupied in preparing the stout-hearted province for the last death-struggle with its foe, that mortal combat was already fast approaching; for the aspect of the contest in the Netherlands was not that of ordinary warfare. It was an encounter between two principles, in their nature so hostile to each other that the absolute destruction of one was the only possible issue. As the fight went on, each individual combat seemed inspired by direct personal malignity, and men found a pleasure in deeds of cruelty, from which generations not educated to slaughter recoil with horror. To murder defenseless prisoners; to drink, not metaphorically *but literally*, the heart's blood of an enemy; to exercise a devilish ingenuity in inventions of mutual torture, became not only a duty but a rapture. The Liberty of the Netherlands had now been hunted to its lair. It had taken its last refuge among the sands and thickets where its savage infancy had been nurtured, and had now prepared itself to crush its tormentor in a last embrace, or to die in the struggle.

After the conclusion of the sack and massacre of Naarden, Don Frederic had hastened to Amsterdam,[1] where the Duke was then quartered, that he might receive the paternal benediction for his well-accomplished work. The royal approbation was soon afterwards added to the applause of his parent, and the Duke was warmly congratulated in a letter written by Philip as soon as the murderous work was known, that Don Frederic had so plainly shown himself to be his father's son.[2] There was now more work for father and son. Amsterdam was the only point in Holland which held for Alva, and from that point it was determined to recover the whole province. The Prince of Orange was established in the southern district; Diedrich Sonoy, his lieutenant, was stationed in North Holland.[3] The important city of Haarlem lay between the two, at a spot where the whole breadth of the territory, from sea to sea, was less than an hour's walk. With the fall of

[1] Bor, vi. 420, 421.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1197.
[3] Bor, vi. 424.

that city the province would be cut in twain, the rebellious forces utterly dissevered, and all further resistance, it was thought, rendered impossible.

The inhabitants of Haarlem felt that danger. Bossu, Alva's stadholder for Holland, had formally announced the system hitherto pursued at Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden, as the deliberate policy of the government. The King's representative had formally proclaimed the extermination of man, woman, and child in every city which opposed his authority,[1] but the promulgation and practice of such a system had an opposite effect to the one intended. The hearts of the Hollanders were rather steeled to resistance than awed into submission by the fate of Naarden.[2] A fortunate event, too, was accepted as a lucky omen for the coming contest. A little fleet of armed vessels, belonging to Holland, had been frozen up in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. Don Frederic on his arrival from Naarden, despatched a body of picked men over the ice to attack the imprisoned vessels. The crews had, however, fortified themselves by digging a wide trench around the whole fleet, which thus became from the moment an almost impregnable fortress. Out of this frozen citadel a strong band of well-armed and skilful musketeers sallied forth upon skates as the besieging force advanced. A rapid, brilliant, and slippery skirmish succeeded, in which the Hollanders, so accustomed to such sports, easily vanquished their antagonists, and drove them off the field, with the loss of several hundred left dead upon the ice.[3] "'Twas a thing never heard of before to-day," said Alva, "to see a body of arquebusiers thus skirmishing upon a frozen sea."[4] In the course of the next four-and-twenty hours a flood and a rapid thaw released the vessels, which all escaped to Eukhuyzen, while a frost, immediately and strangely succeeding, made pursuit impossible.[5]

The Spaniards were astonished at these novel manoeuvres upon the ice. It is amusing to read their elaborate descriptions of the wonderful appendages which had enabled the Hollanders to glide so glibly into battle with a superior force,

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[1] Bor, vi. 417.
[2] Ibid., vi. 420. Hoofd, vii. 280, 281. Meteren, iv. 78. Bentivoglio, vi. 115.
[3] Mendoza, vii. 173.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186.—"Que me parece la mas nueva cosa que hasta oy se ha oido, escaramuzar arcabuzeria sobre la mer alada."
[5] Hoofd, vii. 281.

and so rapidly to glance away, after achieving a signal triumph. Nevertheless, the Spaniards could never be dismayed, and were always apt scholars, even if an enemy were the teacher. Alva immediately ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and his soldiers soon learned to perform military evolutions with these new accoutrements as audaciously, if not as adroitly, as the Hollanders.[1]

A portion of the Haarlem magistracy, notwithstanding the spirit which pervaded the province, began to tremble as danger approached. They were base enough to enter into secret negotiations with Alva, and to send three of their own number to treat with the Duke at Amsterdam. One was wise enough to remain with the enemy. The other two were arrested on their return, and condemned, after an impartial trial, to death.[2] For, while these emissaries of a cowardly magistracy were absent, the stout commandant of the little garrison, Ripperda, had assembled the citizens and soldiers in the market-place. He warned them of the absolute necessity to make a last effort for freedom. In startling colors he held up to them the fate of Mechlin, of Zutphen, of Naarden, as a prophetic mirror, in which they might read their own fate should they be base enough to surrender the city. There was no composition possible, he urged, with foes who were as false as they were sanguinary, and whose foul passions were stimulated, not slaked, by the horrors with which they had already feasted themselves.[3]

Ripperda addressed men who could sympathize with his bold and lofty sentiments. Soldiers and citizens cried out for defense instead of surrender, as with one voice, for there were no abject spirits in Haarlem, save among the magistracy; and Saint Aldegonde, the faithful minister of Orange, was soon sent to Haarlem by the Prince to make a thorough change in that body.[4]

Haarlem, over whose ruins the Spanish tyranny intended to make its entrance into Holland, lay in the narrowest part of that narrow isthmus which separates the Zuyder Zee from the German Ocean. The distance from sea to sea is hardly five English miles across. Westerly from the city extended a slender strip of land, once a morass, then a fruitful meadow,

[1] Bentivoglio, vii. 122. Mendoza, viii. 173, et al.
[2] Bor, vi. 420, 421. Hoofd, vii. 282. Meteren, iv. 78.
[3] Bor, vi. 420, 421. Hoofd, vii. 283. Meteren, iv. 78.
[4] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza, ubi sup.

maintained by unflagging fortitude in the very jaws of a stormy ocean. Between the North Sea and the outer edge of this pasture surged those wild and fantastic downs, heaped up by wind and wave in mimicry of mountains; the long coils of that rope of sand, by which, plaited into additional strength by the slenderest of bulrushes,[1] the waves of the North Sea were made to obey the command of man. On the opposite, or eastern side, Haarlem looked towards Amsterdam. That already flourishing city was distant but ten miles. The two cities were separated by an expanse of inland water, and united by a slender causeway. The Haarlem Lake, formed less than a century before by the bursting of four lesser meres during a storm which had threatened to swallow the whole Peninsula, extended itself on the south and east; a sea of limited dimensions, being only fifteen feet in depth with seventy square miles of surface, but, exposed as it lay to all the winds of heaven, often lashed into storms as dangerous as those of the Atlantic.[2] Beyond the lake, towards the north, the waters of the Y nearly swept across the Peninsula. This inlet of the Zuyder Zee was only separated from the Haarlem mere by a slender thread of land. Over this ran the causeway between the two sister cities, now so unfortunately in arms against each other. Midway between the two, the dyke was pierced and closed again with a system of sluice-works, which when opened admitted the waters of the lake into those of the estuary, and caused an inundation of the surrounding country.[3]

The city was one of the largest and most beautiful in the Netherlands. It was also one of the weakest.[4] The walls were of antique construction, turreted, but not strong. The extent and feebleness of the defenses made a large garrison necessary, but unfortunately, the garrison was even weaker than the walls. The city's main reliance was on the stout hearts of the inhabitants. The streets were, for that day, spacious and regular; the canals planted with limes and poplars. The ancient church of Saint Bavon, a large, imposing structure of brick, stood almost in the centre of the place, the

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[1] Arundo arenaria.

[2] Bentivoglio, vii. 118. Mendoza, viii. 176. Bor, vi. 422. Meteren, iv. 78.—This lake, the scene of so many romantic events during the period with which we are occupied, has, within the last few years, been converted into dry land. The magnificent undertaking was completed in the year 1853.

[3] Bor, Meteren, Bentivoglio, Mendoza, ubi sup.

[4] Bor, vi. 422.

most prominent object, not only of the town but of the province, visible over leagues of sea and of land more level than the sea, and seeming to gather the whole quiet little city under its sacred and protective wings. Its tall open-work leaden spire was surmounted by a colossal crown, which an exalted imagination might have regarded as the emblematic guerdon of martyrdom held aloft over the city, to reward its heroism and its agony.

It was at once obvious that the watery expanse between Haarlem and Amsterdam would be the principal theatre of the operations about to commence. The siege was soon begun. The fugitive burgomaster, De Fries, had the effrontery, with the advice of Alva, to address a letter to the citizens, urging them to surrender at discretion. The messenger was hanged —a cruel but practical answer, which put an end to all further traitorous communications.[1] This was in the first week of December. On the 10th, Don Frederic sent a strong detachment to capture the fort and village of Sparendam, as an indispensable preliminary to the commencement of the siege. A peasant having shown Zapata, the commander of the expedition, a secret passage across the flooded and frozen meadows, the Spaniards stormed the place gallantly, routed the whole garrison, killed three hundred, and took possession of the works and village. Next day, Don Frederic appeared before the walls of Haarlem, and proceeded regularly to invest the place. The misty weather favored his operations, nor did he cease reinforcing himself, until at least thirty thousand men, including fifteen hundred cavalry, had been encamped around the city. The Germans, under Count Overstein, were stationed in a beautiful and extensive grove of limes and beeches, which spread between the southern walls and the shore of Haarlem Lake. Don Frederic, with his Spaniards, took up a position on the opposite side, at a place called the House of Kleef, the ruins of which still remain. The Walloons and other regiments were distributed in different places, so as completely to encircle the town.[2] On the edge of the

[1] Hoofd, vii. 284.

[2] Pierre Sterlinckx: Eene corte Waerachtige Beschryvinghe van alle Geschiedinissen, Anschlagen, Stormen, Schermutsingen oude Schieten voor de vroome Stadt Haerlem in Holland gheschicht, etc., etc.—Delft, 1574.

This is by far the best contemporary account of the famous siege. The author was a citizen of Antwerp, who kept a daily journal of the events as they occurred at Haarlem It is a dry, curt register of horrors, jotted down without passion or comment.—Compare Bor, vi. 422, 423; Meteren, iv. 79; Mendoza, viii. 174, 175; Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 413, 414.

mere the Prince of Orange had already ordered a cluster of forts to be erected, by which the command of its frozen surface was at first secured for Haarlem.[1] In the course of the siege, however, other forts were erected by Don Frederic, so that the aspect of things suffered a change.

Against this immense force, nearly equal in number to that of the whole population of the city, the garrison within the walls never amounted to more than four thousand men.[2] In the beginning it was much less numerous. The same circumstances, however, which assisted the initiatory operations of Don Frederic, were of advantage to the Haarlemers. A dense frozen fog hung continually over the surface of the lake. Covered by this curtain, large supplies of men, provisions, and ammunition were daily introduced into the city, notwithstandng all the efforts of the besieging force.[3] Sledges skimming over the ice, men, women, and even children, moving on their skates as swiftly as the wind, all brought their contributions in the course of the short dark days and long nights of December, in which the wintry siege was opened.[4] The garrison at last numbered about one thousand pioneers or delvers, three thousand fighting men, and about three hundred fighting women.[5] The last was a most efficient corps, all females of respectable character, armed with sword, musket, and dagger. The chief, Kanau Hasselaer, was a widow of distinguished family and unblemished reputation, about forty-seven years of age, who, at the head of her amazons, participated in many of the most fiercely contested actions of the siege, both within and without the walls.[6] When such a spirit animated the maids and matrons of the city, it might be expected that the men would hardly surrender the place without a struggle. The Prince had assembled a force of three or four thousand men at Leyden, which he sent before the middle of December towards the city under the command of De la Marck.[7] These troops were, however, attacked on the way by a strong detachment under Bossu, Noircarmes, and Romero. After a sharp action in a heavy snow-storm, De la Marck was completely routed. One thousand of his soldiers

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza. Wagenaer, vi. 415.
[2] Hoofd, vii. 285.
[3] Hoofd.
[4] Mendoza, ix. 190. Hoofd, vii. 285, 286. Meteren, iv. 79, 80.
[5] Wagenaer, vi. 415. Bor. Hoofd, vii. 286.
[6] Wagenaer. Hoofd. Meteren, iv. 79.
[7] Bor, vi. 424.

were cut to pieces, and a large number carried off as prisoners to the gibbets, which were already conspicuously erected in the Spanish camp, and which from the commencement to the close of the siege were never bare of victims.[1] Among the captives was a gallant officer, Baptist van Trier, for whom De la Marck in vain offered two thousand crowns and nineteen Spanish prisoners. The proposition was refused with contempt. Van Trier was hanged upon the gallows by one leg until he was dead, in return for which barbarity the nineteen Spaniards were immediately gibbeted by De la Marck.[2] With this interchange of cruelties the siege may be said to have opened.

Don Frederic had stationed himself in a position opposite to the gate of the Cross, which was not very strong, but fortified by a ravelin. Intending to make a very short siege of it, he established his batteries immediately, and on December 18th, 19th, and 20th directed a furious cannonade against the Cross-gate, the St. John's gate, and the curtain between the two.[3] Six hundred and eighty shots were discharged on the first, and nearly as many on each of the two succeeding days.[4] The walls were much shattered, but men, women, and children worked night and day within the city, repairing the breaches as fast as made. They brought bags of sand, blocks of stone, cart-loads of earth from every quarter, and they stripped the churches of all their statues, which they threw by heaps into the gaps.[5] They sought thus a more practical advantage from those sculptured saints than they could have gained by only imploring their interposition. The fact, however, excited horror among the besiegers. Men who were daily butchering their fellow-beings, and hanging their prisoners in cold blood, affected to shudder at the enormity of the offense thus exercised against graven images.[6]

After three days' cannonade, the assault was ordered, Don Frederic only intending a rapid massacre, to crown his achievements at Zutphen and Naarden. The place, he thought, would fall in a week, and after another week of sacking, killing, and ravishing, he might sweep on to "pas-

[1] P. Sterlinex. Corte Beschr, etc. Bor. Hoofd, vii. 286.
[2] Hoofd, vii. 286. P. Sterlinex.
[3] Bor, vi. 423. Meteren, iv. 79. Hoofd, vii. 287. Mendoza, ix. 178–180.
[4] Meteren, iv. 79. Hoofd. [5] Bor, Bentivoglio, P. Sterlinex.
[6] Vide Bentivoglio, vii. 121. Mendoza, passim.

tures new" until Holland was overwhelmed. Romero advanced to the breach, followed by a numerous storming party, but met with a resistance which astonished the Spaniards. The church bells rang the alarm throughout the city, and the whole population swarmed to the walls. The besiegers were encountered not only with sword and musket, but with every implement which the burghers' hands could find. Heavy stones, boiling oil, live coals, were hurled upon the heads of the soldiers; hoops, smeared with pitch and set on fire, were dexterously thrown upon their necks. Even Spanish courage and Spanish ferocity were obliged to shrink before the steady determination of a whole population animated by a single spirit. Romero lost an eye in the conflict, many officers were killed and wounded, and three or four hundred soldiers left dead in the breach, while only three or four of the townsmen lost their lives. The signal of recall was reluctantly given, and the Spaniards abandoned the assault. Don Frederic was now aware that Haarlem would not fall at his feet at the first sound of his trumpet. It was obvious that a siege must precede the massacre. He gave orders therefore that the ravelin should be undermined, and doubted not that, with a few days' delay, the place would be in his hands.[1]

Meantime, the Prince of Orange, from his headquarters at Sassenheim, on the southern extremity of the mere, made a fresh effort to throw succor into the place.[2] Two thousand men, with seven field-pieces, and many wagon-loads of munitions, were sent forward under Batenburg. This officer had replaced De la Marck, whom the Prince had at last deprived of his commission.[3] The reckless and unprincipled freebooter was no longer to serve a cause which was more sullied by his barbarity than it could be advanced by his desperate valor. Batenburg's expedition was, however, not more successful than the one made by his predecessor. The troops, after reaching the vicinity of the city, lost their way in the thick mists, which almost perpetually enveloped the scene. Cannons were fired, fog-bells were rung, and beacon fires were lighted on the ramparts, but the party was irretrievably lost. The Spaniards fell upon them before they could find their way to the city. Many were put to the sword, others made

[1] Bor, vi. 423. Hoofd, vii. 287, 288. Meteren, 79. Mendoza, ix. 178–180.
[2] Hoofd, vii. 290. Bor, vi. 431.
[3] See all the proceedings and papers in the case of De la Marck, in Bor, vi. 425–431. See also Hoofd, vii. 288, 289.

their escape in different directions; a very few succeeded in entering Haarlem. Batenburg brought off a remnant of the forces, but all the provisions so much needed were lost, and the little army entirely destroyed.[1]

De Koning, the second in command, was among the prisoners. The Spaniards cut off his head and threw it over the walls into the city, with this inscription: "This is the head of Captain de Koning, who is on his way with reinforcements for the good city of Haarlem." The citizens retorted with a practical jest, which was still more barbarous. They cut off the heads of eleven prisoners and put them into a barrel, which they threw into the Spanish camp. A label upon the barrel contained these words: "Deliver these ten heads to Duke Alva in payment of his tenpenny tax, with one additional head for interest."[2] With such ghastly merriment did besieged and besiegers vary the monotonous horror of that winter's siege. As the sallies and skirmishes were of daily occurrence, there was a constant supply of prisoners, upon whom both parties might exercise their ingenuity, so that the gallows in camp or city was perpetually garnished.

Since the assault of December 21st, Don Frederic had been making his subterranean attack by regular approaches. As fast, however, as the Spaniards mined, the citizens countermined. Spaniard and Netherlander met daily in deadly combat within the bowels of the earth. Desperate and frequent were the struggles within gangways so narrow that nothing but daggers could be used, so obscure that the dim lanterns hardly lighted the death-stroke. They seemed the conflicts, not of men, but of evil spirits. Nor were these hand-to-hand battles all. A shower of heads, limbs, mutilated trunks, the mangled remains of hundreds of human beings, often spouted from the earth as if from an invisible volcano. The mines were sprung with unexampled frequency and determination. Still the Spaniards toiled on with undiminished zeal, and still the besieged, undismayed, delved below their works, and checked their advance by sword, and spear, and horrible explosions.[3]

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[1] Hoofd, vii. 290.

[2] P. Sterlinox. Corte Beschyr., etc. Bor, vi. 431. Hoofd, vii. 290, 291.

[3] P. Sterlinox. Bor, vi. 431. Mendoza, ix. 182.—"Assi mismo consumian las minas mucha gente y soldados —— y en las mismas que se labraran, se combatio algunas vezes, por la estrehaza del lugar con espada y rodela, por no poderse aprovechar de otras armas." "Daer onstond dan een ysslyk schonwspel en

The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, encouraged the citizens to persevere, by frequent promises of assistance. His letters, written on extremely small bits of paper, were sent into the town by carrier pigeons.[1] On January 28th he despatched a considerable supply of the two necessaries, powder and bread, on one hundred and seventy sledges across the Haarlem Lake, together with four hundred veteran soldiers.[2] The citizens continued to contest the approaches to the ravelin before the Cross-gate, but it had become obvious that they could not hold it long. Secretly, steadfastly, and swiftly they had, therefore, during the long wintry nights, been constructing a half moon of solid masonry on the inside of the same portal.[3] Old men, feeble women, tender children, united with the able-bodied to accomplish this work, by which they hoped still to maintain themselves after the ravelin had fallen.[4]

On January 31st, after two or three days' cannonade against the gates of the Cross and of Saint John, and the intervening curtains, Don Frederic ordered a midnight assault.[5] The walls had been much shattered, part of the John's-gate was in ruins; the Spaniards mounted the breach in great numbers; the city was almost taken by surprise; while the commander-in-chief, sure of victory, ordered the whole of his forces under arms to cut off the population who were to stream panic-struck from every issue. The attack was unexpected, but the forty or fifty sentinels defended the walls while they sounded the alarm. The tocsin bells tolled, and the citizens, whose sleep was not apt to be heavy during that perilous winter, soon manned the ramparts again. The daylight came upon them while the fierce struggle was still at its height. The besieged, as before, defended themselves with musket and rapier, with melted pitch, with firebrands, with clubs and stones. Meantime, after morning prayers in the Spanish camp, the trumpet for a general assault was sounded. A tremendous onset was made upon the gate of the Cross, and the ravelin was carried at last. The Spaniards poured into this fort, so long the object of their attack, expecting instantly to sweep into the city with sword and fire. As they mounted its wall they became for the first time aware of the new and

slaaghreegen van hoofden, armen, beenen een sleeteren van ingewant, uit den aarde, naa de lucht."—Hoofd, vii. 291.

[1] Hoofd, viii. 303. Mendoza, ix. 188, 189. Meteren, iv. 80.

[2] Bor, vi. 432.

[3] Bor, vi. 431, 432. Mendoza, iv. 188.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Bor, vi. 432. Hoofd, vii. 292, 293.

stronger fortification which had been secretly constructed on the inner side.[1] The reason why the ravelin had been at last conceded was revealed. The half moon, whose existence they had not suspected, rose before them, bristling with cannon. A sharp fire was instantly opened upon the besiegers, while at the same instant the ravelin, which the citizens had undermined, blew up with a severe explosion, carrying into the air all the soldiers who had just entered it so triumphantly. This was the turning point. The retreat was sounded, and the Spaniards fled to their camp, leaving at least three hundred dead beneath the walls. Thus was a second assault, made by an overwhelming force and led by the most accomplished generals of Spain, signally and gloriously repelled by the plain burghers of Haarlem.[2]

It became now almost evident that the city could be taken neither by regular approaches nor by sudden attack. It was therefore resolved that it should be reduced by famine. Still, as the winter wore on, the immense army without the walls were as great sufferers by that scourge as the population within. The soldiers fell in heaps before the diseases engendered by intense cold and insufficient food, for, as usual in such sieges, these deaths far outnumbered those inflicted by the enemy's hand. The sufferings inside the city necessarily increased day by day, the whole population being put on a strict allowance of food.[3] Their supplies were daily diminishing, and with the approach of the spring and the thawing of the ice on the lake, there was danger that they would be entirely cut off. If the possession of the water were lost, they must yield or starve; and they doubted whether the Prince would be able to organize a fleet. The gaunt spectre of Famine already rose before them with a menace which could not be misunderstood. In their misery they longed for the assaults of the Spaniards, that they might look in the face of a less formidable foe. They paraded the ramparts daily, with drums beating, colors flying, taunting the besiegers to renewed attempts. To inflame the religious animosity of their antagonists, they attired themselves in the splendid, gold-embroidered vestments of the priests, which they took from the churches, and moved about in mock procession, bearing

[1] Hoofd, vii. 293.
[2] Hoofd, vii. 293. Mendoza, ix. 184, 185. Bor, vi. 432. Bentivoglio, vii. 124.
[3] Bentivoglio, vii. 125. Mendoza, ix. 185. Bor, vi. 436, 437.

aloft images bedizened in ecclesiastical finery, relics, and other symbols, sacred in Catholic eyes, which they afterwards hurled from the ramparts, or broke, with derisive shouts, into a thousand fragments.[1]

It was, however, at that season earnestly debated by the enemy whether or not to raise the siege.[2] Don Frederic was clearly of opinion that enough had been done for the honor of the Spanish arms. He was wearied with seeing his men perish helplessly around him, and considered the prize too paltry for the lives it must cost. His father thought differently. Perhaps he recalled the siege of Metz, and the unceasing regret with which, as he believed, his imperial master had remembered the advice received from him. At any rate the Duke now sent back Don Bernardino de Mendoza, whom Don Frederic had despatched to Nimwegen, soliciting his father's permission to raise the siege, with this reply:—"Tell Don Frederic," said Alva, "that if he be not decided to continue the siege till the town be taken, I shall no longer consider him my son, whatever my opinion may formerly have been. *Should he fail in the siege*, I will myself take the field to maintain it, and when we have both perished, the Duchess, my wife, shall come from Spain to do the same."[3]

Such language was unequivocal, and hostilities were resumed as fiercely as before. The besieged welcomed them with rapture, and, as usual, made daily the most desperate sallies. In one outbreak the Haarlemers, under cover of a thick fog, marched up to the enemy's chief battery, and attempted to spike the guns before his face. They were all slain at the cannon's mouth, whither patriotism, not vainglory, had led them, and lay dead around the battery, with their hammers and spikes in their hands.[4] The same spirit was daily manifested. As the spring advanced, the kine went daily out of the gates to their peaceful pasture, notwithstanding all the turmoil within and around; nor was it possible for the Spaniards to capture a single one of these creatures, without paying at least a dozen soldiers as its price.[5] "These citizens," wrote Don Frederic, "do as much as the best soldiers in the world could do."[6]

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[1] Bentivoglio, vii. 121.
[2] Mendoza, ix. 185, 186. Bentivoglio, vii. 124, 125.
[3] Mendoza, ix. 192.
[4] Ibid., ix. 182.
[5] Hoofd, viii. 303.
[6] "Todo lo que humanamente podian hacer los mejores soldados del mundo."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1217.

The frost broke up by the end of February. Count Bossu, who had been building a fleet of small vessels in Amsterdam, soon afterwards succeeded in entering the lake with a few gun-boats, through a breach which he had made in the Overtoom, about half a league from that city.[1] The possession of the lake was already imperilled. The Prince, however, had not been idle, and he, too, was soon ready to send his flotilla to the mere.[2] At the same time, the city of Amsterdam was in almost as hazardous a position as Haarlem. As the one on the lake, so did the other depend upon its dyke for its supplies. Should that great artificial road which led to Muyden and Utrecht be cut asunder, Amsterdam might be starved as soon as Haarlem. "Since I came into the world," wrote Alva, "I have never been in such anxiety. If they should succeed in cutting off the communication along the dykes, we should have to raise the siege of Haarlem, to surrender, hands crossed, or to starve."[3] Orange was fully aware of the position of both places, but he was, as usual, sadly deficient in men and means. He wrote imploringly to his friends in England, in France, in Germany. He urged his brother Louis to bring a few soldiers, if it were humanly possible. "The whole country longs for you," he wrote to Louis, "as if you were the archangel Gabriel."[4]

The Prince, however, did all that it was possible for man, so hampered, to do. He was himself, while anxiously writing, and hoping, and waiting for supplies of troops from Germany or France, doing his best with such volunteers as he could raise. He is still established at Sassenheim, on the south of the city, while Sonoy with his slender forces was encamped on the north. He now sent that general with as large a party as he could muster to attack the Diemerdyk.[5] His men entrenched themselves as strongly as they could between the Diemer and the Y, at the same time opening the sluices and breaking through the dyke. During the absence of their commander, who had gone to Edam for reinforcements, they were attacked by a large force from Amsterdam. A fierce amphibious contest took place, partly in boats, partly on the slippery causeway, partly in the water, resembling in character the frequent combats between the ancient Batavians and Romans during the wars of Civilis. The patriots were eventually overpowered.

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[1] Bor, vi. 436.
[2] Ibid., vi. 436, 437.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1245.
[4] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 74.
[5] Bor, vi. 437.

Sonoy, who was on his way to their rescue, was frustrated in his design by the unexpected faint-heartedness of the volunteers whom he had enlisted at Edam.[1] Braving a thousand perils, he advanced, almost unattended, in his little vessel, but only to witness the overthrow and expulsion of his band.[2] It was too late for him singly to attempt to rally the retreating troops. They had fought well, but had been forced to yield before superior numbers, one individual of the little army having performed prodigies of valor. John Haring, of Horn, had planted himself entirely alone upon the dyke, where it was so narrow between the Y on the one side and the Diemer Lake on the other, that two men could hardly stand abreast. Here, armed with sword and shield, he had actually opposed and held in check one thousand of the enemy, during a period long enough to enable his own men, if they had been willing, to rally, and effectively to repel the attack. It was too late, the battle was too far lost to be restored; but still the brave soldier held the post, till, by his devotion, he had enabled all those of his compatriots who still remained in the entrenchments to make good their retreat. He then plunged into the sea, and, untouched by spear or bullet, effected his escape.[3] Had he been a Greek or a Roman, an Horatius or a Chabrias, his name would have been famous in history—his statue erected in the market-place; for the bold Dutchman on his dyke had manifested as much valor in a sacred cause as the most classic heroes of antiquity.

This unsuccessful attempt to cut off the communication between Amsterdam and the country strengthened the hopes of Alva. Several hundred of the patriots were killed or captured, and among the slain was Antony Oliver, the painter, through whose agency Louis of Nassau had been introduced into Mons. His head was cut off by two ensigns in Alva's service, who received the price which had been set upon it of two thousand caroli.[4] It was then labelled with its owner's name, and thrown into the city of Haarlem.[5] At the same time a new gibbet was erected in the Spanish camp before the city, in a conspicuous situation, upon which all the prisoners were hanged, some by the neck, some by the heels, in full view of their countrymen.[6] As usual, this especial act of

[1] Bor, vi. Hoofd, viii. 300. [2] Bor, Hoofd.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 300, 301.—Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 80.
[4] Letter of Alva to Philip. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1231.
[5] Hoofd, viii. 304. [6] Ibid. Meteren, iv. 80. P. Sterlincx.

cruelty excited the emulation of the citizens. Two of the old board of magistrates, belonging to the Spanish party, were still imprisoned at Haarlem; together with seven other persons, among whom was a priest and a boy of twelve years. They were now condemned to the gallows.[1] The wife of one of the ex-burgomasters and his daughter, who was a beguin, went by his side as he was led to execution, piously exhorting him to sustain with courage the execrations of the populace and his ignominious doom. The rabble, irritated by such boldness, were not satisfied with wreaking their vengeance on the principal victims, but after the execution had taken place they hunted the wife and daughter into the water, where they both perished.[2] It is right to record these instances of cruelty, sometimes perpetrated by the patriots as well as by their oppressors—a cruelty rendered almost inevitable by the incredible barbarity of the foreign invader. It was a war of wolfish malignity. In the words of Mendoza, every man within and without Haarlem "seemed inspired by a spirit of special and personal vengeance."[3] The innocent blood poured out in Mechlin, Zutphen, Naarden, and upon a thousand scaffolds, had been crying too long from the ground. The Hollanders must have been more or less than men not to be sometimes betrayed into acts which justice and reason must denounce.

The singular mood which has been recorded of a high-spirited officer of the garrison, Captain Curey, illustrated the horror with which such scenes of carnage were regarded by noble natures. Of a gentle disposition originally, but inflamed almost to insanity by a contemplation of Spanish cruelty, he had taken up the profession of arms, to which he had a natural repugnance. Brave to recklessness, he led his men on every daring outbreak, on every perilous midnight adventure. Armed only with his rapier, without defensive armor, he was ever found where the battle raged most fiercely, and numerous were the victims who fell before his sword. On returning, however, from such excursions, he invariably shut himself in his quarters, took to his bed, and lay for days, sick with remorse, and bitterly lamenting all that bloodshed in which he had so deeply participated, and which a cruel fate seemed to render necessary. As the gentle mood sub-

[1] P. Sterlinex. Corte Beschr.
[2] P. Sterlinex. Hoofd, viii. 304, 305. Meteren, iv. 80. Brandt, i. x. 541.
[3] Mendoza, ix. 191.

sided, his frenzy would return, and again he would rush to the field, to seek new havoc and fresh victims for his rage.[1]

The combats before the walls were of almost daily occurrence. On March 25th, one thousand of the besieged made a brilliant sally, drove in all the outposts of the enemy, burned three hundred tents, and captured seven cannon, nine standards, and many wagon-loads of provisions, all of which they succeeded in bringing with them into the city.[2] Having thus reinforced themselves, in a manner not often practiced by the citizens of a beleaguered town, in the very face of thirty thousand veterans—having killed eight hundred of the enemy, which was nearly one for every man engaged, while they lost but four of their own party[3]—the Haarlemers, on their return, erected a trophy of funereal but exulting aspect. A mound of earth was constructed upon the ramparts, in the form of a colossal grave, in full view of the enemy's camp, and upon it were planted the cannon and standards so gallantly won in the skirmish, with the taunting inscription floating from the centre of the mound—"Haarlem is the graveyard of the Spaniards."[4]

Such were the characteristics of this famous siege during the winter and early spring. Alva might well write to his sovereign, that "it was a war such as never before was seen or heard of in any land on earth."[5] Yet the Duke had known near sixty years of warfare. He informed Philip that "*never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Haarlem*, either by rebels or by men fighting for their lawful prince."[6] Certainly his son had discovered his mistake in asserting that the city would yield in a week; while the father, after nearly six years' experience, had found this "people of butter" less malleable than even those "iron people" whom he boasted of having tamed. It was seen that neither the skies of Greece or Italy, nor the sublime scenery of Switzerland, were necessary to arouse the spirit of defiance to foreign oppression—a spirit which beat as proudly among the wintry mists and the level meadows of Holland as it had ever done under sunnier atmospheres and in more romantic lands.

Mendoza had accomplished his mission to Spain, and had

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[1] Hoofd, viii. 302.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] P. Sterlinox. Hoofd, ubi sup.
[5] "Es guerra que hasta oy se ha visto ny oydo semijante en pais estraño." Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1230.
[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1198.

returned with supplies of money within six weeks from the date of his departure.[1] Owing to his representations and Alva's entreaties, Philip had, moreover, ordered Requesens, governor of Milan, to send forward to the Netherlands three veteran Spanish regiments, which were now more required at Haarlem than in Italy.[2] While the land force had thus been strengthened, the fleet upon the lake had also been largely increased. The Prince of Orange had, on the other hand, provided more than a hundred sail of various descriptions,[3] so that the whole surface of the mere was now alive with ships. Seafights and skirmishes took place almost daily, and it was obvious that the life and death struggle was now to be fought upon the water. So long as the Hollanders could hold or dispute the possession of the lake, it was still possible to succor Haarlem from time to time. Should the Spaniards overcome the Prince's fleet, the city must inevitably starve.

At last, on May 28th, a decisive engagement of the fleets took place. The vessels grappled with each other, and there was a long, fierce, hand-to-hand combat. Under Bossu were one hundred vessels; under Martin Brand, admiral of the patriot fleet, nearly one hundred and fifty, but of lesser dimensions. Batenburg commanded the troops on board the Dutch vessels. After a protracted conflict, in which several thousand were killed, the victory was decided in favor of the Spaniards. Twenty-two of the Prince's vessels being captured, and the rest totally routed, Bossu swept across the lake in triumph. The forts belonging to the patriots were immediately taken, and the Haarlemers, with their friends, entirely excluded from the lake.[4]

This was the beginning of the end. Despair took possession of the city. The whole population had been long subsisting upon an allowance of a pound of bread to each man, and half-a-pound for each woman; but the bread was now exhausted, the famine had already begun,[5] and with the loss of the lake starvation was close at their doors. They sent urgent entreaties to the Prince to attempt something in their behalf. Three weeks more they assigned as the longest term during which they could possibly hold out.[6] He sent them word by carrier pigeons to endure yet a little time, for he was

[1] Mendoza, ix. 192. [2] Ibid. [3] Bor, vi. 436.
[4] Bor, vi. 436, 437. Hoofd, viii. 306, 307. [5] Bor, vi. 437. Hoofd, viii. 309.
[6] Letter of Prince of Orange to his brothers, 16th May, 1573.—Archives, etc., iv. 95.

assembling a force, and would still succeed in furnishing them with supplies.[1] Meantime, through the month of June the sufferings of the inhabitants increased hourly. Ordinary food had long since vanished. The population now subsisted on linseed and rape-seed; as these supplies were exhausted they devoured cats, dogs, rats, and mice, and when at last these unclean animals had been all consumed, they boiled the hides of horses and oxen; they ate shoe-leather; they plucked the nettles and grass from the graveyards, and the weeds which grew between the stones of the pavements, that with such food they might still support life a little longer, till the promised succor should arrive. Men, women, and children fell dead by scores in the streets, perishing of pure starvation, and the survivors had hardly the heart or the strength to bury them out of their sight. They who yet lived seemed to flit like shadows to and fro, envying those whose sufferings had already been terminated by death.[2]

Thus wore away the month of June. On July 1st the burghers consented to a parley. Deputies were sent to confer with the besiegers, but the negotiations were abruptly terminated, for no terms of compromise were admitted by Don Frederic.[3] On the 3d a tremendous cannonade was re-opened upon the city. One thousand and eight balls were discharged —the most which had ever been thrown in one day since the commencement of the siege.[4] The walls were severely shattered, but the assault was not ordered, because the besiegers were assured that it was physically impossible for the inhabitants to hold out many days longer.[5] A last letter, written in blood,[6] was now despatched to the Prince of Orange, stating the forlorn condition to which they were reduced. At the same time, with the derision of despair, they flung into the hostile camp the few loaves of bread which yet remained within the city walls. A day or two later, a second and third parley were held, with no more satisfactory result than had attended the first. A black flag was now hoisted on the cathedral tower, the signal of despair to friend and foe, but a pigeon soon afterwards flew into the town with a letter from the Prince, begging them to maintain themselves two days longer, because succor was approaching.[7]

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[1] Bor, vi. 438, 439. Hoofd, viii. 310.

[2] Bor, vi. 436, 437. Hoofd, viii. 309, 310. Meteren, iv. 80. Bentivoglio, vii. 128.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 310. Mendoza, ix. 202, 203.

[4] Wagenaer, vi. 426.

[5] Hoofd, viii. 310.

[6] Letter of Don Frederic to Duke of Alva, 8th and 9th June, 1573.—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1239.

[7] Hoofd, viii. 309, 310.

The Prince had indeed been doing all which, under the circumstances, was possible. He assembled the citizens of Delft in the market-place, and announced his intention of marching in person to the relief of the city, in the face of the besieging army, if any troops could be obtained.[1] Soldiers there were none; but there was the deepest sympathy for Haarlem throughout its sister cities, Delft, Rotterdam, Gouda. A numerous mass of burghers, many of them persons of station, all people of respectability, volunteered to march to the rescue. The Prince highly disapproved[2] of this miscellaneous army, whose steadfastness he could not trust. As a soldier, he knew that for such a momentous enterprise, enthusiasm could not supply the place of experience. Nevertheless, as no regular troops could be had, and as the emergency allowed of no delay, he drew up a commission, appointing Paulus Buys to be governor during his absence, and provisional stadholder, should he fall in the expedition.[3] Four thousand armed volunteers, with six hundred mounted troopers, under Carlo de Noot, had been assembled, and the Prince now placed himself at their head.[4] There was, however, a universal cry of remonstrance from the magistracies and burghers of all the towns, and from the troops themselves, at this project.[5] They would not consent that a life so precious, so indispensable to the existence of Holland, should be needlessly hazarded. It was important to succor Haarlem, but the Prince was of more value than many cities. He at last reluctantly consented, therefore, to abandon the command of the expedition to Baron Batenburg,[6] the less willingly from the want of confidence which he could not help feeling in the character of the forces. On July 8th, at dusk, the expedition set forth from Sassenheim.[7] It numbered nearly five thousand men, who had with them four hundred wagon-loads of provisions and seven field-pieces.[8] Among the volunteers, Oldenbarneveld, afterwards so illustrious in the history of the Republic, marched in the ranks, with his musket on his shoulder.[9] Such was a sample of the spirit which pervaded the population of the province.

Batenburg came to a halt in the woods of Nordwyk, on the

[1] Bor, vi. 439, 440. [2] See his letter of 18th July, 1573, in Bor, vi. 440.
[3] This Commission is published in Kluit, Hol. Stattsreg., iii. 425–427 Bijalgen.
[4] Hoofd, viii. 311. [5] Bor, vi. 439. Hoofd.
[6] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 80. [7] Bor, Hoofd. [8] Bor, ubi sup.
[9] Hoofd (viii. 311), to whose father Oldenbarneveld related the anecdote.

south side of the city, where he remained till midnight.[1] All seemed still in the enemy's camp. After prayers, he gave orders to push forward, hoping to steal through the lines of his sleeping adversaries and accomplish the relief by surprise.[2] He was destined to be bitterly disappointed. His plans and his numbers were thoroughly known to the Spaniards, two doves, bearing letters which contained the details of the intended expedition, having been shot and brought into Don Frederic's camp.[3]

The citizens, it appeared, had broken through the curtain work on the side where Batenburg was expected, in order that a sally might be made in co-operation with the relieving force, as soon as it should appear.[4] Signal fires had been agreed upon, by which the besieged were to be made aware of the approach of their friends. The Spanish Commander accordingly ordered a mass of green branches, pitch, and straw, to be lighted opposite to the gap in the city wall. Behind it he stationed five thousand picked troops.[5] Five thousand more, with a force of cavalry, were placed in the neighborhood of the downs, with orders to attack the patriot army on the left. Six regiments, under Romero, were ordered to move eastward, and assail their right.[6] The dense mass of smoke concealed the beacon lights displayed by Batenburg from the observation of the townspeople, and hid the five thousand Spaniards from the advancing Hollanders. As Batenburg emerged from the wood, he found himself attacked by a force superior to his own, while a few minutes later he was entirely enveloped by overwhelming numbers. The whole Spanish army was, indeed, under arms, and had been expecting him for two days.[7] The unfortunate citizens alone were ignorant of his arrival. The noise of the conflict they supposed to be a false alarm created by the Spaniards, to draw them into their camp; and they declined a challenge which they were in no condition to accept.[8] Batenburg was soon slain, and his troops utterly routed. The number of killed was variously estimated at from six hundred to two and even three thousand.[9] It is, at any rate, certain that the whole force was en-

[1] Bor, Hoofd, viii. 311.
[2] Bor, vi. 439. Hoofd, viii. 311.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 311. Mendoza, ix. 203.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid. Wagenaer vi. 428.
[6] Hoofd, viii. 312. Wagenaer.
[7] Hoofd, Wagenaer. Bor, vi. 439.
[8] Hoofd, viii. 312.
[9] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 312. Meteren, iv. 80. Wagenaer, vi. 428, 429. —Compare Mendoza, ix. 204; Bentivoglio, vii. 128; Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1254. The Dutch authorities give four thousand five hundred as the

tirely destroyed or dispersed, and the attempt to relieve the city completely frustrated. The death of Batenburg was the less regretted, because he was accused, probably with great injustice, of having been intoxicated at the time of action,[1] and therefore incapable of properly conducting the enterprise entrusted to him.

The Spaniards now cut off the nose and ears of a prisoner and sent him into the city to announce the news, while a few heads were also thrown over the walls to confirm the intelligence.[2] When this decisive overthrow became known in Delft, there was even an outbreak of indignation against Orange. According to a statement of Alva, which, however, is to be received with great distrust, some of the populace wished to sack the Prince's house, and offered him personal indignities.[3] Certainly, if these demonstrations were made, popular anger was never more senseless; but the tale rests entirely upon a vague assertion of the Duke, and is entirely at variance with every other contemporaneous account of these transactions. It had now become absolutely necessary, however, for the heroic but wretched town to abandon itself to its fate. It was impossible to attempt anything more in its behalf. The lake and its forts were in the hands of the enemy, the best force which could be mustered to make head against the besieging army had been cut to pieces, and the Prince of Orange, with a heavy heart, now sent word that the burghers were to make the best terms with the enemy.[4]

The tidings of despair created a terrible commotion in the starving city. There was no hope either in submission or resistance. Massacre or starvation were the only alternative. But if there was no hope within the walls, without there was still a soldier's death. For a moment the garrison and the able-bodied citizens resolved to advance from the gates in a solid column, to cut their way through the enemy's camp, or to perish on the field.[5] It was thought that the helpless and infirm, who would alone be left in the city, might be treated with indulgence after the fighting men had all been slain.

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number of the whole force under Batenburg; the Spanish put them as high as eight thousand. The number of the slain, according to the Netherland accounts, were five or six hundred, according to those of the victors from one thousand five hundred to three thousand.

[1] Bor, vi. 440. [2] P. Sterlincx. Hoofd, viii. 312.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1254.

[4] Hoofd, viii. 312, 313. Wagenaer, vi. 429.

[5] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza, ix. 204.

At any rate, by remaining the strong could neither protect nor comfort them. As soon, however, as this resolve was known, there was such wailing and outcry of women and children as pierced the hearts of the soldiers and burghers, and caused them to forego the project.[1] They felt that it was cowardly not to die in their presence. It was then determined to form all the females, the sick, the aged, and the children, into a square, to surround them with all the able-bodied men who still remained, and thus arrayed to fight their way forth from the gates, and to conquer by the strength of despair, or at least to perish all together.[2]

These desperate projects, which the besieged were thought quite capable of executing, were soon known in the Spanish camp. Don Frederic felt, after what he had witnessed in the past seven months, that there was nothing which the Haarlemers could not do or dare. He feared lest they should set fire to their city, and consume their houses, themselves, and their children, to ashes together;[3] and he was unwilling that the fruits of his victory, purchased at such a vast expense, should be snatched from his hand as he was about to gather them. A letter was accordingly, by his order, sent to the magistracy and leading citizens, in the name of Count Overstein, commander of the German forces in the besieging army.[4] This despatch invited a surrender at discretion, but contained the solemn assurance that no punishment should be inflicted except upon those who, in the judgment of the citizens themselves, had deserved it, and promised ample forgiveness if the town should submit without further delay.[5] At the moment of sending this letter, Don Frederic was in possession of strict orders from his father not to leave a man alive of the garrison, excepting only the Germans, and to execute besides a large number of the burghers.[6] These com-

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[1] Hoofd, Meteren, Mendoza.

[2] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza, ix. 204.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 313. [4] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Wagenaer, 429, 430.

[5] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313.—Even Mendoza admits that a message, promising mercy, was sent into the city in order to induce the besieged to abandon their desperate resolution.—"Se embio aviso del campo que todos los que quisiessen quedar en la villa à merced, se usaria con ellos de misericordia."—ix. 204. The assurance in Count Overstein's letter, according to the uniform testimony of Dutch historians, was to the effect stated in the text, "Dat er alsnoch vergiffenis ten beste was, Zoo zy tot oovergift verstaan wilden; *ende niemand* gestraft zoude worden, oft hy hadde 't naa hun eighen oordeel, verdient."—Hoofd, viii. 313.

[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., i.1253.

mands he dared not disobey, even if he had felt any inclination to do so. In consequence of the semi-official letter of Overstein, however, the city formally surrendered at discretion on July 12th.[1]

The great bell was tolled, and orders were issued that all arms in the possession of the garrison or the inhabitants should be brought to the town-house.[2] The men were then ordered to assemble in the cloister of Zyl, the women in the cathedral.[3] On the same day, Don Frederic, accompanied by Count Bossu and a numerous staff, rode into the city. The scene which met his view might have moved the heart of a stone. Everywhere was evidence of the misery which had been so bravely endured during that seven months' siege. The smouldering ruins of houses, which had been set on fire by balls, the shattered fortifications, the felled trunks of trees, upturned pavements, broken images and other materials for repairing gaps made by the daily cannonade, strewn around in all directions, the skeletons of unclean animals from which the flesh had been gnawed, the unburied bodies of men and women who had fallen dead in the public thoroughfares—more than all, the gaunt and emaciated forms of those who still survived, the ghosts of their former selves, all might have induced at least a doubt whether the suffering inflicted already were not a sufficient punishment, even for crimes so deep as heresy and schism. But this was far from being the sentiment of Don Frederic. He seemed to read defiance as well as despair in the sunken eyes which glared upon him as he entered the place, and he took no thought of the pledge which he had informally but sacredly given.

All the officers of the garrison were at once arrested. Some of them had anticipated the sentence of their conqueror by a voluntary death. Captain Bordet, a French officer of distinction, like Brutus, compelled his servant to hold the sword upon which he fell, rather than yield himself alive to the vengeance of the Spaniards.[4] Traits of generosity were not

[1] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza says the 14th July.—ix. 205.

[2] P. Sterlincx. Bor, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 314, 315

[3] P. Sterlincx. Bor. Hoofd. Mendoza, ix. 205.

[4] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, Meteren, Mendoza.—According to Pierre Sterlincx, the instrument of death selected was an arquebuss, Bordet's words to his servant being: "Et toy, mon ami, qui m'avez faict plusieurs services faitez moy astheure la dernière, me donnant un coup d'harquebouze"——"het welcke," continues Sterlincx, "den knegt naar lange weygheren volbragt heeft."—Korte Beschryv., etc., etc.

wanting. Instead of Peter Hasselaer, a young officer who had displayed remarkable bravery throughout the siege, the Spaniards by mistake arrested his cousin Nicholas. The prisoner was suffering himself to be led away to the inevitable scaffold without remonstrance, when Peter Hasselaer pushed his way violently through the ranks of the captors. "If you want Ensign Hasselaer, I am the man. Let this innocent person depart," he cried.[1] Before the sun set his head had fallen. All the officers were taken to the House of Kleef, where they were immediately executed.[2] Captain Ripperda, who had so heroically rebuked the craven conduct of the magistracy, whose eloquence had inflamed the soldiers and citizens to resistance, and whose skill and courage had sustained the siege so long, was among the first to suffer.[3] A natural son of Cardinal Granvelle, who could have easily saved his life by proclaiming a parentage which he loathed,[4] and Lancelot Brederode, an illegitimate scion of that ancient house, were also among these earliest victims.

The next day Alva came over to the camp. He rode about the place, examining the condition of the fortifications from the outside, but returned to Amsterdam without having entered the city.[5] On the following morning the massacre commenced. The plunder had been commuted for two hundred and forty thousand guilders, which the citizens bound themselves to pay in four installments;[6] but murder was an indispensable accompaniment of victory, and admitted of no compromise. Moreover, Alva had already expressed the determination to effect a general massacre upon this occasion.[7] The garrison, during the siege, had been reduced from four thousand to eighteen hundred.[8] Of these the Germans, six hundred in number, were, by Alva's order, dismissed, on a pledge to serve no more against the King. All the rest of the garrison were immediately butchered, with at least as many citizens. Drummers went about the city daily, proclaiming that all who harbored persons having, at any former period, been fugitives, were immediately to give them up, on pain of

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[1] Hoofd, viii. 316. [2] Bor, vi. 441. [3] P. Sterlincx. Hoofd, viii. 315.
[4] Hoofd, viii. 315. Wagenaer, vi. 431. [5] Hoofd, viii. 315.
[6] Bor, vi. 441. Meteren, iv. 80.
[7] "Comme le Duc d'Albe me dist *encores hier* se convertira en justice car il n'est pas délibéré d'en *laisser eschapper pas ung*."—Letter of Mondoucet, 14th July, 1573. Correspondance Charles IX., and Mondoucet, Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq. [8] Hoofd, viii. 316.

being instantly hanged themselves in their own doors. Upon these refugees and upon the soldiery fell the brunt of the slaughter; although, from day to day, reasons were perpetually discovered for putting to death every individual at all distinguished by service, station, wealth, or liberal principles; for the carnage could not be accomplished at once, but, with all the industry and heartiness employed, was necessarily protracted through several days. Five executioners, with their attendants, were kept constantly at work; and when at last they were exhausted with fatigue, or perhaps sickened with horror, three hundred wretches were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned in the Haarlem Lake.[1]

At last, after twenty-three hundred human creatures[2] had been murdered in cold blood, within a city where so many thousands had previously perished by violent or by lingering deaths, the blasphemous farce of a pardon was enacted.[3] Fifty-seven of the most prominent burghers of the place were, however, excepted from the act of amnesty, and taken into custody as security for the future good conduct of the other citizens. Of these hostages some were soon executed, some died in prison, and all would have been eventually sacrificed, had not the naval defeat of Bossu soon afterwards enabled the Prince of Orange to rescue the remaining prisoners.[4] Ten thousand two hundred and fifty-six shots had been discharged against the walls during the siege.[5] Twelve thousand of the besieging army had died of wounds or disease, during the seven months and two days, between the invest-

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[1] P. Sterlincx.—Bor, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 315, 316. Meteren, iv. 81. Compare Mendoza, ix. 205; Bentivoglio, vii. 129; Correspondance de Philippe II., 1257; Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, x. 754–759.—Even Bentivoglio is shocked at the barbarities committed after the surrender of the city. "Più di 2 mille furono giustiziati, e nell' operatione restarono ò stracchi, ò satii, ò inhorriditi per maniera i carnefici stessi——resto in dubbio, se fossero stati più atroci, ò da una parte i falli commessi ò dall' altra i supplicij eseguiti."—Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Cabrera, on the contrary, expresses great disgust that any one should be moved to compassion for the fate of these heretics.

[2] This is the number given by Alva. (Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1257.) The Dutch historians make the amount of slaughter less than it is estimated by the Spanish writers who, as usual, exaggerate these achievements, which they think commendable. Only Meteren, among the Netherland authorities, puts the number of the executed as high as two thousand, three hundred less than that stated by Alva, while Carnero raises it to three thousand.—Compare Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Bentivoglio, et al.

[3] Bor, vi. 442, 443. Meteren, iv. 80, 82.

[4] Bor, vi. 443. Meteren.

[5] Mendoza, ix. 203.

ment and the surrender.[1] In the earlier part of August,[2] after the execution had been satisfactorily accomplished, Don Frederic made his triumphal entry, and the first chapter in the invasion of Holland was closed. Such was the memorable siege of Haarlem, an event in which we are called upon to wonder equally at human capacity to inflict and to endure misery.

The Spaniards celebrated a victory, while in Utrecht they made an effigy of the Prince of Orange, which they carried about in procession, broke upon the wheel, and burned.[3] It was, however, obvious, that if the reduction of Haarlem were a triumph, it was one which the conquerors might well exchange for a defeat. At any rate, it was certain that the Spanish empire was not strong enough to sustain many more such victories. If it had required thirty thousand choice troops, among which were three regiments called by Alva respectively, the "Invincibles," the "Immortals," and the "Nonesuch,"[4] to conquer the weakest city of Holland in seven months, and with the loss of twelve thousand men, how many men, how long a time, and how many deaths would it require to reduce the rest of that little province? For, as the sack of Naarden had produced the contrary effect from the one intended, inflaming rather than subduing the spirit of Dutch resistance, so the long and glorious defense of Haarlem, notwithstanding its tragical termination, had only served to strain to the highest pitch the hatred and patriotism of the other cities in the province. Even the treasures of the New World were inadequate to pay for the conquest of that little sandbank. Within five years, twenty-five millions of florins had been sent from Spain for war expenses in the Netherlands.[5] Yet, this amount, with the addition of large sums annually derived from confiscations,[6] of five millions, at which the proceeds of the hundredth penny was estimated, and the two millions yearly, for which the tenth and twentieth pence had been compounded, was insufficient to save the treasury from beggary and the unpaid troops from mutiny.

[1] According to Hoofd, viii. 316, and Bor, vi. 444. The Spanizh writers estimate the number at four or five thousand.—Mendoza, ix. 206. Cabrera x. 759.

[2] Wagenaer, vi. 433.

[3] Ibid., vi. 433, 434.

[4] Meteren, iv. 81.

[5] From 1569–1572.—Vide Kluit, Hol. Staatsreg., iv. 512, 513, and Van Wyn op. Wagen., d. i. bl. 287, and d. vi. 17. In June, 1559, Philip had to pay his army in the Netherlands, 8,689,581 florins of arrearage.

[6] According to Meteren, iv. 86, eight millions annually; but the statement is a great exaggeration.

Nevertheless, for the moment the joy created was intense. Philip was lying dangerously ill at the wood of Segovia,[1] when the happy tidings of the reduction of Haarlem, with its accompanying butchery, arrived. The account of all this misery, minutely detailed to him by Alva, acted like magic. The blood of twenty-three hundred of his fellow-creatures—coldly murdered, by his orders, in a single city—proved for the sanguinary monarch the elixir of life: he drank and was refreshed. "The *principal medicine which has cured his Majesty*," wrote Secretary Cayas from Madrid to Alva, "is the joy caused to him by the *good news* which you have communicated of *the surrender of Haarlem.*"[2] In the height of his exultation, the King forgot how much dissatisfaction he had recently felt with the progress of events in the Netherlands; how much treasure had been annually expended with an insufficient result. "Knowing your necessity," continued Cayas, "his Majesty instantly sent for Doctor Velasco, and ordered him to provide you with funds, if he had to descend into the earth to dig for it."[3] While such was the exultation of the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange was neither dismayed nor despondent. As usual, he trusted to a higher power than man. "I had hoped to send you better news," he wrote to Count Louis, "nevertheless, since it has otherwise pleased the good God, we must conform ourselves to His divine will. I take the same God to witness that I have done everything according to my means, which was possible, to succor the city."[4] A few days later, writing in the same spirit, he informed his brother that the Zeelanders had succeeded in capturing the castle of Rammekens, on the isle of Walcheren. "I hope," he said, "that this will reduce the pride of our enemies, who, after the surrender of Haarlem, have thought that they were about to swallow us alive. I assure myself, however, that they will find a very different piece of work from the one which they expect."[5]

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[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1259. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 175.
[5] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 181.

## CHAPTER IX.

### TYRANNY'S TIDE BEGINS TO EBB.

Position of Alva—Hatred entertained for him by elevated personages—Quarrels between him and Medina Cœli—Departure of the latter—Complaints to the King by each of the other—Attempts at conciliation addressed by government to the people of the Netherlands—Grotesque character of the address—Mutinous demonstration of the Spanish troops—Secret overtures to Orange—Obedience, with difficulty, restored by Alva—Commencement of the siege of Alkmaar—Sanguinary menaces of the Duke—Encouraging and enthusiasistic language of the Prince—Preparations in Alkmaar for defence—The first assault steadily repulsed—Refusal of the soldiers to storm a second time—Expedition of the Carpenter-envoy—Orders of the Prince to flood the country—The Carpenter's despatches in the enemy's hands—Effect produced upon the Spaniards—The siege raised—Negotiations of Count Louis with France—Uneasiness and secret correspondence of the Duke—Convention with the English government—Objects pursued by Orange—Cruelty of De la Marck—His dismissal from office and subsequent death—Negotiations with France—Altered tone of the French court with regard to the St. Bartholomew—Ill effects of the crime upon the royal projects—Hypocrisy of the Spanish government—Letter of Louis to Charles IX—Complaints of Charles IX.—Secret aspirations of that monarch and of Philip—Intrigues concerning the Polish election—Renewed negotiations between Schomberg and Count Louis, with consent of Orange—Conditions prescribed by the Prince—Articles of secret alliance—Remarkable letter of Count Louis to Charles IX.—Responsible and isolated situation of Orange—The "Address" and the "Epistle"—Religious sentiments of the Prince—Naval action on the Zuyder Zee—Captivity of Bossu and of Saint Aldegonde—Odious position of Alva—His unceasing cruelty—Execution of Uitenhoove—Fraud practised by Alva upon his creditors—Arrival of Requesens, the new Governor-General—Departure of Alva—Concluding remarks upon his administration.

For the sake of continuity in the narrative, the siege of Haarlem has been related until its conclusion. This great event constituted, moreover, the principal stuff in Netherland history, up to the middle of the year 1573. A few loose threads must be now taken up before we can proceed farther.

Alva had for some time felt himself in a false and uncomfortable position. While he continued to be the object of a popular hatred as intense as ever glowed, he had gradually lost his hold upon those who, at the outset of his career, had been loudest and lowest in their demonstrations of respect.

"Believe me," wrote Secretary Albornoz to Secretary Cayas, "this people abhor our nation worse than they abhor the devil. As for the Duke of Alva, they foam at the mouth when they hear his name."[1] Viglius, although still maintaining smooth relations with the Governor, had been, in reality, long since estranged from him. Even Aerschot, for whom the Duke had long maintained an intimacy half affectionate, half contemptuous, now began to treat him with a contumely which it was difficult for so proud a stomach to digest.[2]

But the main source of discomfort was doubtless the presence of Medina Coeli. This was the perpetual thorn in his side, which no cunning could extract. A successor who would not and could not succeed him, yet who attended him as his shadow and his evil genius—a confidential colleague who betrayed his confidence, mocked his projects, derided his authority, and yet complained of ill treatment—a rival who was neither compeer nor subaltern, and who affected to be his censor—a functionary of a purely anomalous character, sheltering himself under his abnegation of an authority which he had not dared to assume, and criticising measures which he was not competent to grasp;—such was the Duke of Medina Coeli, in Alva's estimation.

The bickering between the two Dukes became unceasing and disgraceful. Of course, each complained to the King, and each, according to his own account, was a martyr to the other's tyranny, but the meekness manifested by Alva, in all his relations with the new comer, was wonderful, if we are to believe the accounts furnished by himself and by his confidential secretary.[3] On the other hand, Medina Coeli wrote to the King, complaining of Alva in most unmitigated strains, and asserting that he *was himself never allowed to see any despatches*, nor to have the slightest information as to the policy of the government.[4] He reproached the Duke with shrinking from personal participation in military operations, and begged the royal forgiveness if he withdrew from a scene where he felt himself to be superfluous.[5]

Accordingly, towards the end of November, he took his departure, without paying his respects. The Governor com-

[1] "Escupen en oir su nombre."—Correspond. de Philippe II., ii. 1208.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1298, 1177.
[3] Ibid., ii. 1174, 1177, 1178. [4] Ibid., ii. 1178. [5] Ibid.

plained to the King of this unceremonious proceeding, and assured his Majesty that never were courtesy and gentleness so ill requited as his had been by this ingrate and cankered Duke. "He told me," said Alva, "that if I did not stay in the field, he would not remain with me in peaceful cities, and he asked me if I intended to march into Holland with the troops which were to winter there. I answered, that I should go wherever it was necessary, even should I be obliged to swim through all the canals of Holland."[1] After giving these details, the Duke added, with great appearance of candor and meekness, that he was certain Medina Coeli had only been influenced by extreme zeal for his Majesty's service, and that, finding so little for him to do in the Netherlands, he had become dissatisfied with his position.[2]

Immediately after the fall of Haarlem, another attempt was made by Alva to win back the allegiance of the other cities by proclamations. It had become obvious to the Governor that so determined a resistance on the part of the first place besieged augured many long campaigns before the whole province could be subdued. A circular was accordingly issued upon July 26 from Utrecht, and published immediately afterwards in all the cities of the Netherlands. It was a paper of singular character, commingling an affectation of almost ludicrous clemency, with honest and hearty brutality. There was consequently something very grotesque about the document. Philip, in the outset, was made to sustain towards his undutiful subjects the characters of the brooding hen and the prodigal's father; a range of impersonation hardly to be allowed him, even by the most abject flattery. "Ye are well aware," thus ran the address, "that the King has, over and over again, manifested his willingness to receive his children, in however forlorn a condition the prodigals might return. His Majesty assures you once more that your sins, however black they may have been, shall be forgiven and forgotten in the plenitude of royal kindness, if you repent and return in season to his Majesty's embrace. Notwithstanding your manifold crimes, his Majesty still seeks, *like a hen calling her chickens, to gather you all under the parental wing.* The King hereby warns you once more, therefore, to place yourselves in his royal hands, *and not to wait for his rage, cruelty, and fury,* and the approach of his army."

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1193. [2] Ibid.

The affectionate character of the address, already fading towards the end of the preamble, soon changes to bitterness. The domestic maternal fowl dilates into the sanguinary dragon as the address proceeds. "But if," continues the monarch, "ye disregard these offers of mercy, receiving them with closed ears, as heretofore, then we warn you that there is no rigor, nor cruelty, however great, which you are not to expect by laying waste, starvation, and the sword, in such manner that nowhere shall *remain a relic of that which at present exists*, but his Majesty will strip bare and *utterly depopulate the land*, and cause it to be inhabited *again by strangers;* since otherwise his Majesty could not believe that the *will of God and of his Majesty* had been accomplished.[1]

It is almost superfluous to add that this circular remained fruitless. The royal wrath, thus blasphemously identifying itself with divine vengeance, inspired no terror, the royal blandishments no affection.

The next point of attack was the city of Alkmaar, situate quite at the termination of the Peninsula, among the lagunes and redeemed prairies of North Holland. The Prince of Orange had already provided it with a small garrison.[2] The city had been summoned to surrender by the middle of July, and had returned a bold refusal.[3] Meantime, the Spaniards had retired from before the walls, while the surrender and chastisement of Haarlem occupied them during the next succeeding weeks. The month of August, moreover, was mainly consumed by Alva in quelling a dangerous and protracted mutiny, which broke out among the Spanish soldiers at Haarlem,[4] between three and four thousand of them having been quartered upon the ill-fated population of that city.[5] Unceasing misery was endured by the inhabitants at the hands of the ferocious Spaniards, flushed with victory, mutinous for long arrears of pay, and greedy for the booty which had been denied. At times, however, the fury of the soldiery was more violently directed against their own commanders than against the enemy. A project was even formed by the malcontent troops to deliver Haarlem into the hands of Orange. A party of them, disguised as Baltic merchants, waited upon the Prince at Delft, and were secretly admitted to his bed-

[1] The document is published in Bor, vi. 445, 446.
[2] Bor, vi. 444.
[3] Ibid., vii. 444, 445.
[4] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 317.
[5] Bor, vi. 449.

side before he had risen. They declared to him that they were Spanish soldiers, who had compassion on his cause, were dissatisfied with their own government, and were ready, upon receipt of forty thousand guilders, to deliver the city into his hands. The Prince took the matter into consideration, and promised to accept the offer if he could raise the required sum. This, however, he found himself unable to do within the stipulated time, and thus, for want of so paltry a sum, the offer was of necessity declined.[1]

Various were the excesses committed by the insubordinate troops in every province in the Netherlands upon the long-suffering inhabitants. "Nothing," wrote Alva, "had given him so much pain during his forty years of service."[2] He avowed his determination to go to Amsterdam in order to offer himself as a hostage to the soldiery, if by so doing he could quell the mutiny.[3] He went to Amsterdam accordingly, where by his exertions, ably seconded by those of the Marquis Vitelli, and by the payment of thirty crowns to each soldier—fourteen on account of arrearages and sixteen as his share in the Haarlem compensation money—the rebellion was appeased, and obedience restored.[4]

There was now leisure for the General to devote his whole energies against the little city of Alkmaar. On that bank and shoal, the extreme verge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's Freedom stood at bay. The gray towers of Egmont Castle and of Egmont Abbey rose between the city and the sea, and there the troops sent by the Prince of Orange were quartered during the very brief period in which the citizens wavered as to receiving them. The die was soon cast, however, and the Prince's garrison admitted. The Spaniards advanced, burned the village of Egmont to the ground as soon as the patriots had left it, and on August 21st Don Frederic, appearing before the walls, proceeded formally to invest Alkmaar.[5] In a few days this had been so thoroughly accom-

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[1] Meteren, iv. 81. Hoofd (viii. 318) also tells the story, but does not vouch for it.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1260.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Hoofd, viii. 318. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

[5] Nanning van Foreest. Een Kort Verhael van de strenghe Belegheringe ende Aftrek der Spangiaerden van de Stadt Alckmaar.—Delft, 1573.

This is much the most important and detailed account of the siege of Alkmaar. The story is told with vigor and ferocity, by a man who was daily and nightly on the walls during the whole siege, and who wrote his narrative as soon as the Spaniards had been repulsed.

plished that, in Alva's language, "it was impossible for a sparrow to enter or go out of the city."[1] The odds were somewhat unequal. Sixteen thousand veteran troops constituted the besieging force.[2] Within the city were a garrison of *eight hundred*[3] soldiers, together with *thirteen hundred* burghers, capable of bearing arms.[4] The rest of the population consisted of a very few refugees, besides the women and children. Two thousand one hundred able-bodied men, of whom only about one-third were soldiers, to resist sixteen thousand regulars!

Nor was there any doubt as to the fate which was reserved for them, should they succumb. The Duke was vociferous at the ingratitude with which his *clemency* had hitherto been requited. He complained bitterly of the ill success which had attended his monitory circulars; reproached himself with incredible vehemence, for his previous mildness, and protested that, after having executed only twenty-three hundred persons at the surrender of Haarlem, besides a few additional burghers since, he had met with no correspondent demonstrations of affection. He promised himself, however, an ample compensation for all this ingratitude in the wholesale vengeance which he purposed to wreak upon Alkmaar. Already he gloated in anticipation over the havoc which would soon be let loose within those walls. Such ravings, if invented by the pen of fiction, would seem a puerile caricature; proceeding, authentically, from his own, they still appear almost too exaggerated for belief. "If I take Alkmaar," he wrote to Philip, "I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive; the knife shall be put to every throat. Since the example of Haarlem has proved of no use, *perhaps an example of cruelty* will bring the other cities to their senses."[5] He took occasion also to read a lecture to the party of conciliation in Madrid, whose counsels, as he believed, his sovereign was beginning to heed. Nothing, he maintained, could be more senseless than the

The author, who was a magistrate and a pensionary of the city, observes that his "slumberous and sleepy fellow burghers were converted into experienced soldiers by the Spaniard, who summoned them every moment out of bed to the walls."—p. 41.

Compare Hoofd, viii. 317–319. Wagenaer, vi. 441.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

[2] Wagenaer, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 321. [3] Wagenaer, viii. 441, 442. Hoofd,

[4] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 321.

[5] "Estoy resuelto en no dexar criatura con la vida, sino hazerlos passar todos à cuchillo quizà con al exemplo de la crueldad, vernan las demas villas."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

idea of pardon and clemency. This had been sufficiently proved by recent events. It was easy for people at a distance to talk about gentleness, but those upon the spot knew better. *Gentleness had produced nothing,* so far; violence alone could succeed in future. "Let your Majesty," he said, "be disabused of the impression, that with kindness anything can be done with these people. Already have matters reached such a point that many of those born in the country, who have hitherto advocated clemency, are now undeceived, and acknowledge their mistake. They are of opinion *that not a living soul should be left in Alkmaar, but that every individual should be put to the sword.*"[1] At the same time he took occasion, even in these ferocious letters, which seem dripping with blood, to commend his own natural benignity of disposition. "Your Majesty may be certain," he said, "that no man on earth desires the path of clemency more than I do, notwithstanding my particular hatred for heretics and traitors."[2] It was therefore with regret that he saw himself obliged to take the opposite course, and to stifle all his gentler sentiments.

Upon Diedrich Sonoy, Lieutenant-Governor for Orange in the province of North Holland, devolved the immediate responsibility of defending this part of the country.[3] As the storm rolled slowly up from the south, even that experienced officer became uneasy at the unequal conflict impending. He despatched a letter to his chief, giving a gloomy picture of his position.[4] All looked instinctively towards the Prince, as to a God in their time of danger; all felt as if upon his genius and fortitude depended the whole welfare of the fatherland. It was hoped, too, that some resource had been provided in a secret foreign alliance. "If your princely grace," wrote Sonoy, "have made a contract for assistance with any powerful potentate, it is of the highest importance that it should be known to all the cities, in order to put an end to the emigration, and to console the people in their affliction."[5]

The answer of the Prince was full of lofty enthusiasm. He reprimanded with gentle but earnest eloquence the despondency and little faith of his lieutenant and other adherents.

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[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1266.

[2] "V. M. sea cierto que nadie en la tierra desea mas el camino de la blandura que yo; aunque es odio particular el que tengo con los hereges y traidores," etc., etc.—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1266.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 321. Bor, vi. 451, 452.

[4] Bor (vi. 446, 447) publishes the letter.

[5] Bor, ubi sup.

He had not expected, he said, that they would have so soon forgotten their manly courage. They seemed to consider the whole fate of the country attached to the city of Haarlem. He took God to witness that he had spared no pains, and would willingly have spared no drop of his blood to save that devoted city. "But as, notwithstanding our efforts," he continued, "it has pleased God Almighty to dispose of Haarlem according to His divine will, shall we, therefore, deny and deride His holy word? Has the strong arm of the Lord thereby grown weaker? Has His Church therefore come to naught? You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate, to which I answer, that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered *into a close alliance with the King of kings;* and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by His almighty hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us to do battle with our enemies and His own." In conclusion, he stated his preparations for attacking the enemy by sea as well as by land, and encouraged his lieutenant and the citizens of the northern quarter to maintain a bold front before the advancing foe.[1]

And now, with dismantled and desolate Haarlem before their eyes, a prophetic phantom, perhaps, of their own imminent fate, did the handful of people shut up within Alkmaar prepare for the worst. Their main hope lay in the friendly sea. The vast sluices called the Zyp, through which an inundation of the whole northern province could be very soon effected, were but a few miles distant. By opening these gates, and by piercing a few dykes, the ocean might be made to fight for them. To obtain this result, however, the consent of the inhabitants was requisite, as the destruction of all the standing crops would be inevitable. The city was so closely invested, that it was a matter of life and death to venture forth, and it was difficult, therefore, to find an envoy for this hazardous mission. At last, a carpenter in the city, Peter Van der Mey by name, undertook the adventure,[2] and was entrusted with letters to Sonoy, to the Prince of Orange, and to the leading personages in several cities of the province. These papers were enclosed in a hollow walking-staff, carefully made fast at the top.[3]

[1] See this remarkable and eloquent letter, dated Dort, August 9, 1573, in Bor, vi. 447, 448. [2] Bor, vi. 452. [3] Ibid.

Affairs soon approached a crisis within the beleaguered city. Daily skirmishes, without decisive result, had taken place outside the walls. At last, on September 18th, after a steady cannonade of nearly twelve hours, Don Frederic, at three in the afternoon, ordered an assault.[1] Notwithstanding his seven months' experience at Haarlem, he still believed it certain that he should carry Alkmaar by storm. The attack took place at once upon the Frisian gate and upon the red tower on the opposite side. Two choice regiments, recently arrived from Lombardy, led the onset, rending the air with their shouts, and confident of an easy victory. They were sustained by what seemed an overwhelming force of disciplined troops. Yet never, even in the recent history of Haarlem, had an attack been received by more dauntless breasts. Every living man was on the walls. The storming parties were assailed with cannon, with musketry, with pistols. Boiling water, pitch and oil, molten lead, and unslaked lime, were poured upon them every moment. Hundreds of tarred and burning hoops were skilfully quoited around the necks of the soldiers, who struggled in vain to extricate themselves from these fiery ruffs, while as fast as any of the invaders planted foot upon the breach, they were confronted face to face with sword and dagger by the burghers, who hurled them headlong into the moat below.[2]

Thrice was the attack renewed with ever-increasing rage—thrice repulsed with unflinching fortitude. The storm continued four hours long. During all that period, not one of the defenders left his post, till he dropped from it dead or wounded.[3] The women and children, unscared by the balls flying in every direction, or by the hand-to-hand conflicts on the ramparts, passed steadily to and fro from the arsenals to the fortifications, constantly supplying their fathers, husbands, and brothers with powder and ball.[4] Thus, every human being in the city that could walk had become a soldier. At last darkness fell upon the scene. The trumpet of recall was sounded, and the Spaniards, utterly discomfited, retired from the walls, leaving at least one thousand dead in the trenches,[5] while only thirteen burghers and twenty-four of the

[1] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323. Mendoza, x. 217–219.
[2] Nanning van Foreest, p. 34. Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323.
[3] Bor, Hoofd.—Comparo Mendoza, x. 216–219. N. van Foreest.
[4] Nanning van Foreest, 33. Hoofd, viii. 324.
[5] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 324.

garrison lost their lives.[1] Thus was Alkmaar preserved for a little longer—thus a large and well-appointed army signally defeated by a handful of men fighting for their firesides and altars. Ensign Solis, who had mounted the breach for an instant, and miraculously escaped with life, after having been hurled from the battlements, reported that he had seen "neither helmet nor harness," as he looked down into the city: only some plain-looking people, generally dressed like fishermen.[2] Yet these plain-looking fishermen had defeated the veterans of Alva.

The citizens felt encouraged by the result of that day's work. Moreover, they already possessed such information concerning the condition of affairs in the camp of the enemy as gave them additional confidence. A Spaniard, named Jeronimo, had been taken prisoner and brought into the city.[3] On receiving a promise of pardon, he had revealed many secrets concerning the position and intentions of the besieging army. It is painful to add that the prisoner, notwithstanding his disclosures and the promise under which they had been made, was treacherously executed.[4] He begged hard for his life as he was led to the gallows, offering fresh revelations, which, however, after the ample communications already made, were esteemed superfluous. Finding this of no avail, he promised his captors, with perfect simplicity, to go down on his knees and *worship the Devil precisely as they did*,[5] if by so doing he might obtain mercy. It may be supposed that such a proposition was not likely to gain additional favor for him in the eyes of these rigid Calvinists, and the poor wretch was accordingly hanged.

The day following the assault, a fresh cannonade was opened upon the city. Seven hundred shots having been discharged, the attack was ordered. It was in vain: neither threats nor entreaties could induce the Spaniards, hitherto so indomitable, to mount the breach. The place seemed to their imagination protected by more than mortal powers; otherwise how was it possible that a few half-starved fishermen could already have so triumphantly overthrown the time-honored legions of Spain. It was thought, no doubt, that the Devil, whom they worshipped, would continue to protect his children. Neither

[1] Hoofd. Nanning van Foreest, 38.
[2] Hoofd, vii. 324. N. van Foreest.
[3] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 322, 323.
[4] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323.
[5] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

the entreaties nor the menaces of Don Frederic were of any avail. Several soldiers allowed themselves to be run through the body by their own officers, rather than advance to the walls; and the assault was accordingly postponed to an indefinite period.[1]

Meantime, as Governor Sonoy had opened may of the dykes, the land in the neighborhood of the camp was becoming plashy, although as yet the threatened inundation had not taken place. The soldiers were already very uncomfortable and very refractory. The carpenter-envoy had not been idle, having, upon September 26th, arrived at Sonoy's quarters, bearing letters from the Prince of Orange. These despatches gave distinct directions to Sonoy to flood the country at all risks, rather than allow Alkmaar to fall into the enemy's hands. The dykes and sluices were to be protected by a strong guard, lest the peasants, in order to save their crops, should repair or close them in the night-time. The letters of Orange were copied, and, together with fresh communications from Sonoy, delivered to the carpenter. A note on the margin of the Prince's letter, directed the citizens to kindle four beacon fires in specified places, as soon as it should prove necessary to resort to extreme measures. When that moment should arrive, it was solemnly promised than an inundation should be created which should sweep the whole Spanish army into the sea. The work had, in fact, been commenced. The Zyp and other sluices had already been opened, and a vast body of water, driven by a strong north-west wind, had rushed in from the ocean. It needed only that two great dykes should be pierced to render the deluge and the desolation complete. The harvest was doomed to destruction, and a frightful loss of property rendered inevitable, but, at any rate, the Spaniards, if this last measure were taken, must fly or perish to a man.[2]

This decisive blow having been thus ordered and promised, the carpenter set forth towards the city. He was, however, not successful in accomplishing his entrance unmolested, as he had been in effecting his departure. He narrowly escaped with his life in passing through the enemy's lines, and while occupied in saving himself was so unlucky, or, as it proved, so fortunate, as to lose the stick in which his despatches were enclosed. He made good his entrance into the city, where,

[1] Hoofd, viii. 324.—Compare Mendoza, x. 219, 220.
[2] Bor, vi. 454. Hoofd, viii. 325. Mendoza, x. 219, 220.

by word of mouth, he encouraged his fellow-burghers as to the intentions of the Prince and Sonoy. In the meantime his letters were laid before the general of the besieging army. The resolution taken by Orange, of which Don Frederic was thus unintentionally made aware, to flood the country far and near, rather than fail to protect Alkmaar, made a profound impression upon his mind. It was obvious that he was dealing with a determined leader and with desperate men. His attempt to carry the place by storm had signally failed, and he could not deceive himself as to the temper and disposition of his troops ever since that repulse. When it should become known that they were threatened with submersion in the ocean, in addition to all the other horrors of war, he had reason to believe that they would retire ignominiously from that remote and desolate sand hook, where, by remaining, they could only find a watery grave. These views having been discussed in a council of officers, the result was reached that sufficient had been already accomplished for the glory of Spanish arms. Neither honor nor loyalty, it was thought, required that sixteen thousand soldiers should be sacrificed in a contest, not with man but with the ocean.[1]

On October 8th, accordingly, the siege, which had lasted seven weeks, was raised,[2] and Don Frederic rejoined his father in Amsterdam. Ready to die in the last ditch, and to overwhelm both themselves and their foes in a common catastrophe, the Hollanders had at last compelled their haughty enemy to fly from a position which he had so insolently assumed.

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[1] Bor and Hoofd, ubi sup.—Compare Mendoza, x. 219, 220.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza. Letter of Noircames to his brother De Selles, in Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1280. Nanning van Foreest. Cort Verhael, etc. The stout pensionary, after recording the events of the siege, before the smoke had fairly rolled away, gives his readers two ballads; effusions of the same spirit which had pervaded the city during its energetic resistance. They are as usual, martial and jocular; a single verse may be translated as a specimen.

"De stad van Alkmaer behielt de kroon,
Zy gaaven de Spaengaeds kransen,
Pypen en trommeln gingen daar schoon.
Men spelde daer vreemde danssen.
De Spangaerds stonden daar vergaart
Zy tansten eoee nieuwe Spaansche galjaert.
Maar zy vergeten te komen in de schanssen,"—etc., etc.

With double-quick time the Spaniard proud
Against Alkmaar advances,
The piping and drumming are merry and loud,
We play them the best of dances.
The Spaniards stop—though they look very big—
They dance a very new Spanish jig,
But forget the use of their lances,—etc., etc.

These public transactions and military operations were not the only important events which affected the fate of Holland and its sister provinces at this juncture. The secret relations which had already been renewed between Louis of Nassau, as plenipotentiary of his brother and the French court, had for some time excited great uneasiness in the mind of Alva. Count Louis was known to be as skilful a negotiator as he was valiant and accomplished as a soldier. His frankness and boldness created confidence. The "brave spirit in the loyal breast" inspired all his dealing; his experience and quick perception of character prevented his becoming a dupe of even the most adroit politicians, while his truth of purpose made him incapable either of overreaching an ally or of betraying a trust. His career indicated that diplomacy might be sometimes successful, even although founded upon sincerity.

Alva secretly expressed to his sovereign much suspicion of France.[1] He reminded him that Charles IX., during the early part of the preceding year, had given the assurance that he was secretly dealing with Louis of Nassau, *only that he might induce the Count to pass over to Philip's service.*[2] At the same time Charles had been doing all he could to succor Mons, and had written the memorable letter which had fallen into Alva's hands on the capture of Genlis, and which expressed such a fixed determination to inflict a deadly blow upon the King, whom the writer was thus endeavoring to cajole.[3] All this the Governor recalled to the recollection of his sovereign. In view of the increasing repugnance of the English court, Alva recommended that fair words should be employed; hinting, however, that it would be by no means necessary for his master to consider himself very strictly bound by any such pledges to Elizabeth, if they should happen to become inconveniently pressing. "A monarch's promise," he delicately suggested, "were not to be considered so sacred as those of humbler mortals.[4] Not that the King should directly violate his word, but at the same time," continued the Duke, "I have thought all my life, and I have learned it from the Emperor, your Majesty's father, that the negotiations of kings depend upon different principles from those of us private gentlemen who walk the world; and in this manner I always observed that your Majesty's father, who was so great a gentleman and

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1211.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., ii. 269, note.
[4] Ibid., ii. 1211.

so powerful a prince, conducted his affairs."[1] The Governor took occasion, likewise, to express his regrets at the awkward manner in which the Ridolfi scheme had been managed. Had he been consulted at an earlier day, the affair could have been treated much more delicately; as it was, there could be little doubt but that the discovery of the plot had prejudiced the mind of Elizabeth against Spain. "From that dust," concluded the Duke, "has resulted all this dirt."[2] It could hardly be a matter of surprise, either to Philip or his Viceroy, that the discovery by Elizabeth of a plot upon their parts to take her life and place the crown upon the head of her hated rival, should have engendered unamiable feelings in her bosom towards them. For the moment, however, Alva's negotiations were apparently successful.

On May 1st, 1573, the articles of convention between England and Spain, with regard to the Netherland difficulty, had been formally published in Brussels.[3] The Duke, in communicating the termination of these arrangements, quietly recommended his master thenceforth to take the English ministry into his pay. In particular he advised his Majesty to bestow an annual bribe upon Lord Burleigh, "who held the kingdom in his hand; for it has always been my opinion," he continued, "that it was an excellent practice for princes to give pensions to the ministers of other potentates, and to keep those at home who took bribes from nobody."[4]

On the other hand, the negotiations of Orange with the English court were not yet successful, and he still found it almost impossible to raise the requisite funds for carrying on the war. Certainly, his private letters showed that neither he nor his brothers were self-seekers in their negotiations. "You know," said he in a letter to his brothers, "that my intention has never been to seek my private advantage. I have only aspired for the liberty of the country, in conscience and in polity, which foreigners have sought to oppress. I have no other articles to propose, save that religion, reformed according to the Word of God, should be permitted, that then the commonwealth should be restored to its ancient liberty, and,

[1] "Que las negociaciones de los reyes pendrian de muy differentes cabos que los negocios de los particulares cavalleros que andamos por el mundo, y desta manera lo vi tratar à su padre de V. M. que era tan gran cavallero y tan principe."

[2] "Porque V. M. sea cierto que de aquellos polvos han salido todos estos lodos." —Ibid.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 333, 334. Meteren.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1221.

to that end, that the Spaniards and other soldiery should be compelled to retire."[1]

The restoration of civil and religious liberty, *the establishment of the great principle of toleration* in matters of conscience, constituted the purpose to which his days and nights were devoted, his princely fortune sacrificed, his life-blood risked. At the same time, his enforcement of toleration to both religions excited calumny against him among the bigoted adherents of both. By the Catholics he was accused of having instigated the excesses which he had done everything in his power to repress. The enormities of De la Marck, which had inspired the Prince's indignation, were even laid at the door of him who had risked his life to prevent and to chastise them. De la Marck had, indeed, more than counterbalanced his great service in the taking of Brill, by his subsequent cruelties. At last, Father Cornelius Musius, pastor of Saint Agatha, at the age of seventy-two, a man highly esteemed by the Prince of Orange, had been put to torture and death by this barbarian, under circumstances of great atrocity. The horrid deed cost the Prince many tears, aroused the indignation of the estates of Holland, and produced the dismission of the perpetrator from their service. It was considered expedient, however, in view of his past services, his powerful connexions, and his troublesome character, that he should be induced peaceably to leave the country.[2]

It was long before the Prince and the estates could succeed in ridding themselves of this encumbrance. He created several riots in different parts of the province, and boasted that he had many fine ships of war and three thousand men devoted to him, by whose assistance he could make the estates "dance after his pipe." At the beginning of the following year (1574), he was at last compelled to leave the provinces, which he never again troubled with his presence. Some years afterwards, he died of the bite of a mad dog; an end not inappropriate to a man of so rabid a disposition.[3]

While the Prince was thus steadily striving for a lofty and generous purpose, he was, of course, represented by his im-

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 50.

[2] Hoofd, vii. 281, 282. Bor, vi. 422. Brandt, Hist. der Ref., x. 538-540 (d. i.). "De tijding van so vervlockt een handel koste den prince klagten en traenen: deese onmenscheliijkheit deed den Staaten wee, en strekte den pleeger self een trap tot sijne ondergank."—Brandt. Hoofd.

[3] Meteren. Strada. Hoofd, vii. 289, 290. Bor, vi. 424–431. Wagenaer, vi. 434–436.

placable enemies as a man playing a game which, unfortunately for himself, was a losing one. "That poor prince," said Granvelle, "has been ill advised. I doubt not whether he will ever be able to make his peace, and I think we shall rather *try to get rid of him and his brother as if they were Turks.* The marriage with the daughter of Maurice, *unde mala et quia ipse talis,* and his brothers have done him much harm. So have Schwendi and German intimacies. I saw it all very plainly, but he did not choose to believe me."[1]

Ill-starred, worse counselled William of Orange! Had he but taken the friendly Cardinal's advice, kept his hand from German marriages and his feet from conventicles—had he assisted his sovereign in burning heretics and hunting rebels, it would not then have become necessary "to treat him like a Turk." This is unquestionable. It is equally so that there would have been one great lamp the less in that strait and difficult pathway which leads to the temple of true glory.

The main reliance of Orange was upon the secret negotiations which his brother Louis was then renewing with the French government. The Prince had felt an almost insurmountable repugnance towards entertaining any relation with that blood-stained court, since the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. But a new face had recently been put upon that transaction. Instead of glorying in their crime, the King and his mother now assumed a tone of compunction, and averred that the deed had been unpremeditated; that it had been the result of a panic or an ecstasy of fear inspired by the suddenly discovered designs of the Huguenots; and that, in the instinct of self-preservation, the King, with his family and immediate friends, had plunged into a crime which they now bitterly lamented.[2] The French envoys at the different courts of Europe were directed to impress this view upon the minds of the monarchs to whom they were accredited. It was certainly a very different instruction from that which they had at first received. Their cue had originally been to claim a full meed of praise and thanksgiving in behalf of their sovereign for his meritorious exploit. The salvos of artillery, the illuminations and rejoicings, the solemn processions and masses by which the auspicious event had been celebrated,

[1] Cardinal Granvelle to Morillon, 18th March, 1573, in Groen van Prinst., Archives, iv. 35*.

[2] M. Groen van Prinsterer, in the second part of vol. iv. of the Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau.—Compare de Thou, l. lv. t. vi. 590, et seq.

were yet fresh in the memory of men. The ambassadors were sufficiently embarrassed by the distinct and determined approbation which they had recently expressed. Although the King, by formal proclamation, had assumed the whole responsibility, as he had notoriously been one of the chief perpetrators of the deed, his agents were now to stultify themselves and their monarch by representing, as a deplorable act of frenzy, the massacre which they had already extolled to the echo as a skilfully executed and entirely commendable achievement.[1]

To humble the power of Spain, to obtain the hand of Queen Elizabeth for the Duke d'Alençon, to establish an insidious kind of protectorate over the Protestant princes of Germany, to obtain the throne of Poland for the Duke of Anjou, and even to obtain the imperial crown for the house of Valois—all these cherished projects seemed dashed to the ground by the Paris massacre and the abhorrence which it had created. Charles and Catharine were not slow to discover the false position in which they had placed themselves, while the Spanish jocularity at the immense error committed by France was visible enough through the assumed mask of holy horror.

Philip and Alva listened with mischievous joy to the howl of execration which swept through Christendom upon every wind. They rejoiced as heartily in the humiliation of the malefactors as they did in the perpetration of the crime. "Your Majesty," wrote Louis of Nassau, very bluntly, to King Charles, "sees how the Spaniard, your mortal enemy, feasts himself full with the desolation of your affairs; how he laughs, to split his sides, at your misfortunes. This massacre has enabled him to weaken your Majesty more than he could have done by a war of thirty years."[2]

Before the year had revolved, Charles had become thoroughly convinced of the fatal impression produced by the event. Bitter and almost abject were his whinings at the Catholic King's desertion of his cause. "He knows well,"

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[1] See the letters in the second part of vol. iv. Archives de la Maison d Orange.

[2] "Que S. M. voit l'Espagnol, son ennemy mortel, faire ses choux gras de la désolation de ses affaires, se rire à gorge ouverte de ses malheurs et employer tout son industrie et estude à entretenir les troubles en son royaume; s'asseurant avec bonne raison que c'est le seul moyen de parvenir à ses fins sans coup frapper, veu que desjà, tant les guerres passées que par le dernier massacre et troubles présens, l'Espagnol a plus affoibli S. M. que s'il eust faict la guerre trente ans."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 85*.

wrote Charles to Saint Goard, "that if he can terminate these troubles and leave me alone in the dance, he will have leisure and means to establish his authority, not only in the Netherlands but elsewhere, and that he will render himself more grand and formidable than he has ever been. This is the return they render for *the good received from me, which is such* as every one knows."[1]

Gaspar de Schomberg, the adroit and honorable agent of Charles in Germany, had at a very early day warned his royal master of the ill effect of the massacre upon all the schemes which he had been pursuing, and especially upon those which referred to the crowns of the Empire and of Poland. The first project was destined to be soon abandoned. It was reserved neither for Charles nor Philip to divert the succession in Germany from the numerous offspring of Maximilian; yet it is instructive to observe the unprincipled avidity with which the prize was sought by both. Each was willing to effect its purchase by abjuring what were supposed his most cherished principles. Philip of Spain, whose mission was to extirpate heresy throughout his realms, and who, in pursuance of that mission, had already perpetrated more crimes, and waded more deeply in the blood of his subjects, than monarch had often done before; Philip, for whom his apologists have never found any defence, save that he believed it his duty to God rather to depopulate his territories than to permit a single heretic within their limits—now entered into secret negotiations with the princes of the Empire. He pledged himself, if they would confer the crown upon him, that he would withdraw the Spaniards from the Netherlands; that he would tolerate in those provinces the exercise of the Reformed religion; that he would recognize their union with the rest of the German Empire, and their consequent claim to the benefits of the Passau treaty; that he would restore the Prince of Orange "and all his accomplices" to their former possessions, dignities, and condition; and that he would cause to be observed, throughout every realm incorporated with the Empire, all the edicts and ordinances which had been constructed to secure religious freedom in Germany.[2] In brief,

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 33*.

[2] "——le roy d'Espagne à l'estat de l'Empereur vou les honestes offres qu'il leur propose, a sçavoir si les princes veulent consentir à l'eslire Empereur, il promet qu'avant que d'entrer en ceste dignité, il ostera les Espagnola du Pays Bas; qu'il réunira le dict Pays Bas au corps de l'Empire, qu'il remettera le Prince d'Orange et tous ses complices en leur bien et premier estat, et qu'il fera ob-

Philip was willing, in case the crown of Charlemagne should be promised him, to undo the work of his life, to reinstate the arch-rebel whom he had hunted and proscribed, and to bow before that Reformation whose disciples he had so long burned and butchered. So much extent and no more had that religious conviction by which he had for years had the effrontery to excuse the enormities practiced in the Netherlands. God would never forgive him so long as one heretic remained unburned in the provinces; yet give him the Imperial sceptre, and every heretic without forswearing his heresy, should be purged with hyssop and become whiter than snow.

Charles IX., too, although it was not possible for him to recall to life the countless victims of the Parisian wedding, was yet ready to explain those murders to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind. This had become strictly necessary. Although the accession of either his Most Christian or Most Catholic Majesty to the throne of the Caesars was a most improbable event, yet the humbler elective throne actually vacant was indirectly in the gift of the same powers. It was possible that the crown of Poland might be secured for the Duke of Anjou.[1] That key unlocks the complicated policy of this and the succeeding year. The Polish election is the clue to the labyrinthian intrigues and royal tergiversations during the period of the interregnum. Sigismund Augustus, last of the Jagellons, had died on July 7th, 1572.[2] The prominent candidates to succeed him were the Archduke Ernest, son of the Emperor, and Henry of Anjou. The Prince of Orange was not forgotten. A strong party were in favor of compassing his election, as the most signal triumph which Protestantism could gain, but his ambition had not been excited by the prospect of such a prize. His own work required all the energies of all his life. His influence, however, was powerful, and eagerly sought by the partisans of Anjou. The Lutherans and Moravians in Poland were numerous, the Protestant party there and in Germany holding the whole balance of the election in their hands.

It was difficult for the Prince to overcome his repugnance to the very name of the man whose crime had at once made

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server et maintenir dedans tous les pays de son obeissance, qui auroient esté ou seront incorporez à l'Empire, les mêmes edicts et ordonnances qui ont été establis et se gardent par le reste d'Allemagne sur le faict de la religion."—G. de Schomberg au Duc d Anjou, Paris, 10me Feb. 1573, in Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., etc., iv. 30*. See also the same volume, p. 2.

[1] Compare de Thou, t. vi. lib. iv. v.

[2] Ibid., t. vi. liii. 448.

France desolate, and blighted the fair prospects under which he and his brother had, the year before, entered the Netherlands. Nevertheless he was willing to listen to the statements by which the King and his ministers endeavored, not entirely without success, to remove from their reputations, if not from the souls, the guilt of deep design. It was something, that the murderers now affected to expiate their offence in sackcloth and ashes—it was something that, by favoring the pretensions of Anjou, and by listening with indulgence to the repentance of Charles, the siege of Rochelle could be terminated, the Huguenots restored to freedom of conscience, and an alliance with a powerful nation established, by aid of which the Netherlands might once more lift their heads.[1] The French government, deeply hostile to Spain, both from passion and policy, was capable of rendering much assistance to the revolted provinces. "I entreat you most humbly, my good master," wrote Schömberg, to Charles IX., "to beware of allowing the electors to take into their heads that you are favoring the affairs of the King of Spain in any manner whatsoever. Commit against him no act of open hostility, if you think that imprudent; but look sharp! if you do not wish to be thrown clean out of your saddle. I should split with rage if I should see you, in consequence of the wicked calumnies of your enemies, fail to secure the prize."[2] Orange was induced, therefore, to accept, however distrustfully, the expression of a repentance which was to be accompanied with healing measures. He allowed his brother Louis to resume negotiations with Schömberg, in Germany. He drew up and transmitted to him the outlines of a treaty which he was willing to make with Charles.[3] The main conditions of this arrangement illustrated the disinterested character of the man. He stipulated that the King of France should immediately make peace with his subjects, declaring expressly that he had been abused by those, who, under pretext of his service, had sought their own profit at the price of ruin to the crown and people. The King should make religion free. The edict to that effect should be confirmed by all the parliaments and estates of the kingdom, and such confirmation should be distributed without reserve or deceit among all the princes of Germany. If his Majesty was not inclined to make war for

[1] Letters in Groen v. Prinst, Archives, etc., iv. part ii., passim.—Compare De Thou, vi. l. 53 and 55 et al.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 15,* 16.*

[3] Ibid., iv. 116–118.

the liberation of the Netherlands, he was to furnish the Prince of Orange with one hundred thousand crowns at once, and every three months with another hundred thousand. The Prince was to have liberty to raise one thousand cavalry and seven thousand infantry in France. Every city or town in the provinces which should be conquered by his arms, except in Holland or Zeeland, should be placed under the sceptre, and in the hands of the King of France. The provinces of Holland and Zeeland should also be placed under his protection, but should be governed by their own gentlemen and citizens. Perfect religious liberty and maintenance of the ancient constitutions, privileges, and charters were to be guaranteed "without any cavilling whatsoever."[1] The Prince of Orange, or the estates of Holland or Zeeland, were to reimburse his Christian Majesty for the sums which he was to advance. In this last clause was the only mention which the Prince made of himself, excepting in the stipulation that he was to be allowed a levy of troops in France. His only personal claims were to enlist soldiers to fight the battles of freedom, and to pay their expense, if it should not be provided for by the estates. At nearly the same period, he furnished his secret envoys, Lumbres and Doctor Taijaert, who were to proceed to Paris, with similar instructions.[2]

The indefatigable exertions of Schömberg, and the almost passionate explanations on the part of the court of France, at length produced their effect. "You will constantly assure the princes," wrote the Duke of Anjou to Schömberg, "that the things written to you concerning that which had happened in the kingdom are true; *that the events occurred suddenly*, without having been in any manner premeditated; that neither the King nor *myself have ever had any intelligence with the King of Spain*, against those of the religion, and that all is utter imposture which is daily said on this subject to the princes."[3]

Count Louis required peremptorily, however, that the royal repentance should bring forth the fruit of salvation for the remaining victims. Out of the nettles of these dangerous intrigues his fearless hand plucked the "flower of safety" for his down-trodden cause. He demanded not words, but deeds,

[1] "Sans contredit ou cavillation quelconque."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, iv. 118.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 109–124, and 43* to 48*.—Compare De Thou, vi. liv. lv. 593, et seq.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc,, iv. 26,* and 27.*

or at least pledges. He maintained with the agents of Charles and with the monarch himself the same hardy scepticism which was manifested by the Huguenot deputies in their conferences with Catharine de Medicis. "Is the word of a king," said the dowager to the commissioners, who were insisting upon guarantees, "is the word of a king not sufficient?" "No, madam," replied one of them, "*by Saint Bartholomew*, no!"[1] Count Louis told Schömberg roundly, and repeated it many times, that he must have in a very few days a categorical response, "not to consist in words alone, but in deeds, and that he could not, and would not, risk for ever the honor of his brother, nor the property, blood, and life of those poor people who favored the cause."[2]

On March 23, 1573, Schömberg had an interview with Count Louis, which lasted seven or eight hours. In that interview the enterprises of the Count, "which," said Schömberg, "are assuredly grand and beautiful," were thoroughly discussed, and a series of conditions, drawn up partly in the hand of one, partly in that of the other negotiator, definitely agreed upon.[3] These conditions were on the basis of a protectorate over Holland and Zeeland for the King of France, with sovereignty over the other places to be acquired in the Netherlands. They were in strict accordance with the articles furnished by the Prince of Orange. Liberty of worship for those of both religions, sacred preservation of municipal charters, and stipulation of certain annual subsidies on the part of France, in case his Majesty should not take the field, were the principal features.[4]

Ten days later, Schömberg wrote to his master that the Count was willing to use all the influence of his family to procure for Anjou the crown of Poland,[5] while Louis, having thus completed his negotiations with the agent, addressed a long and earnest letter to the royal principal.[6] This remarkable despatch was stamped throughout with the impress of the writer's frank and fearless character. "Thus didest thou" has rarely been addressed to anointed monarch in such unequivocal tones. The letter painted the favorable position in which the king had been placed previously to the fatal summer of 1572. The Queen of England was then most

[1] Vide Raumer. Gesch. Eur., ii. 265.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 38*.
[3] Ibid., iv. 43*, et seq.
[4] Ibid., iv. 43*–48*.
[5] Ibid., iv. 53*, 54*.
[6] June 1st, 1573.—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 81*–90*.

amicably disposed towards him, and inclined to a yet closer connection with his family. The German princes were desirous to elect him King of the Romans, a dignity for which his grandfather had so fruitlessly contended. The Netherlanders, driven to despair by the tyranny of their own sovereign, were eager to throw themselves into his arms. All this had been owing to his edict of religious pacification. How changed the picture now! Who now did reverence to the King so criminal and so fallen? "Your Majesty to-day," said Louis, earnestly and plainly, "is near to ruin. The State, crumbling on every side and almost abandoned, is a prey to any one who wishes to seize upon it; the more so, because your Majesty, having, by the late excess and by the wars previously made, endeavored to force men's consciences, is now so destitute, not only of nobility and soldiery but of that which constitutes the strongest column of the throne, the love and good wishes of the lieges, that your Majesty resembles an ancient building propped up, day after day, with piles, but which it will be impossible long to prevent from falling to the earth."[1] Certainly, here were wholesome truths told in straightforward style.

The Count proceeded to remind the King of the joy which the "Spaniard, his mortal enemy," had conceived from the desolation of his affairs, being assured that he should, by the troubles in France, be enabled to accomplish his own purposes without striking a blow.[2] This, he observed, had been the secret of the courtesy with which the writer himself had been treated by the Duke of Alva at the surrender of Mons.[3] Louis assured the King, in continuation, that if he persevered in these oppressive courses towards his subjects of the new religion, there was no hope for him, and that his two brothers would, to no purpose, take their departure for England and for Poland, leaving him with a difficult and dangerous war upon his hands. So long as he maintained a hostile attitude towards the Protestants in his own kingdom, his fair words would produce no effect elsewhere. "We are beginning to be vexed," said the Count, "with the manner of negotiation practised by France. Men do not proceed roundly to busi-

[1] "Qu'elle resemble à ung viel bastiment qu'on appuye tous les jours de quelques pillotis, mais enfin on ne le peult empescher de tomber,"—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 85*.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Letter of Count Louis to Charles IX., June 1st, 1573. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 86*.

ness there, but angle with their dissimulation as with a hook."[1]

He bluntly reminded the King of the deceit which he had practised towards the Admiral—a sufficient reason why no reliance could in future be placed upon his word. Signal vengeance on those concerned in the attempted assassination of that great man had been promised, in the royal letters to the Prince of Orange, just before St. Bartholomew. "Two days afterwards," said Louis, "*your Majesty took that vengeance, but in rather ill fashion.*"[2] It was certain that the King was surrounded by men who desired to work his ruin, and who, for their own purposes, would cause him "*to bathe still deeper than he had done before in the blood of his subjects.*[3] This ruin his Majesty could still avert, by making peace in his kingdom, and by ceasing to torment his poor subjects of the religion."[4]

In conclusion, the Count, with a few simple but eloquent phrases, alluded to the impossibility of changing men's thoughts. The soul, being immortal, was beyond the reach of kings. Conscience was not to be conquered, nor the religious spirit imprisoned. This had been discovered by the Emperor Charles, who had taken all the cities and great personages of Germany captive, but who had nevertheless been unable to take religion captive. "That is the sentiment," said Louis, "*deeply rooted in the hearts of men, which is not to be plucked out by force of arms.* Let your Majesty, therefore, not be deceived by the flattery of those who, like bad physicians, keep their patients in ignorance of their disease, whence comes their ruin."[5]

It would be impossible, without insight into these private and most important transactions, to penetrate the heart of the mystery which enwrapped at this period the relations of the great powers with each other. Enough has been seen to silence forever the plea, often entered in behalf of religious tyranny, that the tyrant acts in obedience to a sincere conviction of duty; that, in performing his deeds of darkness, he believes himself to be accomplishing the will of Heaven.

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[1] "Descouvrant qu'on ne procède point rondement et ne sert-on que de dissimulation, comme ung hameçon."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 87*.

[2] "A deux jours de là elle la fist assez mal."—Ibid., 88*.

[3] "Mais pour le faire, plus que devant, baigner au sang de des subjetstz."—Ibid., 89*.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 90*.

Here we have seen Philip, offering to restore the Prince of Orange, and to establish freedom of religion in the Netherlands, if by such promises he can lay hold of the Imperial diadem. Here also we have Charles IX. and his mother —their hands reeking with the heretic blood of St. Bartholomew—making formal engagements with heretics to protect heresy everywhere, if by such pledges the crown of the Jagellons and the hand of Elizabeth can be secured.

While Louis was thus busily engaged in Germany, Orange was usually established at Delft. He felt the want of his brother daily,[1] for the solitude of the Prince, in the midst of such fiery trials, amounted almost to desolation. Not often have circumstances invested an individual with so much responsibility and so little power. He was regarded as the protector and father of the country, but from his own brains and his own resources he was to furnish himself with the means of fulfilling those high functions. He was anxious thoroughly to discharge the duties of a dictatorship without grasping any more of its power than was indispensable to his purpose. But he was alone on that little isthmus, in single combat with the great Spanish monarchy. It was to him that all eyes turned, during the infinite horrors of the Haarlem siege, and in the more prosperous leaguer of Alkmaar. What he could do he did. He devised every possible means to succor Haarlem, and was only restrained from going personally to its rescue by the tears of the whole population of Holland. By his decision and the spirit which he diffused through the country, the people were lifted to a pitch of heroism by which Alkmaar was saved. Yet, during all this harassing period, he had no one to lean upon but himself. "Our affairs are in pretty good condition in Holland and Zeeland," he wrote, "if I only had some aid. 'Tis impossible for me to support alone so many labors, and the weight of such great affairs as come upon me hourly—financial, military, political. I have no one to help me, not a single man, wherefore I leave you to suppose in what trouble I find myself."[2]

For it was not alone the battles and sieges which furnished him with occupation and filled him with anxiety. Alone, he directed in secret the politics of the country, and, powerless and outlawed though he seemed, was in daily correspondence not only with the estates of Holland and Zeeland, whose de-

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 74, 177, 191. [2] Ibid., iv. 191.

liberations he guided, but with the principal governments of Europe. The estates of the Netherlands, moreover, had been formally assembled by Alva in September, at Brussels, to devise ways and means for continuing the struggle.[1] It seemed to the Prince a good opportunity to make an appeal to the patriotism of the whole country. He furnished the province of Holland, accordingly, with the outlines of an address which was forthwith despatched in their own and his name, to the general assembly of the Netherlands.[2] The document was a nervous and rapid review of the course of late events in the provinces, with a cogent statement of the reasons which should influence them all to unite in the common cause against the common enemy. It referred to the old affection and true-heartedness with which they had formerly regarded each other, and to the certainty that the inquisition would be forever established in the land, upon the ruins of all their ancient institutions, unless they now united to overthrow it forever. It demanded of the people, thus assembled through their representatives, how they could endure the tyranny, murders, and extortions of the Duke of Alva. The princes of Flanders, Burgundy, Brabant, or Holland, had never made war or peace, coined money, or exacted a stiver from the people without the consent of the estates. How could the nation now consent to the daily impositions which were practised? Had Amsterdam and Middelburg remained true; had those important cities not allowed themselves to be seduced from the cause of freedom, the northern provinces would have been impregnable. "Tis only by the Netherlands that the Netherlands are crushed," said the appeal. "Whence has the Duke of Alva the power of which he boasts, but from yourselves—from Netherland cities? Whence his ships, supplies, money, weapons, soldiers? From the Netherland people. Why has poor Netherland thus become degenerate and bastard? Whither has fled the noble spirit of our brave forefathers, that never brooked the tyranny of foreign nations, nor suffered a stranger even to hold office within our borders? If the little province of Holland can thus hold at bay the power of Spain, what could not all the Netherlands—Brabant, Flanders, Friesland, and the rest united—accomplish?"[3] In conclusion, the estates-general were earnestly adjured to come forward like

[1] Bor, vi. 459.
[2] See the Address in Bor, vi. 459–464.
[3] "Address, etc., Bor, vi. 461.

brothers in blood, and join hands with Holland, that together they might rescue the fatherland and restore its ancient prosperity and bloom.[1]

At almost the same time the Prince drew up and put in circulation one of the most vigorous and impassioned productions which ever came from his pen. It was entitled, an "Epistle, in form of supplication, to his royal Majesty of Spain, from the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland and Zeeland."[2] The document produced a profound impression throughout Christendom. It was a loyal appeal to the monarch's loyalty—a demand that the land-privileges should be restored, and the Duke of Alva removed. It contained a startling picture of his atrocities and the nation's misery, and, with a few energetic strokes, demolished the pretence that these sorrows had been caused by the people's guilt. In this connection the Prince alluded to those acts of condemnation which the Governor-General had promulgated under the name of pardons, and treated with scorn the hypothesis that any crimes had been committed for Alva to forgive. "We take God and your Majesty to witness," said the epistle, "that if we have done such misdeeds as are charged in the pardon, we neither desire nor deserve the pardon. Like the most abject creatures which crawl the earth, we will be content to atone for our misdeeds with our lives. We will not murmur, O merciful King, if we be seized one after another, and torn limb from limb, if it can be proved that we have committed the crimes of which we have been accused."[3]

After having thus set forth the tyranny of the government and the innocence of the people, the Prince, in his own name and that of the estates, announced the determination at which they had arrived. "The tyrant," he continued, "would rather stain every river and brook with our blood, and hang our bodies upon every tree in the country, than not to feed to the full his vengeance, and steep himself to the lips in our misery. Therefore we have taken up arms against the Duke of Alva and his adherents, to free ourselves, our wives and children, from his bloodthirsty hands. If he prove too strong for us, we will rather die an honorable death and leave a praisewor-

[1] Address, etc., Bor, vi. 464.

[2] "Sendbrief in forme van supplicatie aen Coningklijke Majesteit van Spangien, van wegen des Prinzen van Orangien en der Staten van Holland en Zealand," etc., etc., Bor, vi. 464–472.

[3] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi. 469.

thy fame, than bend our necks, and reduce our dear fatherland to such slavery. Herein are all our cities pledged to each other to stand every siege, to dare the utmost, to endure every possible misery, yea, rather to set fire to all our homes, and be consumed with them into ashes together, than ever submit to the decrees of this cruel tyrant."[1]

These were brave words, and destined to be bravely fulfilled, as the life and death of the writer and the records of his country proved, from generation unto generation. If we seek for the mainspring of the energy which thus sustained the Prince in the unequal conflict to which he had devoted his life, we shall find it in the one pervading principle of his nature—confidence in God. He was the champion of the political rights of his country, but before all he was the defender of its religion. Liberty of conscience for his people was his first object. To establish Luther's axiom, that thoughts are toll-free, was his determination. The Peace of Passau, and far more than the Peace of Passau, was the goal for which he was striving. Freedom of worship for all denominations, toleration for all forms of faith, this was the great good in his philosophy. For himself, he had now become a member of the Calvinist, or Reformed Church, having delayed for a time his public adhesion to this communion, in order not to give offence to the Lutherans and to the Emperor. He was never a dogmatist, however, and he sought in Christianity for that which unites rather than for that which separates Christians. In the course of October he publicly joined the church at Dort.[2]

The happy termination of the siege of Alkmaar was followed, three days afterwards, by another signal success on the part of the patriots. Count Bossu, who had constructed or collected a considerable fleet at Amsterdam, had, early in October, sailed into the Zuyder Zee, notwithstanding the sunken wrecks and other obstructions by which the patriots had endeavored to render the passage of the Y impracticable.[3] The patriots of North Holland had, however, not been idle, and a fleet of five-and-twenty vessels, under Admiral Dirkzoon, was soon cruising in the same waters. A few skirmishes took place, but Bossu's ships, which were larger, and provided with heavier cannon, were apparently not inclined for the close

[1] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi., 471.
[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 226.
[3] Bor, vi. 455.

quarters which the patriots sought.[1] The Spanish Admiral, Hollander as he was, knew the mettle of his countrymen in a close encounter at sea, and preferred to trust to the calibre of his cannon. On October 11, however, the whole patriot fleet, favored by a strong easterly breeze, bore down upon the Spanish armada, which, numbering now thirty sail of all denominations, was lying off and on in the neighborhood of Horn and Enkhuyzen. After a short and general engagement, nearly all the Spanish fleet retired with precipitation, closely pursued by most of the patriot Dutch vessels. Five of the King's ships were eventually taken, the rest effected their escape. Only the Admiral remained, who scorned to yield, although his forces had thus basely deserted him.[2] His ship, the "Inquisition,"[3] for such was her insolent appellation, was far the largest and best manned of both the fleets. Most of the enemy had gone in pursuit of the fugitives, but four vessels of inferior size had attacked the "Inquisition" at the commencement of the action. Of these, one had soon been silenced, while the other three had grappled themselves inextricably to her sides and prow. The four drifted together, before wind and tide, a severe and savage action going on incessantly, during which the navigation of the ships was entirely abandoned. No scientific gunnery, no military or naval tactics were displayed or required in such a conflict. It was a life-and-death combat, such as always occurred when Spaniard and Netherlander met, whether on land or water. Bossu and his men, armed in bullet-proof coats of mail, stood with shield and sword on the deck of the "Inquisition" ready to repel all attempts to board. The Hollanders, as usual, attacked with pitch hoops, boiling oil, and molten lead. Repeatedly they effected their entrance to the Admiral's ship, and as often they were repulsed and slain in heaps, or hurled into the sea. The battle began at three in the afternoon, and continued without intermission through the whole night. The vessels, drifting together, struck on the shoal called the Nek, near Wydeness. In the heat of the action the occurrence was hardly heeded. In the morning twilight, John Haring, of Horn, the hero who had kept one thousand soldiers at bay

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[1] Bor, vi., 455, 456. Hoofd, viii. 326, 327.

[2] Bor, vi. 456. Hoofd, viii. 326, 327. Letters of Alva to Philip, and of Bossu to Alva.—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1274, and pp. 420, 421, notes.

[3] Bor, vi. 456. Hoofd, viii. 326.

upon the Diemer dyke, clambered on board the "Inquisition" and hauled her colors down. The gallant but premature achievement cost him his life. He was shot through the body and died on the deck of the ship, which was not quite ready to strike her flag. In the course of the forenoon, however, it became obvious to Bossu that further resistance was idle. The ships were aground near a hostile coast, his own fleet was hopelessly dispersed, three-quarters of his crew were dead or disabled, while the vessels with which he was engaged were constantly recruited by boats from the shore, which brought fresh men and ammunition, and removed their killed and wounded. At eleven o'clock, Admiral Bossu surrendered, and with three hundred prisoners was carried into Holland. Bossu was himself imprisoned at Horn, in which city he was received, on his arrival, with great demonstrations of popular hatred. The massacre of Rotterdam, due to his cruelty and treachery, had not yet been forgotten or forgiven.[1]

This victory, following so hard upon the triumph at Alkmaar, was as gratifying to the patriots as it was galling to Alva. As his administration drew to a close, it was marked by disaster and disgrace on land and sea. The brilliant exploits by which he had struck terror into the hearts of the Netherlanders, at Jemmingen and in Brabant, had been effaced by the valor of a handful of Hollanders, without discipline or experience. To the patriots, the opportune capture of so considerable a personage as the Admiral and Governor of the northern province was of great advantage. Such of the hostages from Haarlem as had not yet been executed, now escaped with their lives. Moreover, Saint Aldegonde, the eloquent patriot and confidential friend of Orange, who was taken prisoner a few weeks later, in an action at Maeslandsluis,[2] was preserved from inevitable destruction by the same cause. The Prince hastened to assure the Duke of Alva that the same measure would be dealt to Bossu as should be meted to Saint Aldegonde.[3] It was, therefore, impossible for the Governor-General to execute his prisoner, and he was obliged to submit to the vexation of seeing a leading rebel and heretic in his power, whom he dared not strike. Both the distinguished prisoners eventually regained their liberty.

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[1] Bor, Hoofd. Letters of Alva and of Bossu, ubi sup. Mendoza, x. 214.
[2] Hoofd, viii. 331. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1283. Meteren, iv. 85. Bor, vi. 472.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 331.

The Duke was, doubtless, lower sunk in the estimation of all classes than he had ever been before, during his long and generally successful life. The reverses sustained by his army, the belief that his master had grown cold towards him, the certainty that his career in the Netherlands was closing without a satisfactory result, the natural weariness produced upon men's minds by the contemplation of so monotonous and unmitigated a tyranny during so many years, all contributed to diminish his reputation. He felt himself odious alike to princes and to plebeians. With his cabinet councillors he had long been upon unsatsfactory terms. President Tisnacq had died early in the summer, and Viglius, much against his will, had been induced, provisionally, to supply his place.[1] But there was now hardly a pretence of friendship between the learned Frisian and the Governor. Each cordially detested the other. Alva was weary of Flemish and Frisian advisers, however subservient, and was anxious to fill the whole council with Spaniards of the Vargas stamp. He had forced Viglius once more into office, only that, by a little delay, he might expel him and every Netherlander at the same moment. "Till this ancient set of dogmatizers be removed," he wrote to Philip, "with Viglius, their chief, who teaches them all their lessons, nothing will go right. 'Tis of no use adding one or two Spaniards to fill vacancies; that is only pouring a flask of good wine into a hogshead of vinegar; it changes to vinegar likewise.[2] Your Majesty will soon be able to reorganize the council at a blow; so that Italians or Spaniards, as you choose, may entirely govern the country."[3]

Such being his private sentiments with regard to his confidential advisers, it may be supposed that his intercourse with his council during the year was not like to be amicable. Moreover, he had kept himself, for the most part, at a distance from the seat of government. During the military operations in Holland, his headquarters had been at Amsterdam. Here, as the year drew to its close, he had become as unpopular as in Brussels. The time-serving and unpatriotic burghers, who, at the beginning of the spring, set up his bust in their houses, and would give large sums for his picture in lit-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1234, p. 359, note.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., 1234.—"Yendo los poniendo poco à poco, los que estàn gastan á los que entran, que es como hechar un jarro de buen vino en cuba de vinagre, que lo convierte luego en vinagre."

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1234.

tle, now broke his images and tore his portraits from their walls, for it was evident that the power of his name was gone, both with prince and people. Yet, certainly, those fierce demonstrations which had formerly surrounded his person with such an atmosphere of terror had not slackened or become less frequent than heretofore. He continued to prove that he could be barbarous, both on a grand and a minute scale. Even as in preceding years, he could ordain wholesale massacres with a breath, and superintend in person the execution of individuals. This was illustrated, among other instances, by the cruel fate of Uitenhoove.[1] That unfortunate nobleman, who had been taken prisoner in the course of the summer, was accused of having been engaged in the capture of Brill, and was, therefore, condemned by the Duke to be roasted to death before a slow fire. He was accordingly fastened by a chain, a few feet in length, to a stake, around which the fagots were lighted. Here he was kept in slow torture for a long time, insulted by the gibes of the laughing Spaniards who surrounded him—until the executioner and his assistants, more humane than their superior, despatched the victim with their spears—a mitigation of punishment which was ill received by Alva.[2] The Governor had, however, no reason to remain longer in Amsterdam. Haarlem had fallen; Alkmaar was relieved; and Leyden—destined in its second siege to furnish so signal a chapter to the history of the war—was beleaguered,[3] it was true, but, because known to be imperfectly supplied, was to be reduced by blockade rather than by active operations. Don Francis Valdez was accordingly left in command of the siege,[4] which, however, after no memorable occurrences, was raised, as will soon be related.

The Duke had contracted in Amsterdam an enormous amount of debt, both public and private. He accordingly, early in November, caused a proclamation to be made throughout the city by sound of trumpet, that all persons having demands upon him were to present their claims, in person, upon a specified day.[5] During the night preceding the day so appointed, the Duke and his train very noiselessly took their departure, without notice or beat of drum.[6] By this masterly

[1] Brandt, Hist. der Ref. in de Nederl., d. i. b. x. 546. Hoofd, viii. 433.
[2] Brandt, Hoofd, ubi sup. [3] Bor, vi. 472.
[4] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 330. [5] Hoofd, viii. 329, 330.
[6] Ibid.—Compare Correspondance Charles IX. and Mondoucet; Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq.—"Et craignant," says the envoy, "toutes sortes de

generalship his unhappy creditors were foiled upon the very eve of their anticipated triumph; the heavy accounts which had been contracted on the faith of the King and the Governor, remained for the most part unpaid, and many opulent and respectable families were reduced to beggary.[1] Such was the consequence of the unlimited confidence which they had reposed in the honor of their tyrant.

On November 17th, Don Luis de Requesens y Cuñiga, Grand Commander of Saint Jago, the appointed successor of Alva, arrived in Brussels, where he was received with great rejoicings. The Duke, on the same day, wrote to the King, "kissing his feet" for thus relieving him of his functions. There was, of course, a profuse interchange of courtesy between the departing and the newly-arrived Governors. Alva was willing to remain a little while, to assist his successor with his advice, but preferred that the Grand Commander should immediately assume the reins of office. To this Requesens, after much respectful reluctance, at length consented. On November 29th he accordingly took the oaths, at Brussels, as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General, in presence of the Duke of Aerschot, Baron Berlaymont, the President of the Council, and other functionaries.[2]

On December 18th, the Duke of Alva departed from the provinces for ever.[3] With his further career this history has no concern, and it is not desirable to enlarge upon the personal biography of one whose name certainly never excites pleasing emotions. He had kept his bed for the greater part of the time during the last few weeks of his government —partly on account of his gout, partly to avoid being seen in his humiliation, but mainly, it was said, to escape the pressing demands of his creditors.[4] He expressed a fear of travel-

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personnes à qu'il est deu argent que se tenir ainsi reserré ne soit ung commencement pour deu à peu se partir tout en ung coup sans dire adieu, manquant son credit en Anvers et ailleurs comme ilz voient qu'il faict. Ce que je ne puis croyre qu'il veuille faire, et queavec la disgrace des affaires publicques qu'il laisse en mauvais estat, il veuille ainsi engager son particulier. Nous verrons," etc., etc.

[1] Hoofd, viii. 329, 330.

[2] Bor, vi. 474. Hoofd, viii. 331. Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1283, 1284.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291.

[4] "—— il a toujours gardé le lict, soit qu'il a les gouttes, ou bien qu'il ne se veuille monstrer au monde p^r mauvais succes qu'il a eus——il laissa le lyct sans encores passer outre, plus a ce que je veois de crainte des importunitez et demandemens d'argent dont il est fort pressé."—Corresp. Charles IX. and Mondoucet. Com. Roy. l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq.

ling homeward through France, on the ground that he might very probably receive a shot out of a window as he went by. He complained pathetically that, after all his labors, he had not "gained the approbation of the King," while he had incurred "the malevolence and universal hatred of every individual in the country." Mondoucet, to whom he made the observation, was of the same opinion, and informed his master that the Duke "had engendered such an extraordinary hatred in the hearts of all persons in the land, that they would have fireworks in honor of his departure if they dared."[1]

On his journey from the Netherlands, he is said to have boasted that he had caused eighteen thousand six hundred inhabitants of the provinces to be executed during the period of his government.[2] The number of those who had perished by battle, siege, starvation, and massacre, defied computation. The Duke was well received by his royal master, and remained in favor until a new adventure of Don Frederic brought father and son into disgrace. Having deceived and abandoned a maid of honor, he suddenly espoused his cousin, in order to avoid that reparation by marriage which was demanded for his offence.[3] In consequence, both the Duke and Don Frederic were imprisoned and banished, nor was Alva released till a General of experience was required for the conquest of Portugal.[4] Thither, as it were with fetters on his legs, he went. After having accomplished the military enterprise entrusted to him, he fell into a lingering fever, at the termination of which he was so much reduced that he was only kept alive by milk, which he drank from a woman's breast.[5] Such was the gentle second childhood of the man who had almost literally been drinking blood for seventy years. He died on December 12th, 1582.[6]

The preceding pages have been written in vain, if an elaborate estimate be now required of his character. His picture

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[1] Corresp. de Charles IX. et Mondoucet. Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq.—The Duke used nearly the language which the poet, at a little later epoch, was placing in the mouth of another tyrant.

"There is no creature loves me,
And, if I die, no soul will pity me."—*King Richard III.*

[2] Bor, vi. 474. Hoofd, viii. 332. Reidani, l. i. 10. Apologie d'Orange, 88.
[3] Vie du Duc d'Albe, ii. Hoofd, 332.
[4] Vie du Duc d'Albe. Hoofd, ubi sup.
[5] Von Raumer, Gesch. Europas. iii. 170.
[6] Vie du Duc d'Albe. Hoofd, ubi sup.

has been painted, as far as possible, by his own hand. His deeds, which are not disputed, and his written words, illustrate his nature more fully than could be done by the most eloquent pen. No attempt has been made to exaggerate his crimes, or to extenuate his superior qualities. Virtues he had none, unless military excellence be deemed, as by the Romans, a virtue. In war, both as a science and a practical art, he excelled all the generals who were opposed to him in the Netherlands, and he was inferior to no commander in the world during the long and belligerent period to which his life belonged. Louis of Nassau possessed high reputation throughout Europe as a skilful and daring General. With raw volunteers he had overthrown an army of Spanish regulars, led by a Netherland chieftain of fame and experience but when Alva took the field in person the scene was totally changed. The Duke dealt him such a blow at Jemmingen as would have disheartened for ever a less indomitable champion. Never had a defeat been more absolute. The patriot army was dashed out of existence, almost to a man, and its leader, naked and beggared, though not disheartened, sent back into Germany to construct his force and his schemes anew.

Having thus flashed before the eyes of the country the full terrors of his name, and vindicated the ancient military renown of his nation, the Duke was at liberty to employ the consummate tactics, in which he could have given instruction to all the world, against his most formidable antagonist. The country, paralyzed with fear, looked anxiously but supinely upon the scientific combat between the two great champions of Despotism and Protestantism which succeeded. It was soon evident that the conflict could terminate in but one way. The Prince had considerable military abilities, and enthusiastic courage; he lost none of his well-deserved reputation by the unfortunate issue of his campaign; he measured himself in arms with the great commander of the age, and defied him, day after day, in vain, to mortal combat; but it was equally certain that the Duke's quiet game was played in the most masterly manner. His positions and his encampments were taken with faultless judgment, his skirmishes wisely and coldly kept within the prescribed control, while the inevitable dissolution of the opposing force took place exactly as he had foreseen, and within the limits which he had predicted. Nor in the disastrous commencement of the year 1572 did the Duke less signally manifest his military genius. Assailed as

he was at every point, with the soil suddenly upheaving all around him, as by an earthquake, he did not lose his firmness nor his perspicacity. Certainly, if he had not been so soon assisted by that other earthquake, which on Saint Bartholomew's Day caused all Christendom to tremble, and shattered the recent structure of Protestant Freedom in the Netherlands, it might have been worse for his reputation. With Mons safe, the Flemish frontier guarded, France faithful, and thirty thousand men under the Prince of Orange in Brabant, the heroic brothers might well believe that the Duke was "at their mercy." The treason of Charles IX. "smote them as with a club," as the Prince exclaimed in the bitterness of his spirit. Under the circumstances, his second campaign was a predestined failure, and Alva easily vanquished him by a renewed application of those dilatory arts which he so well understood.

The Duke's military fame was unquestionable when he came to the provinces, and both in stricken fields and in long campaigns, he showed how thoroughly it had been deserved; yet he left the Netherlands a baffled man. The Prince might be many times defeated, but he was not to be conquered. As Alva penetrated into the heart of the ancient Batavian land he found himself overmatched as he had never been before, even by the most potent generals of his day. More audacious, more inventive, more desperate than all the commanders of that or any other age, the spirit of national freedom, now taught the oppressor that it was invincible, except by annihilation. The same lesson had been read in the same thickets by the Nervii to Julius Caesar, by the Batavians to the legions of Vespasian; and now a loftier and a purer flame than that which inspired the national struggles against Rome glowed within the breasts of the descendants of the same people, and inspired them with the strength which comes from religious enthusiasm. More experienced, more subtle, more politic than Hermann; more devoted, more patient, more magnanimous than Civilis, and equal to either in valor and determination, William of Orange was a worthy embodiment of the Christian, national resistance of the German race to a foreign tyranny. Alva had entered the Netherlands to deal with them as with conquered provinces. He found that the conquest was still to be made, and he left the land without having accomplished it. Through the sea of blood, the Hollanders felt that they were passing to the promised land. More royal

soldiers fell during the seven months' seige of Haarlem than the rebels had lost in the defeat of Jemmingen, and in the famous campaign of Brabant. At Alkmaar the rolling waves of insolent conquest were stayed, and the tide then ebbed forever.

The accomplished soldier struggled hopelessly with the wild and passionate hatred which his tyranny had provoked. Neither his legions nor his consummate strategy availed him against an entirely desperate people. As a military commander, therefore, he gained, upon the whole, no additional laurels during his long administration of the Netherlands. Of all the other attributes to be expected in a man appointed to deal with a free country, in a state of incipient rebellion, he manifested a signal deficiency. As a financier, he exhibited a wonderful ignorance of the first principles of political economy. No man before, ever gravely proposed to establish confiscation as a permanent source of revenue to the state; yet the annual product from the escheated property of slaughtered heretics was regularly relied upon, during his administration, to replenish the King's treasury, and to support the war of extermination against the King's subjects. Nor did statesman ever before expect a vast income from the commerce of a nation devoted to almost universal massacre. During the daily decimation of the people's lives, he thought a daily decimation of their industry possible. His persecutions swept the land of those industrious classes which had made it the rich and prosperous commonwealth it had been so lately; while, at the same time, he found a "Peruvian mine," as he pretended, in the imposition of a tenth penny upon every one of its commercial transactions. He thought that a people, crippled as this had been by the operations of the Blood-Council, could pay ten per cent., not annually but daily; not upon its income, but upon its capital; not once only, but every time the value constituting the capital changed hands. He had boasted that he should require no funds from Spain, but that, on the contrary, he should make annual remittances to the royal treasury at home, from the proceeds of his imposts and confiscations; yet, notwithstanding these resources, and notwithstanding twenty-five millions of gold in five years, sent by Philip from Madrid, the exchequer of the provinces was barren and bankrupt when his successor arrived. Requesens found neither a penny in the public treasury nor the means of raising one.

As an administrator of the civil and judicial affairs of the country, Alva at once reduced its institutions to a frightful simplicity. In the place of the ancient laws of which the Netherlanders were so proud, he substituted the Blood-Council. This tribunal was even more arbitrary than the Inquisition. Never was a simpler apparatus for tyranny devised, than this great labor-saving machine. Never was so great a quantity of murder and robbery achieved with such despatch and regularity. Sentences, executions, and confiscations, to an incredible extent, were turned out daily with appalling precision. For this invention, Alva is alone responsible. The tribunal and its councillors were the work and the creatures of his hand, and faithfully did they accomplish the dark purpose of their existence. Nor can it be urged, in extenuation of the Governor's crimes, that he was but the blind and fanatically loyal slave of his sovereign. A noble nature could not have contaminated itself with such slaughter-house work, but might have sought to mitigate the royal policy, without forswearing allegiance. A nature less rigid than iron, would at least have manifested compunction, as it found itself converted into a fleshless instrument of massacre. More decided than his master, however, he seemed by his promptness to rebuke the dilatory genius of Philip. The King seemed, at times, to loiter over his work, teasing and tantalizing his appetite for vengeance, before it should be gratified. Alva, rapid and brutal, scorned such epicureanism. He strode with gigantic steps over haughty statutes and popular constitutions; crushing alike the magnates who claimed a bench of monarchs for their jury, and the ignoble artisans who could appeal only to the laws of their land. From the pompous and theatrical scaffolds of Egmont and Horn, to the nineteen halters prepared by Master Karl, to hang up the chief bakers and brewers of Brussels on their own thresholds—from the beheading of the twenty nobles on the Horse-market, in the opening of the Governor's career, to the roasting alive of Uitenhoove at its close—from the block on which fell the honored head of Antony Straalen, to the obscure chair in which the ancient gentlewoman of Amsterdam suffered death for an act of vicarious mercy—from one year's end to another's—from the most signal to the most squalid scenes of sacrifice, the eye and hand of the great master directed, without weariness, the task imposed by the sovereign.

No doubt the work of almost indiscriminate massacre had been duly mapped out. Not often in history has a governor arrived to administer the affairs of a province, where the whole population, three millions strong, had been formally sentenced to death. As time wore on, however, he even surpassed the bloody instructions which he had received. He waved aside the recommendations of the Blood-Council to mercy; he dissuaded the monarch from attempting the path of clemency, which, for secret reasons, Philip was inclined at one period to attempt. The Governor had, as he assured the King, been using gentleness in vain, and he was now determined to try what a little wholesome severity could effect. These words were written immediately after the massacre at Haarlem.

With all the bloodshed at Mons, and Naarden, and Mechlin, and by the Council of Tumults, daily, for six years long, still crying from the ground, he taxed himself with a misplaced and foolish tenderness to the people. He assured the King that when Alkmaar should be taken, he would not spare a "living soul among its whole population;" and, as his parting advice, he recommended that *every city in the Netherlands should be burned to the ground*, except a few which could be occupied permanently by the royal troops.[1] On the whole, so finished a picture of a perfect and absolute tyranny has rarely been presented to mankind by history, as in Alva's administration of the Netherlands.

The tens of thousands in those miserable provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted; for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. Enough, however, is known, and enough has been recited in the preceding pages. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow-creatures to suffer, was omitted from daily practice. Men, women and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake.[2] Men were tortured, be-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1276.

[2] "——plonderen, roven et ruiten, verjagen en verwoesten, in't vangen en spannen, in 't bannen, verdrijven en goederen confisqueren, ja in 't branden en blanken, hangen, koppen, hacken, racybraken met afgrijselijke tormenten pijnigen en vermooden de ondersaten, so wel edele als ondele, arme als rijke, jonk als oud, weduwen en weesen, mannen, vrouwen en maegden."—Sendbrief in forme von Supplicatie, etc., in Bor, vi. 467.

headed, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved, and flayed alive. Their skins stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums, to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows.[1] The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury.[2] Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of government, that rich heiresses might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred.[3] Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their unmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile.[4] Such was the regular course of affairs as administered by the Blood-Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities, are almost beyond belief; unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise.[5] Such was the administration, of which Vargas affirmed, at its close, that too much mercy, "*nimia misericordia*," had been its ruin.[6]

Even Philip, inspired by secret views, became wearied of the Governor, who, at an early period, had already given offence by his arrogance. To commemorate his victories, the Viceroy had erected a colossal statute, not to his monarch, but to himself. To proclaim the royal pardon, he had seated himself upon a golden throne. Such insolent airs could be ill forgiven by the absolute King. Too cautious to provoke an open rupture, he allowed the Governor, after he had done all his work, and more than all his work, to retire without disgrace, but without a triumph. For the sins of that administration, master and servant are in equal measure responsible.

The character of the Duke of Alva, so far as the Netherlands are concerned, seems almost like a caricature. As a creation of fiction, it would seem grotesque: yet even that hardy, historical scepticism, which delights in reversing the judg-

[1] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi. 467. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid. [6] Meteren, iv. 86.

ment of centuries, and in re-establishing reputations long since degraded to the dust, must find it difficult to alter this man's position. No historical decision is final; an appeal to a more remote posterity, founded upon more accurate evidence, is always valid; but when the verdict has been pronounced upon facts which are undisputed, and upon testimony from the criminal's lips, there is little chance of a reversal of the sentence.[1] It is an affectation of philosophical candor to extenuate vices which are not only avowed, but claimed as virtues.

[1] The time is past when it could be said that the cruelty of Alva, or the enormities of his administration, have been exaggerated by party violence. Human invention is incapable of outstripping the truth upon this subject. To attempt the defence of either the man or his measures at the present day is to convict oneself of an amount of ignorance or of bigotry against which history and argument are alike powerless. The publication of the Duke's letters in the correspondence of Simancas and in the Besançon papers, together with that compact mass of horror, long before the world under the title of "Sententien van Alva," in which a portion only of the sentences of death and banishment pronounced by him during his reign, have been copied from the official records —those in themselves would be a sufficient justification of all the charges ever brought by the most bitter contemporary of Holland or Flanders. If the investigator should remain sceptical, however, let him examine the "Registre des Condamnés et Bannis à Cause des Troubles des Pays Bas," in three, together with the Records of the "Conseil des Troubles," in forty-three folio volumes, in the Royal Archives at Brussels. After going through all these chronicles of iniquity, the most determined historic doubter will probably throw up the case.

NOTE.

As specimens of the songs made by the people while Alva was making their laws, the author ventures the following translations of popular ballads. The originals may be found, the one in the collection of Ernst Münch; Niederlandsches Museum, I., 125, 126: the other in Van Vloten's excellent republication of Netherland Historical Songs.—Nederlandsche Geschiedzangen, i., 393. Professor Altmeyer has also quoted them in his "Succursale du Tribunal de Sang."

"Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne;
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom does:
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne,
Vive le geus! is nu de loes.

"De Spaensche Inquisitie, voor Godt malitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie, als draecx bloet fel;
De Spaensche Inquisitie ghevoelt punitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie ontvaelt haer spel.

"Vive le geus! wilt christenlyk leven,
Vive le geus! houdt fraeye moet:
Vive le geus! Godt behoedt voor sneven,
Vive le geus! edel christen bloedt."

TRANSLATION.

Beat the drum gaily, rub a dow, rub a dub;
Beat the drum gaily, rub a dub, rub a dow;
Beat the drum gaily, rub a dow, rub a dub;—
Long live the Beggars! is the watchword now.

The Spanish Inquisition, without intermission—
The Spanish Inquisition has drunk our blood;
The Spanish Inquisition, may God's malediction
Blast the Spanish Inquisition and all her brood.

Long live the Beggars! wilt thou Christ's word cherish—
Long live the Beggars! be bold of heart and hand;
Long live the Beggars! God will not see thee perish;
Long live the Beggars! oh noble Christian band.

"De Paus en Papisten, Gods handt doet beven,
De Paus en Papisten zyn t' eynden haer raet:
De Paus en Papisten wreet boven schreven,
Ghy Paus en Papisten, soet nu oflaet.

"'T swaert is getrokken, certeyn godts wraec naect,
'T swaert is getrokken, daer Joannes a schryft;
'T swaert is getrokken, dat Apocalypsis maect, naect,
'T swaert is getrokken, ghy wert nu ontlyft.

"'T onschuldig bloet dat ghy heft vergoten,
'T onschuldig bloet royt over u wraeck;
'T onschuldig bloet te storten heeft u niet verdroten,
'T onschuldig bloet dat dronct ghy met den draeck.

"U vleisschen arm, daer ghy op betroude,
U vleisschen arm beschwyckt u nu;
U vleisschen arm die u huys houde,
U vleisschen arm, wyckt van u schoon."

Ernst Münch, Niederlandsches Museum, i. 125, 126.

## TRANSLATION.

The Pope and Papists are shivering and shaking;
The Pope and Papists are at their wits' ends;
The Pope and Papists at God's right hand are quaking;—
Pope and Papists, find absolution now, my friends!

The sword is drawn now, God's wakened vengeance lowers;
The sword is drawn now, the Apocalypse unrolled;
The sword is drawn now, God's sword and wrath are ours;
The sword is drawn now which Apostle John foretold.

The innocent blood which ye've caused to flow like water;
The innocent blood which your wicked hands hath stained;
The innocent blood cries out for blood and slaughter;—
That innocent blood which, like dragons fell, ye drained.

Your fleshly arm is withering and shrinking—
Your fleshly arm which ye trusted fierce and bold;
Your fleshly arm and the house it built are sinking;
Your fleshly arm now is marrowless and cold.

The bitter blasphemy of the following is but a faint expression of the hatred which the tyranny of Alva had excited in the popular heart. It is called the Ghent Paternoster (Gentsch Vaderonze), and is addressed to the Duke of Alva.

GENTSCH VADERONZE.

"Helsche duvel, die tot Brussel syt,
Uwen naem ende faem sy vermaledyt,
U ryck vergae sonder respyt,
Want heeft gedruyrt te langen tyd.
Uwen willen sal sal nict gewerden,
Noch in hemel noch op erden:
Ghy beneempt ons huyden ons dagelicx broot,
Wyff ende knyderen hebben 't groote noot:
Ghy en vergeeft niemant syn schult,
Want ghy met haet ende nyt syt vervult:
Ghy en laet niemant ongetempteert,
Alle dese landen ghy perturbeert.
O hemelschen vader, die in den hemmel syt,
Maeckt ons desen helschen duvel quyt,
Met synen bloedigen, vals chen raet,
Daer hy meede handelt alle quaet,
En syn spaens chrychsvolk allegaer,
'T welck leeft of sy des duvels waer. Amen!"

Van Vloten, Nederlandsche Geschiedzangen, i. 393.

TRANSLATION.

Our devil, who dost in Brussels dwell,
Curst be thy name in earth and hell:
Thy kingdom speedily pass away,
Which hath blasted and blighted us many a day;
Thy will nevermore be done,
In heaven above nor under the sun;
Thou takest daily our daily bread;
Our wives and children lie starving or dead.
No man's trespasses thou forgivest;
Revenge is the food on which thou livest.
Thou leadest all men into temptation;
Unto evil thou hast delivered this nation.
Our Father, in heaven which art,
Grant that this hellish devil may soon depart—
And with him his Council false and bloody,
Who make murder and rapine their daily study—
And all his savage war-dogs of Spain,
Oh send them back to the Devil, their father, again. Amen.

# PART IV.

# ADMINISTRATION OF THE GRAND COMMANDER.

# 1573—1576.

# CHAPTER I.

## MISERY OF MOOK-HEATH.

Previous career of Requesens—Philip's passion for detail—Apparent and real purposes of government—Universal desire for peace—Correspondence of leading royalists with Orange—Bankruptcy of the exchequer at Alva's departure—Expensive nature of the war—Pretence of mildness on the part of the Commander—His private views—Distress of Mondragon at Middleburg—Crippled condition of Holland—Orange's secret negotiations with France—St. Aldegonde's views in captivity—Expedition to relieve Middleburg—Counter preparations of Orange—Defeat of the expedition—Capitulation of Mondragon—Plans of Orange and his brothers—An army under Count Louis crosses the Rhine—Measures taken by Requesens—Manœuvres of Avila and of Louis—The two armies in face at Mook—Battle of Mook-heath—Overthrow and death of Count Louis—The phantom battle—Character of Louis of Nassau—Painful uncertainty as to his fate—Periodical mutinies of the Spanish troops characterized—Mutiny after the battle of Mook—Antwerp attacked and occupied—Insolent and oppressive conduct of the mutineers—Offers of Requesens refused—Mutiny in the citadel—Exploits of Salvatierra—Terms of composition—Soldiers' feast on the mere—Successful expedition of Admiral Boisot.

The horrors of Alva's administration had caused men to look back with fondness upon the milder and more vacillating tyranny of the Duchess Margaret. From the same cause the advent of the Grand Commander was hailed with pleasure[1] and with a momentary gleam of hope. At any rate, it was a relief that the man in whom an almost impossible perfection of cruelty seemed embodied was at last to be withdrawn. It was certain that his successor, however ambitious of following in Alva's footsteps, would never be able to rival the intensity and the unswerving directness of purpose which it had been permitted to the Duke's nature to attain. The new Governor-General was, doubtless, human, and it had been long since the Netherlands imagined anything in common between themselves and the late Viceroy.

Apart from this hope, however, there was little encouragement to be derived from anything positively known of the new functionary, or the policy which he was to represent.

[1] Bor, vii. 477.

Don Luis de Requesens and Cuñiga, Grand Commander of Castile and late Governor of Milan, was a man of mediocre abilities, who possesed a reputation for moderation and sagacity which he hardly deserved. His military prowess had been chiefly displayed in the bloody and barren battle of Lepanto, where his conduct and counsel were supposed to have contributed, in some measure, to the victorious result.[1] His administration at Milan had been characterized as firm and moderate.[2] Nevertheless, his character was regarded with anything but favorable eyes in the Netherlands. Men told each other of his broken faith to the Moors in Granada, and of his unpopularity in Milan, where, notwithstanding his boasted moderation, he had, in reality, so oppressed the people as to gain their deadly hatred. They complained, too, that it was an insult to send, as Governor-General of the provinces, not a prince of the blood, as used to be the case, but a simple "gentleman of cloak and sword."[3]

Any person, however, who represented the royal authority in the provinces was under historical disadvantage. He was literally no more than an actor, hardly even that. It was Philip's policy and pride to direct all the machinery of his extensive empire, and to pull every string himself. His puppets, however magnificently attired, moved only in obedience to his impulse, and spoke no syllable but with his voice. Upon the table in his cabinet was arranged all the business of his various realms, even to the most minute particulars.[4] Plans, petty or vast, affecting the interests of empires and ages, or bounded within the narrow limits of trivial and evanescent detail, encumbered his memory and consumed his time. His ambition to do all the work of his kingdoms was aided by an inconceivable greediness for labor. He loved the routine of business, as some monarchs have loved war, as others have loved pleasure. The object, alike paltry and impossible, of this ambition, bespoke the narrow mind. His estates were

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[1] Strada, viii. 405–407. Mendoza, x. 222, 223.

[2] Ibid. Groen v. Prinsterer, iv. 259, 260.

[3] Correspond. de Mondoucet et Charles IX. Com. Roy. d'Hist. iv. 340, seq.

[4] Letter of Saint Goard to Charles IX., in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 330, 331.—"Se reservant," said the French envoy, "toutes choses, qui le rend extrément chargé et travaillé et tient ung procédé qu'il respond et veoit toutes les affaires et les départ toutes où elles se doibvent respondre *où elles demeuvent le plus souvent immortelles*, où qu'elles soient, ou de grande ou de peu de conséquence de manière qu'il n'en vient rien mieulx, et sur ca les malintentionnés luy forgent infinies doubtes et soubçons."

See also Letter of Saint Goard to Charles IX., Madrid, 17th December, 1573, in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 27*, et seq.

regarded by him as private property; measures affecting the temporal and eternal interests of millions were regarded as domestic affairs, and the eye of the master was considered the only one which could duly superintend these estates and those interests. Much incapacity to govern was revealed in this inordinate passion to administer. His mind, constantly fatigued by petty labors, was never enabled to survey his wide domains from the height of majesty.

In Alva, certainly, he had employed an unquestionable reality; but Alva, by a fortunate coincidence of character, had seemed his second self. He was now gone, however, and although the royal purpose had not altered, the royal circumstances were changed. The moment had arrived when it was thought that the mask and cothurn might again be assumed with effect; when a grave and conventional personage might decorously make his appearance to perform an interlude of clemency and moderation with satisfactory results. Accordingly, the Great Commander, heralded by rumors of amnesty, was commissioned to assume the government which Alva had been permitted to resign.

It had been industriously circulated that a change of policy was intended. It was even supposed by the more sanguine that the Duke had retired in disgrace. A show of coldness was manifested towards him on his return by the King, while Vargas, who had accommpanied the Governor, was peremptorily forbidden to appear within five leagues of the court.[1] The more discerning, however, perceived much affectation in this apparent displeasure. Saint Goard, the keen observer of Philip's moods and measures, wrote to his sovereign that he had narrowly observed the countenances of both Philip and Alva; that he had informed himself as thoroughly as possible with regard to the course of policy intended; that he had arrived at the conclusion that the royal chagrin was but dissimulation, intended to dispose the Netherlanders to thoughts of an impossible peace, and that he considered the present merely a breathing time, in which still more active preparations might be made for crushing the rebellion.[2] It was now evident to the world that the revolt had reached a stage in which it could be terminated only by absolute conquest or concession.

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[1] Letter of Saint Goard to Charles IX., 4th of April, 1574, Archives, etc., iv. 361.

[2] Letter of St. Goard, Archives, etc., iv. 361.

To conquer the people of the provinces, except by extermination, seemed difficult—to judge by the seven years of execution, sieges and campaigns, which had now passed without a definite result. It was, therefore, thought expedient to employ concession. The new Governor accordingly, in case the Netherlanders would abandon every object for which they had been so heroically contending, was empowered to concede a pardon. It was expressly enjoined upon him, however, that no conciliatory measures should be adopted in which the King's absolute supremacy, and the total prohibition of every form of worship but the Roman Catholic, were not assumed as a basis.[1] Now, as the people had been contending at least ten years long for constitutional rights against prerogative, and at least seven for liberty of conscience against papistry, it was easy to foretell how much effect any negotiations thus commenced were likely to produce.

Yet, no doubt, in the Nethelands there was a most earnest longing for peace. The Catholic portion of the population were desirous of a reconciliation with their brethren of the new religion. The universal vengeance which had descended upon heresy had not struck the heretics only. It was difficult to find a fireside, Protestant or Catholic, which had not been made desolate by execution, banishment, or confiscation. The common people and the grand seigneurs were alike weary of the war. Not only Aerschot and Viglius, but Noircarmes and Berlaymont, were desirous that peace should be at last compassed upon liberal terms, and the Prince of Orange fully and unconditionally pardoned.[2] Even the Spanish commanders had become disgusted with the monotonous butchery which had stained their swords. Julian Romero, the fierce and unscrupulous soldier upon whose head rested the guilt of the Naarden massacre, addressed several letters to William of Orange, full of courtesy and good wishes for a speedy termination of the war, and for an entire reconciliation of the Prince and his sovereign.[3] Noircarmes also opened a correspondence with the great leader of the revolt, and offered to do all in his power to restore peace and prosperity to the country. The Prince answered the courtesy of the Spaniard with

[1] Letter of Philip II. to Requesens, 30th March, 1574. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 395.

[2] Letter of Requesens to Philip II. Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293.

[3] Gachard de Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 81–87.

equal, but barren, courtesy; for it was obvious that no definite result could be derived from such informal negotiations. To Noircarmes he responded in terms of gentle but grave rebuke,[1] expressing deep regret that a Netherland noble of such eminence, with so many others of rank and authority, should so long have supported the King in his tyranny. He, however, expressed his satisfaction that their eyes, however late, had opened to the enormous iniquity which had been practiced in the country, and he accepted the offers of friendship as frankly as they had been made. Not long afterwards, the Prince furnished his correspondent with a proof of his sincerity, by forwarding to him two letters which had been intercepted,[2] from certain agents of government to Alva, in which Noircarmes and others who had so long supported the King against their own country, were spoken of in terms of menace and distrust. The Prince accordingly warned his new correspondent that, in spite of all the proofs of uncompromising loyalty which he had exhibited, he was yet moving upon a dark and slippery pathway, and might even like Egmont and Horn, find a scaffold as the end and the reward of his career. So profound was that abyss of dissimulation which constituted the royal policy towards the Netherlands, that the most unscrupulous partisans of government could only see doubt and danger with regard to their future destiny, and were sometimes only saved by an opportune death from disgrace and the hangman's hands.

Such, then, was the sentiments of many eminent personages, even among the most devoted loyalists. All longed for peace; many even definitely expected it, upon the arrival of the Great Commander. Moreover, that functionary discovered, at his first glance into the disorderly state of the exchequer, that at least a short respite was desirable before proceeding with the interminable measures of hostility against the rebellion. If any man had been ever disposed to give Alva credit for administrative ability, such delusion must have vanished at the spectacle of confusion and bankruptcy which presented itself at the termination of his government. He resolutely declined to give his successor any information whatever as to his financial position.[3] So far from furnishing

[1] See the Correspondence in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 301, 302.

[2] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 94, et seq.

[3] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., in Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1285.

a detailed statement, such as might naturally be expected upon so momentous an occasion, he informed the Grand Commander that even a sketch was entirely out of the question, and would require more time and labor that he could then afford.[1] He took his departure, accordingly, leaving Requesens in profound ignorance as to his past accounts; an ignorance in which it is probable that the Duke himself shared to the fullest extent. His enemies stoutly maintained that however loosely his accounts had been kept, he had been very careful to make no mistakes against himself, and that he had retired full of wealth, if not of honor, from his long and terrible administration.[2] His own letters, on the contrary, accused the King of ingratitude, in permitting an old soldier to ruin himself, not only in health but in fortune, for want of proper recompense during an arduous administration.[3] At any rate it is very certain that the rebellion had already been an expensive matter to the Crown. The army of the Netherlands numbered more than sixty-two thousand men, eight thousand being Spaniards, the rest Walloons and Germans. Forty millions of dollars had already been sunk,[4] and it seemed probable that it would require nearly the whole annual produce of the American mines to sustain the war. The transatlantic gold and silver, disinterred from the depths where they had been buried for ages, were employed, not to expand the current of healthy, life-giving commerce, but to be melted into blood. The sweat and the tortures of the King's pagan subjects in the primeval forests of the New World, were made subsidiary to the extermination of his Netherland people, and the destruction of an ancient civilization. To this end had Columbus discovered a hemisphere for Castile and Aragon, and the new Indies revealed their hidden treasures?

Forty millions of ducats had been spent. Six and a half millions of arrearages[5] were due to the army, while its current expenses were six hundred thousand a month.[6] The military expenses alone of the Netherlands were accordingly more than seven millions of dollars yearly, and the mines of the New World produced, during the half century of Philip's reign, an

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[1] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., in Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1285.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 334.

[3] Letter of Requesens. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 1288.

[4] Meteren, v. 103.

[5] Letter of Requescens to Philip II. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1294.

[6] Ibid.

average of only eleven.[1] Against this constantly increasing deficit, there was not a stiver in the exchequer, nor the means of raising one.[2] The tenth penny had been long virtually extinct, and was soon to be formally abolished. Confiscation had ceased to afford a permanent revenue, and the estates obstinately refused to grant a dollar. Such was the condition to which the unrelenting tyranny and the financial experiments of Alva had reduced the country.

It was, therefore, obvious to Requesens that it would be useful at the moment to hold out hopes of pardon and reconciliation. He saw, what he had not at first comprehended, and what few bigoted supporters of absolutism in any age have ever comprehended, that national enthusiasm, when profound and general, makes a rebellion more expensive to the despot than to the insurgents. "Before my arrival," wrote the Grand Commander to his sovereign, "I did not understand how the rebels could maintain such considerable fleets, while your Majesty could not support a single one. It appears, however, that men who are fighting for their lives, their firesides, their property, and their false religion, for their own cause, in short, are contented to receive rations only, without receiving pay."[3] The moral which the new Governor drew from his correct diagnosis of the prevailing disorder was, not that this national enthusiasm should be respected, but that it should be deceived. He deceived no one but himself, however. He censured Noircarmes and Romero for their intermeddling, but held out hopes of a general pacification.[4] He repudiated the idea of any reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Orange, but proposed at the same time a settlement of the revolt.[5] He had not yet learned that the revolt and William of Orange were one. Although the Prince himself had repeatedly offered to withdraw for ever from the country, if his absence would expedite a settlement satisfactory to the provinces,[6] there was not a patriot in the Netherlands who could contemplate his departure without despair. Moreover, they all knew better than did Requesens, the inevitable result of the pacific measures which had been daily foreshadowed.

The appointment of the Grand Commander was in truth

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[1] "Humboldt. Essai sur la Nouvelle Espagne, iii. 428 (ed. 2nd).
[2] Letter of Requesens. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1285.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291.
[4] Ibid., ii. 1293.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Correspondance de Guillaume le Taeit., 394–400.

a desperate attempt to deceive the Netherlanders. He approved distinctly and heartily of Alva's policy,[1] but wrote to the King that it would be desirable to amuse the people with the idea of another and a milder scheme. He affected to believe, and perhaps really did believe, that the nation would accept the destruction of all their institutions, provided that penitent heretics were allowed to be reconciled to the Mother Church, and obstinate ones permitted to go into perpetual exile, taking with them a small portion of their worldly goods. For being willing to make this last and almost incredible concession, he begged pardon sincerely of the King. If censurable, he ought not, he thought, to be too severely blamed, for his loyalty was known. The world was aware how often he had risked his life for his Majesty, and how gladly and how many more times he was ready to risk it in future. In his opinion, religion had, after all, but very little to do with the troubles, and so he confidentially informed his sovereign. Egmont and Horn had died Catholics, the people did not rise to assist the Prince's invasion in 1568, and the new religion was only a lever by which a few artful demagogues had attempted to overthrow the King's authority.[2]

Such views as these revealed the measures of the new Governor's capacity. The people had really refused to rise in 1568, not because they were without sympathy for Orange, but because they were paralyzed by their fear of Alva. Since those days, however, the new religion had increased and multiplied everywhere, in the blood which had rained upon it. It was now difficult to find a Catholic in Holland and Zeeland, who was not a government agent.[3] The Prince had been a moderate Catholic, in the opening scenes of the rebellion, while he came forward as the champion of liberty for all forms of Christianity. He had now become a convert to the new religion, without receding an inch from his position in favor of universal toleration. The new religion was, therefore, not an instrument devised by a faction, but had expanded into the atmosphere of the people's daily life. Individuals might be executed for claiming to breathe it, but it was itself impalpable to the attacks of despotism. Yet the Grand Commander persuaded himself that religion had little or nothing

[1] Letter of Requesens. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291.—"A mi parecer ha tenido mucha razon," etc., etc.

[2] Letter of Requesens. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293.

[3] Letter of Prince of Orange, 28th September, 1574, in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 73.

to do with the state of the Netherlands. Nothing more was necessary, he thought, or affected to think, in order to restore tranquillity, than once more to spread the net of a general amnesty.

The Duke of Alva knew better. That functionary, with whom, before his departure from the provinces, Requesens had been commanded to confer, distinctly stated his opinion that there was no use of talking about pardon. Brutally, but candidly, he maintained that there was nothing to be done but to continue the process of extermination. It was necessary, he said, to reduce the country to a dead level of unresisting misery, before an act of oblivion could be securely laid down as the foundation of a new and permanent order of society.[1] He had already given his advice to his Majesty, that every town in the country should be burned to the ground, except those which could be permanently occupied by the royal troops. The King, however, in his access of clemency at the appointment of a new administration, instructed the Grand Commander *not to resort to this measure unless it should become strictly necessary.*[2] Such was the opposite opinions of the old and new governors with regard to the pardon. The learned Viglius sided with Alva, although manifestly against his will. "It is both the Duke's opinion and my own," wrote the Commander, "that Viglius does not dare to express his real opinion, and that he is secretly desirous of an arrangement with the rebels."[3] With a good deal of inconsistency, the Governor was offended, not only with those who opposed his plans, but with those who favored them. He was angry with Viglius, who, at least nominally, disapproved of the pardon, and with Noircarmes, Aerschot, and others, who manifested a wish for a pacification. Of the chief characteristic ascribed to the people by Julius Caesar, namely, that they forgot neither favors nor injuries, the second half only, in the Grand Commander's opinion, had been retained. Not only did they never forget injuries, but their memory, said he, was so good, that they recollected many which they had never received.[4]

On the whole, however, in the embarrassed condition of affairs, and while waiting for further supplies, the Commander was secretly disposed to try the effect of a pardon. The object was to deceive the people and to gain time; for there was no intention of conceding liberty of conscience, of withdraw-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293. [2] Ibid., ii. 1287.
[3] Ibid., ii. 1293. [4] Ibid., ii. 1291, and p. 443, note.

ing foreign troops, or of assembling the states-general. It was, however, not possible to apply these hypocritical measures of conciliation immediately. The war was in full career and could not be arrested even in that wintry season. The patriots held Mondragon closely besieged in Middelburg,[1] the last point in the Isle of Walcheren which held for the King. There was a considerable treasure in money and merchandise shut up in that city; and, moreover, so deserving and distinguished an officer as Mondragon could not be abandoned to his fate. At the same time, famine was pressing him sorely, and, by the end of the year, garrison and townspeople had nothing but rats, mice, dogs, cats, and such repulsive substitutes for food, to support life withal.[2] It was necessary to take immediate measures to relieve the place.

On the other hand, the situation of the patriots was not very encouraging. Their superiority on the sea was unquestionable, for the Hollanders and Zeelanders were the best sailors in the world, and they asked of their country no payment for their blood, but thanks. The land forces, however, were usually mercenaries, who were apt to mutiny at the commencement of an action if, as was too often the case, their wages could not be paid. Holland was entirely cut in twain by the loss of Haarlem and the leaguer of Leyden, no communication between the dissevered portions being possible, except with difficulty and danger.[3] The estates, although they had done much for the cause, and were prepared to do much more, were too apt to wrangle about economical details. They irritated the Prince of Orange by huckstering about subsidies to a degree which his proud and generous nature could hardly brook.[4] He had strong hopes from France. Louis of Nassau had held secret interviews with the Duke of Alençon and the Duke of Anjou, now King of Poland, at Blamont.[5] Alençon had assured him secretly, affectionately, and warmly, that he would be as sincere a friend to the cause as were his two royal brothers. The Count had even received one hundred thousand livres in hand, as an earnest of the favorable intentions of France,[6] and was now busily engaged, at the in-

[1] Bor, vii. 479. Meteren, v. 88.
[2] Letter of De la Klunder in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 307, 308.
[3] Bor, vii. 478.
[4] Bor, vii. Kluit, Hist. Holl. Staatsreg., vi., Hoofdst, and Bijlage, i. 401–415.
[5] Groen v. Prinst., iv. 263–278. De Thou, t. vii. liv. vii 28–37. Hoofd, ix. 343, 344.
[6] Archives et Correspondance, iv. 281.

stance of the Prince, in levying an army in Germany for the relief of Leyden and the rest of Holland, while William, on his part, was omitting nothing, whether by representations to the estates or by secret foreign missions and correspondence, to further the cause of the suffering country.[1]

At the same time, the Prince dreaded the effect of the promised pardon. He had reason to be distrustful of the general temper of the nation when a man like Saint Aldegonde, the enlightened patriot and his own tried friend, was influenced, by the discouraging and dangerous position in which he found himself, to abandon the high ground upon which they had both so long and so firmly stood. Saint Aldegonde had been held a strict prisoner since his capture at Maeslandsluis, at the close of Alva's administration.[2] It was, no doubt, a predicament attended with much keen suffering and positive danger. It had hitherto been the uniform policy of the government to kill all prisoners, of whatever rank. Accordingly, some had been drowned, some had been hanged, some beheaded, some poisoned in their dungeons—all had been murdered. This had been Alva's course. The Grand Commander also highly approved of the system,[3] but the capture of Count Bossu by the patriots had necessitated a suspension of such rigor.[4] It was certain that Bossu's head would fall as soon as Saint Aldegonde's, the Prince having expressly warned the government of this inevitable result.[5] Notwithstanding that security, however, for his eventual restoration to liberty, a Netherland rebel in a Spanish prison could hardly feel himself at ease. There were so many foot-marks into the cave and not a single one coming forth. Yet it was not singular, however, that the Prince should read with regret the somewhat insincere casuistry with which Saint Aldegonde sought to persuade himself and his fellow-countrymen that a reconciliation with the monarch was desirable, even upon unworthy terms. He was somewhat shocked that so valiant and eloquent a supporter of the Reformation should coolly express his opinion that the King would probably refuse liberty of conscience to the Netherlanders, but would, no doubt, permit heretics to go into banishment. "Perhaps, after we have gone into exile," added Saint Aldegonde, almost with

[1] Bor, viii. 479, 488, 490. Hoofd, ix. 334, 344.
[2] Bor, vii. 481, 482. Archives et Correspondance, iv. 237.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291, 445.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Bor, vii, 482.

baseness, "God may give us an opportunity of doing such good service to the King, that he will lend us a more favorable ear, and, peradventure, permit our return to the country."[1]

Certainly, such language was not becoming the pen which wrote the famous Compromise. The Prince himself was, however, not to be induced, even by the captivity and the remonstrances of so valued a friend, to swerve from the path of duty. He still maintained, in public and private, that the withdrawal of foreign troops from the provinces, the restoration of the old constitutional privileges, and the entire freedom of conscience in religious matters, were the indispensable conditions of any pacification. It was plain to him that the Spaniards were not ready to grant these conditions; but he felt confident that he should accomplish the release of Saint Aldegonde without condescending to an ignominious peace.

The most pressing matter, upon the Great Commander's arrival, was obviously to relieve the city of Middleburg. Mondragon, after so stanch a defence, would soon be obliged to capitulate, unless he should promptly receive supplies. Requesens, accordingly, collected seventy-five ships at Bergen op Zoom, which were placed nominally under the command of Admiral de Glimes, but in reality under that of Julian Romero. Another fleet of thirty vessels had been assembled at Antwerp under Sancho d'Avila. Both, amply freighted with provisions, were destined to make their way to Middelburg by the two different passages of the Honde and the Eastern Scheld.[2] On the other hand, the Prince of Orange had repaired to Flushing to superintend the operations of Admiral Boisot, who already, in obedience to his orders, had got a powerful squadron in readiness at that place. Late in January, 1574, d'Avila arrived in the neighborhood of Flushing, where he awaited the arrival of Romero's fleet. United, the two Commanders were to make a determined attempt to reinforce the starving city of Middelburg.[3] At the same time, Governor Requesens made his appearance in person at Bergen op Zoom to expedite the departure of the stronger fleet,[4] but it was not the intention of the Prince of Orange to allow this expedition to save the city. The Spanish gen-

[1] See the Letter of Ste. Aldegonde, in Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 78, et seq.

[2] Bor, vii. 479. Hoofd, ix. 335. Meteren, v. 88.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[4] Mendoza, ix. 225. Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

erals, however valiant, were to learn that their genius was not amphibious, and that the Beggars of the Sea were still invincible on their own element, even if their brethren of the land had occasionally quailed.

Admiral Boisot's fleet had already moved up the Scheld and taken a position nearly opposite to Bergen op Zoom.[1] On January 20th the Prince of Orange, embarking from Zierick Zee, came to make them a visit before the impending action. His galley, conspicuous for its elegant decorations, was exposed for some time to the artillery of the fort, but providentially escaped unharmed. He assembled all the officers of his armada, and, in brief but eloquent language, reminded them how necessary it was to the salvation of the whole country that they should prevent the city of Middelburg—the key to the whole of Zeeland, already upon the point of falling into the hands of the patriots—from being now wrested from their grasp. On the sea, at least, the Hollanders and Zeelanders were at home. The officers and men, with one accord, rent the air with their cheers. They swore that they would shed every drop of blood in their veins but they would sustain the Prince and the country; and they solemnly vowed not only to serve, if necessary, without wages, but to sacrifice all that they possessed in the world rather than abandon the cause of their fatherland.[2] Having by his presence and his language aroused their valor to so high a pitch of enthusiasm, the Prince departed for Delft, to make arrangements to drive the Spaniards from the siege of Leyden.[3]

On January 29th, the fleet of Romero sailed from Bergen, disposed in three divisions, each numbering twenty-five vessels of different sizes. As the Grand Commander stood on the dyke of Schakerloo to witness the departure, a general salute was fired by the fleet in his honor, but with most unfortunate augury. The discharge, by some accident, set fire to the magazines of one of the ships, which blew up with a terrible explosion, every soul on board perishing. The expedition, nevertheless, continued its way. Opposite Romerswael, the fleet of Boisot awaited them, drawn up in battle

[1] Bor, vii. 479.

[2] Letter of Dé la Klunder in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 307.—"Tellement encouragea les soldats que tous d'une même voix respondirent qu'ils étoient prets d'assister à son Exc. jusques a la dernière goutte de leur sang, et que plus tot que d'abandonner la cause, aymeroient mieulx de servir un an sans recevoir maille, voire à enchanger tout ce qu'ils ont en ce monde."

[3] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 247, et seq.

array.[1] As an indication of the spirit which animated this hardy race, it may be mentioned that Schot, captain of the flagship, had been left on shore, dying of a pestilential fever. Admiral Boisot had appointed a Flushinger, Klaaf Klaafzoon, in his place. Just before the action, however, Schot, "scarcely able to blow a feather from his mouth," staggered on board his ship, and claimed the command.[2] There was no disputing a precedency which he had risen from his death-bed to vindicate. There was, however, a short discussion, as the enemy's fleet approached, between these rival captains regarding the manner in which the Spaniards should be received. Klaafzoon was of opinion that most of the men should go below till after the enemy's first discharge. Schot insisted that all should remain on deck, ready to grapple with the Spanish fleet, and to board them without the least delay. The sentiment of Schot prevailed, and all hands stood on deck, ready with boarding-pikes and grappling-irons.[3]

The first division of Romero came nearer, and delivered its first broadside, when Schot and Klaafzoon both fell mortally wounded. Admiral Boisot lost an eye,[4] and many officers and sailors in the other vessels were killed or wounded. This was, however, the first and last of the cannonading. As many of Romero's vessels as could be grappled with in the narrow estuary found themselves locked in close embrace with their enemies. A murderous hand-to-hand conflict succeeded. Battle-axe, boarding-pike, pistol, and dagger were the weapons. Every man who yielded himself a prisoner was instantly stabbed and tossed into the sea by the remorseless Zeelanders. Fighting only to kill, and not to plunder, they did not even stop to take the gold chains which many Spaniards wore on their necks. It had, however, been obvious from the beginning that the Spanish fleet were not likely to achieve that triumph over the patriots which was necessary before they could relieve Middelburg. The battle continued a little longer; but after fifteen ships had been taken and twelve hundred royalists slain, the remainder of the enemy's fleet retreated into Bergen.[5] Romero himself, whose ship had grounded, sprang out of a port-hole and swam ashore, fol-

[1] Hoofd, ix. 336. Bor, vii. 479. Mendoza, xi. 225. Meteren, v. 89.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 336.—"Zoo haast als hy een veder vanden mondt blaazen kan quam met noch ungenesen lichaam weeder t'scheep."

[3] Hoofd, ubi sup.

[4] Ibid. Bor, vii. 479.

[5] Meteren, v. 89. Hoofd, ix. 336. Bor, vii. 479. Mendoza, xi. 226, 227.

lowed by such of his men as were able to imitate him. He landed at the very feet of the Grand Commander, who, wet and cold, had been standing all day upon the dyke of Schakerloo, in the midst of a pouring rain, only to witness the total defeat of his armada at last.[1] "I told your Excellency," said Romero, coolly, as he climbed, all dripping, on the bank, "that I was a land-fighter and not a sailor. If you were to give me the command of a hundred fleets, I believe that none of them would fare better than this has done."[2] The Governor and his discomfited, but philosophical lieutenant, then returned to Bergen, and thence to Brussels, acknowledging that the city of Middelburg must fall, while Sancho d'Avila, hearing of the disaster which had befallen his countrymen, brought his fleet, with the greatest expedition, back to Antwerp. Thus the gallant Mondragon was abandoned to his fate.[3]

That fate could no longer be protracted. The city of Middelburg had reached and passed the starvation point. Still Mondragon was determined not to yield at discretion, although very willing to capitulate. The Prince of Orange, after the victory of Bergen, was desirous of an unconditional surrender, believing it to be his right, and knowing that he could not be supposed capable of practising upon Middleburg the vengeance which had been wreaked on Naarden, Zutfen, and Haarlem. Mondragon, however, swore that he would set fire to the city in twenty places, and perish with every soldier and burgher in the flames together, rather than abandon himself to the enemy's mercy.[4] The Prince knew that the brave Spaniard was entirely capable of executing his threat. He granted honorable conditions, which, on February 18th, were drawn up in five articles, and signed.[5] It was agreed that Mondragon and his troops should leave the place, with their arms, ammunition, and all their personal property. The citizens who remained were to take oath of fidelity to the Prince, as stadholder for his Majesty, and were to pay besides

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[1] Cabrera, x. 780. Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] "Vide Excellencia bien sabia que yo no era marinero sino infante, no me entregue mas armadas, porque si ciento me diesse es de temer quo las pierda todas."—Mendoza, xi. 227.

[3] Bor, vii. 479, 480. Meteren, v. 89. Hoofd, ix. 338.

[4] "Mondragon antwoorde, dat hy en de zynen de staat eer tot twintigh plaatsen aan brandt zouden steeken, daar naa in eenen uitval zich fechtende laaten aan stukken haaken."—Hoofd, ix. 339.

[5] Bor, vii. 480. Meteren, v. 89. Mendoza, xi. 229.

a subsidy of three hundred thousand florins. Mondragon was, furthermore, to procure the discharge of Saint Aldegonde, and of four other prisoners of rank, or, failing in the attempt, was to return within two months, and constitute himself prisoner of war. The Catholic priests were to take away from the city none of their property but their clothes.[1] In accordance with this capitulation, Mondragon, and those who wished to accompany him, left the city on February 21st, and were conveyed to the Flemish shore at Neuz. It will be seen in the sequel that the Governor neither granted him the release of the five prisoners, nor permitted him to return, according to his parole. A few days afterwards, the Prince entered the city, reorganized the magistracy, received the allegiance of the inhabitants, restored the ancient constitution, and liberally remitted two-thirds of the sum in which they had been mulcted.[2]

The Spaniards had thus been successfully driven from the Isle of Walcheren, leaving the Hollanders and Zeelanders masters of the sea-coast. Since the siege of Alkmaar had been raised, however, the enemy had remained within the territory of Holland. Leyden was closely invested, the country in a desperate condition, and all communication between its different cities nearly suspended.[3] It was comparatively easy for the Prince of Orange to equip and man his fleets. The genius and habits of the people made them at home upon the water, and inspired them with a feeling of superiority to their adversaries. It was not so upon land. Strong to resist, patient to suffer, the Hollanders, although terrible in defence, had not the necessary discipline or experience to meet the veteran legions of Spain, with confidence, in the open field. To raise the siege of Leyden, the main reliance of the Prince was upon Count Louis, who was again in Germany. In the latter days of Alva's administration, William had written to his brothers, urging them speedily to arrange the details of a campaign, of which he forwarded them a sketch.[4] As soon as a sufficient force had been levied in Germany, an attempt was to be made upon Maestricht. If that failed, Louis was to cross the Meuse, in the neighborhood of Stochem, make his way towards the Prince's own city of Gertruidenberg, and

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Mendoza, ubi sup. Cabrera, x. 781.
[2] Bor, vii. 481.
[3] Ibid., vii. 478.
[4] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 246, 247, seq.

thence make a junction with his brother in the neighborhood of Delft. They were then to take up a position together between Haarlem and Leyden. In that case it seemed probable that the Spaniards would find themselves obliged to fight at a great disadvantage, or to abandon the country. "In short," said the Prince, "if this enterprise be arranged with due diligence and discretion, I hold it as the only certain means for putting a speedy end to the war, and for driving these devils of Spaniards out of the country, before the Duke of Alva has time to raise another army to support them."[1]

In pursuance of this plan, Louis had been actively engaged all the earlier part of the winter in levying troops and raising supplies. He had been assisted by the French princes with considerable sums of money, as an earnest of what he was in future to expect from that source. He had made an unsuccessful attempt to effect the capture of Requesens, on his way to take the government of the Netherlands. He had then passed to the frontier of France, where he had held his important interview with Catharine de Medici and the Duke of Anjou, then on the point of departure to ascend the throne of Poland. He had received liberal presents, and still more liberal promises. Anjou had assured him that he would go as far as any of the German princes in rendering active and sincere assistance to the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. The Duc d'Alençon—soon, in his brother's absence, to succeed to the chieftainship of the new alliance between the "politiques" and the Huguenots—had also pressed his hand, whispering in his ear as he did so, that the government of France now belonged to him, as it had recently done to Anjou, and that the Prince might reckon upon his friendship with entire security.[2]

These fine words, which cost nothing when whispered in secret, were not destined to fructify into a very rich harvest, for the mutual jealousy of France and England, lest either should acquire ascendancy in the Netherlands, made both governments prodigal of promises, while the common fear entertained by them of the power of Spain rendered both languid, insincere, and mischievous allies. Count John, however, was indefatigable in arranging the finances of the proposed expedition, and in levying contributions among his

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 246, 247, seq.
[2] Letter of Count Louis to Prince of Orange, Archives, etc., iv. 278–281.

numerous relatives and allies in Germany, while Louis had profited by the occasion of Anjou's passage into Poland, to acquire for himself two thousand German and French cavalry, who had served to escort that Prince,[1] and who, being now thrown out of employment, were glad to have a job offered them by a general who was thought to be in funds. Another thousand of cavalry and six thousand foot were soon assembled,[2] from those ever-swarming nurseries of mercenary warriors, the smaller German states. With these, towards the end of February, Louis crossed the Rhine in a heavy snow-storm, and bent his course towards Maestricht. All the three brothers of the Prince accompanied this little army, besides Duke Christopher, son of the elector Palatine.[3]

Before the end of the month the army reached the Meuse, and encamped within four miles of Maestricht, on the opposite side of the river.[4] The garrison, commanded by Montesdoca, was weak, but the news of warlike preparations in Germany had preceded the arrival of Count Louis. Requesens, feeling the gravity of the occasion, had issued orders for an immediate levy of eight thousand cavalry in Germany, with a proportionate number of infantry. At the same time he had directed Don Bernardino de Mendoza, with some companies of cavalry, then stationed in Breda, to throw himself without delay into Maestricht. Don Sancho d'Avila was entrusted with the general care of resisting the hostile expedition. That general had forthwith collected all the troops which could be spared from every town where they were stationed, had strengthened the cities of Antwerp, Ghent, Nimwegen, and Valenciennes, where there were known to be many secret adherents of Orange; and with the remainder of his forces had put himself in motion, to oppose the entrance of Louis into Brabant, and his junction with his brother in Holland. Braccamonte had been despatched to Leyden, in order instantly to draw off the forces which were besieging the city. Thus Louis had already effected something of importance by the very news of his approach.[5]

Meantime the Prince of Orange had raised six thousand infantry, whose rendezvous was the Isle of Bommel. He was

[1] Hoofd, ix. 334. Mendoza, xi. 231.
[2] Meteren, v. 90.—Compare Bor, vii. 489; Mendoza, xi. 231.
[3] Bor, vii. 489, 490.
[4] Bor, vii. 490. Mendoza, xi. 231, 233. Archives et Correspondance, iv. 327.
[5] Mendoza, xi. 232, 233. Hoofd, ix. 344. Bor, vii. 488—490. Meteren, v. 90.

disappointed at the paucity of the troops which Louis had been able to collect, but he sent messengers immediately to him, with a statement of his own condition, and with directions to join him in the Isle of Bommel, as soon as Maestricht should be reduced. It was, however, not in the destiny of Louis to reduce Maestricht. His expedition had been marked with disaster from the beginning. A dark and threatening prophecy had, even before its commencement, enwrapped Louis, his brethren, and his little army, in a funeral pall. More than a thousand of his men had deserted before he reached the Meuse. When he encamped, opposite Maestricht, he found the river neither frozen nor open, the ice obstructing the navigation, but being too weak for the weight of an army.[1] While he was thus delayed and embarrassed, Mendoza arrived in the city with reinforcements. It seemed already necessary for Louis to abandon his hopes of Maestricht, but he was at least desirous of crossing the river in that neighborhood, in order to effect his junction with the Prince at the earliest possible moment. While the stream was still encumbered with ice, however, the enemy removed all the boats. On March 3d, Avila arrived with a large body of troops at Maestricht, and on the 18th Mendoza crossed the river in the night, giving the patriots so severe an *encamisada*, that seven hundred were killed, at the expense of only seven of his own party. Harassed, but not dispirited by these disasters, Louis broke up his camp on the 21st, and took a position farther down the river, at Fauquemont and Gulpen, castles in the Duchy of Limburg. On April 3d, Braccamonte arrived at Maestricht, with twenty-five companies of Spaniards and three of cavalry, while on the same day Mondragon reached the scene of action with his sixteen companies of veterans.[2]

It was now obvious to Louis, not only that he should not take Maestricht, but that his eventual junction with his brother was at least doubtful, every soldier who could possibly be spared seeming in motion to oppose his progress. He was, to be sure, not yet outnumbered, but the enemy was increasing, and his own force diminishing daily. Moreover, the Spaniards were highly disciplined and experienced troops; while his own soldiers were mercenaries, already clamorous and insubordinate.[3] On April 8th he again shifted his encamp-

[1] Bor, vii. 490. Mendoza, xi. 233.
[2] Mendoza, xi. 234, 236, 237. Hoofd, ix. 346. Bor, vii. 490.
[3] Meteren, v. 90, 91.

ment, and took his course along the right bank of the Meuse, between that river and the Rhine, in the direction of Nimwegen.[1] Avila promptly decided to follow him, upon the opposite bank of the Meuse, intending to throw himself between Louis and the Prince of Orange, and by a rapid march to give the Count battle, before he could join his brother. On April 8th, at early dawn, Louis had left the neighborhood of Maestricht,[2] and on the 13th he encamped at the village of Mook, on the Meuse, near the confines of Cleves.[3] Sending out his scouts, he learned, to his vexation, that the enemy had outmarched him, and were now within cannon-shot. On the 13th, Avila had constructed a bridge of boats, over which he had effected the passage of the Meuse with his whole army,[4] so that on the Count's arrival at Mook, he found the enemy facing him, on the same side of the river, and directly in his path.[5] It was, therefore, obvious that, in this narrow space between the Waal and the Meuse, where they were now all assembled, Louis must achieve a victory, unaided, or abandon his expedition, and leave the Hollanders to despair. He was distressed at the position in which he found himself, for he had hoped to reduce Maestricht, and to join his brother in Holland. Together, they could, at least, have expelled the Spaniards from that territory, in which case it was probable that a large part of the population in the different provinces would have risen. According to present aspects, the destiny of the country, for some time to come, was likely to hang upon the issue of a battle which he had not planned, and for which he was not fully prepared. Still he was not the man to be disheartened, nor had he ever possessed the courage to refuse a battle when offered. Upon this occasion, it would be difficult to retreat without disaster and disgrace, but it was equally difficult to achieve a victory. Thrust, as he was, like a wedge into the very heart of a hostile country, he was obliged to force his way through, or to remain in his enemy's power. Moreover, and worst of all, his troops were in a state of mutiny for their wages.[6] While he talked to them of honor, they howled to him for money. It was the custom of these mercenaries to mutiny on the eve of battle—of the Spaniards, after it had been fought. By the one course, a victory was often

[1] Bor, vii. 490.
[2] Mendoza, xi. 238.
[3] Mendoza, vi. 239. Bor, vii. 490.
[4] Ibid., xi. 238, 239.
[5] Ibid., vi. 233. Bor, vii. 490. Hoofd, ix. 347.
[6] Meteren, v. 91.

lost which might have been achieved; by the other, when won, it was rendered fruitless.

Avila had chosen his place of battle with great skill. On the right bank of the Meuse, upon a narrow plain which spread from the river to a chain of hills within cannon-shot on the north, lay the little village of Mook.[1] The Spanish general knew that his adversary had the superiority in cavalry, and that within this compressed space it would not be possible to derive much advantage from the circumstance.

On the 14th, both armies were drawn up in battle array at earliest dawn,[2] Louis having strengthened his position by a deep trench, which extended from Mook, where he had stationed ten companies of infantry, which thus rested on the village and the river. Next came the bulk of his infantry, disposed in a single square. On their right was his cavalry, arranged in four squadrons, as well as the narrow limits of the field would allow. A small portion of them, for want of space, were stationed on the hill side.[3]

Opposite, the forces of Don Sancho were drawn up in somewhat similar fashion. Twenty-five companies of Spaniards were disposed in four bodies of pikemen and musketeers; their right resting on the river. On their left was the cavalry, disposed by Mendoza in the form of a half moon—the horns garnished by two small bodies of sharpshooters. In the front ranks of the cavalry were the mounted carabineers of Schenk; behind were the Spanish lancers. The village of Mook lay between the two armies.[4]

The skirmishing began at early dawn, with an attack upon the trench, and continued some hours, without bringing on a general engagement. Towards ten o'clock, Count Louis became impatient. All the trumpets of the patriots now rang out a challenge to their adversaries,[5] and the Spaniards were just returning the defiance, and preparing a general onset, when the Seigneur de Hierges and Baron Chevreaux arrived on the field. They brought with them a reinforcement of more than a thousand men, and the intelligence that Valdez was on his way with nearly five thousand more.[6] As he might be expected on the following morning, a short deliberation was held as to the expediency of deferring the action.

[1] Mendoza, xi. 239. Bentivoglo, viii. 142, 143.
[2] Mendoza, xi. 241. Bor, vii. 491.
[3] Mendoza, xi. 239, 240. Bentivoglio, viii. 142, 143. Bor, vii. 491, 492.
[4] Mendoza, Bentivoglio, Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd. ix. 347, 348.
[5] Mendoza, xi. 241. [6] Mendoza, ubi sup. Hoofd, ix. 348.

Count Louis was at the head of six thousand foot and two thousand cavalry. Avila mustered only four thousand infantry and not quite a thousand horse.[1] This inferiority would be changed on the morrow into an overwhelming superiority. Meantime, it would be well to remember the punishment endured by Aremberg at Heiliger Lee, for not waiting till Meghen's arrival. This prudent counsel was, however, very generally scouted, and by none more loudly than by Hierges and Chevreaux, who had brought the intelligence. It was thought that at this juncture nothing could be more indiscreet than discretion. They had a wary and audacious general to deal with. While they were waiting for their reinforcements he was quite capable of giving them the slip. He might thus effect the passage of the stream and that union with his brother which had been thus far so successfully prevented. This reasoning prevailed,[2] and the skirmishing at the trench was renewed with redoubled vigor, an additional force being sent against it. After a short and fierce struggle it was carried, and the Spaniards rushed into the village, but were soon dislodged by a larger detachment of infantry, which Count Louis sent to the rescue.[3] The battle now became general at this point.

Nearly all the patriot infantry were employed to defend the post; nearly all the Spanish infantry were ordered to assail it. The Spaniards, dropping on their knees, according to custom, said a Paternoster and an Ave Mary, and then rushed, in mass, to the attack. After a short but sharp conflict, the trench was again carried, and the patriots completely routed. Upon this, Count Louis charged with all his cavalry upon the enemy's horse, which had hitherto remained motionless. With the first shock the mounted arquebusiers of Schenk, constituting the vanguard, were broken, and fled in all directions. So great was their panic, as Louis drove them before him, that they had never stopped till they had swam or been drowned in the river, the survivors carrying the news to Grave and to other cities that the royalists had been completely routed. This was, however, very far from the truth. The patriot cavalry, mostly carabineers, wheeled after the first discharge, and retired to reload their pieces, but before they were ready for an-

[1] Mendoza, xi. 240. Bentivoglio, viii. 141.
[2] Hoofd, ix. 348. Bentivoglio, Mendoza, ubi sup. Bor, vii. 491, 492. Cabrera, x. 784, 785.
[3] Mendoza, xi. 242. Hoofd.

other attack, the Spanish lances and the German black troopers, who had all remained firm, set upon them with great spirit. A fierce, bloody, and confused action succeeded, in which the patriots were completely overthrown.[1]

Count Louis, finding that the day was lost, and his army cut to pieces, rallied around him a little band of troopers, among whom were his brother, Count Henry, and Duke Christopher, and together they made a final and desperate charge.[2] It was the last that was ever seen of them on earth. They all went down together, in the midst of the fight, and were never heard of more. The battle terminated, as usual in those conflicts of mutual hatred, in a horrible butchery, hardly any of the patriot army being left to tell the tale of their disaster. At least four thousand were killed, including those who were slain on the field, those who were suffocated in the marshes or the river, and those who were burned in the farm-houses where they had taken refuge.[3] It was uncertain which of those various modes of death had been the lot of Count Louis, his brother, and his friend. The mystery was never solved. They had, probably, all died on the field; but, stripped of their clothing, with their faces trampled upon by the hoofs of horses, it was not possible to distinguish them from the less illustrious dead. It was the opinion of many that they had been drowned in the river; of others, that they had been burned.[4] There was a vague tale that Louis, bleeding but not killed, had struggled forth from the heap of corpses where he had been thrown, had crept to the river-side, and, while washing his wounds, had been surprised and butchered by a

[1] Mendoza, xi. 242–244. Hoofd, ix. 350. Meteren, v. 91.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 350, 351. Mendoza, xi. 244. Bentivoglio, viii. 145.

[3] Bentivoglio, viii. 145.—Compare Cabrera, x. 781–786; Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup. According to Mendoza, but forty of the Spanish army were killed; according to the Dutch historians, about two hundred.

[4] Meteren, v. 91. Bor, v. 491, 492. Hoofd, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. The Walloon historian, occasionally cited in these pages, has a more summary manner of accounting for the fate of these distinguished personages. According to his statement, the leaders of the Protestant forces dined and made merry at a convent in the neighborhood upon Good Friday, five days before the battle, using the sacramental chalices at the banquet, and mixing consecrated wafers with their wine. As a punishment for this sacrilege, the army was utterly overthrown, and the Devil himself *flew away with the chieftains, body and soul*

"Oires Dieu permit que cinq jours après ne restait de leurs principaulx chefs ung seul vif; que plus est, entre les corps morts plusieurs de ces seigneurs n'ont été retrouvés nonobstant toute curieuse recherche; à ceste cause lon creut du comenchement que ils estoient eschappes, et depuis que ils étoient emportés en corps et en âme."—Renom de France, MS., ii. c. xxx.

party of rustics.[1] The story was not generally credited, but no man knew, or was destined to learn, the truth.

A dark and fatal termination to this last enterprise of Count Louis had been anticipated by many. In that superstitious age, when emperors and princes daily investigated the future, by alchemy, by astrology, and by books of fate, filled with formulae, as gravely and precisely set forth as algebraical equations,[2] when men of every class, from monarch to peasant, implicitly believed in supernatural portents and prophecies, it was not singular that a somewhat striking appearance, observed in the sky some weeks previously to the battle of Mookerheyde, should have inspired many persons with a shuddering sense of impending evil.

Early in February five soldiers of the burgher guard at Utrecht, being on their midnight watch, beheld in the sky above them the representation of a furious battle. The sky was extremely dark, except directly over their heads, where, for a space equal in extent to the length of the city, and in breadth to that of an ordinary chamber, two armies, in battle array, were seen advancing upon each other. The one moved rapidly up from the north-west, with banners waving, spears flashing, trumpets sounding, accompanied by heavy artillery and by squadrons of cavalry. The other came slowly forward from the south-east, as if from an entrenched camp, to encounter the assailants. There was a fierce action for a few moments, the shouts of the combatants, the heavy discharge of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the tramp of heavy-armed foot soldiers, the rush of cavalry, being distinctly heard. The firmament trembled with the shock of the contending hosts, and was lurid with the rapid discharges of their artillery. After a short, fierce engagement, the north-western army was beaten back in disorder, but rallied again, after a breathing-time, formed again into a solid column, and again advanced. Their foes, arrayed, as the witnesses affirm, in a square and

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[1] Francisci Haraei. Ann. Tumult. Belg., iii. 203. Strada alludes to the story without confirming it.—viii. 383.

[2] The conjuring books, in many folio volumes, containing the tables of wizard logarithms, by which Augustus of Saxony was accustomed to steer his course upon the sea of life, and by the aid of which he considered himself competent to ascertain all future events, and their effect upon his destiny, may still be seen in the library of Dresden. No doubt the Elector consulted these tables most anxiously at the time when Count Louis and Duke Christopher were marching towards the Meuse. With still more intensity he studied their combinations when the projected marriage between the Prince of Orange and Charlotte of Bourbon was first announced to him.

closely serried grove of spears and muskets, again awaited the attack. Once more the ærial cohorts closed upon each other, all the signs and sounds of a desperate encounter being distinctly recognized by the eager witnesses. The struggle seemed but short. The lances of the south-eastern army seemed to snap "like hemp-stalks," while their firm columns all went down together in mass, beneath the onset of their enemies. The overthrow was complete, victors and vanquished had faded, the clear blue space, surrounded by black clouds, was empty, when suddenly its whole extent, where the conflict had so lately raged, was streaked with blood, flowing athwart the sky in broad crimson streams; nor was it till the five witnesses had fully watched and pondered over these portents that the vision entirely vanished.[1]

So impressed were the grave magistrates of Utrecht with the account given next day by the sentinels, that a formal examination of the circumstances were made, the deposition of each witness, under oath, duly recorded,[2] and a vast deal of consultation of soothsayers' books and other auguries employed to elucidate the mystery. It was universally considered typical of the anticipated battle between Count Louis and the Spaniards. When, therefore, it was known that the patriots, moving from the south-east, had arrived at Mookerheyde, and that their adversaries, crossing the Meuse at Grave, had advanced upon them from the north-west, the result of the battle was considered inevitable; the phantom battle of Utrecht its infallible precursor.

Thus perished Louis of Nassau in the flower of his manhood, in the midst of a career already crowned with events such as might suffice for a century of ordinary existence. It is difficult to find in history a more frank and loyal character. His life was noble; the elements of the heroic and the genial so mixed in him that the imagination contemplates him, after three centuries, with an almost affectionate interest. He was not a great man. He was far from possessing the subtle genius or the expansive views of his brother; but, called as he was to play a prominent part in one of the most complicated and imposing dramas ever enacted by man, he, nevertheless, always acquitted himself with honor. His di-

[1] Bor, vii. 492.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd also relates the story, promising that he could hardly omit doing so, since the magistrates of Utrecht considered the subject worthy of a formal investigation.—ix 352.

rect, fearless and energetic nature commanded alike the respect of friend and foe. As a politician, a soldier, and a diplomatist, he was busy, bold, and true. He accomplished by sincerity what many thought could only be compassed by trickery. Dealing often with the most adroit and most treacherous of princes and statesmen, he frequently carried his point, and he never stooped to flattery. From the time when, attended by his "twelve disciples," he assumed the most prominent part in the negotiations with Margaret of Parma, through all the various scenes of the revolution, through all the conferences with Spaniards, Italians, Huguenots, Malcontents, Flemish councillors, or German princes, he was the consistent and unflinching supporter of religious liberty and constitutional law. The battle of Heiliger Lee and the capture of Mons, were his most signal triumphs, but the fruits of both were annihilated by subsequent disaster. His headlong courage was his chief foible. The French accused him of losing the battle of Moncontour by his impatience to engage; yet they acknowledged that to his masterly conduct it was owing that their retreat was effected in so successful, and even so brilliant a manner.[1] He was censured for rashness and precipitancy in this last and fatal enterprise, but the reproach seems entirely without foundation. The expedition as already stated, had been deliberately arranged, with the full cooperation of his brother, and had been preparing several months. That he was able to set no larger a force on foot than that which he led into Gueldres was not his fault. But for the floating ice which barred his passage of the Meuse, he would have surprised Maestricht; but for the mutiny, which rendered his mercenary soldiers cowards, he might have defeated Avila at Mookerheyde. Had he done so he would have joined his brother in the Isle of Bommel in triumph; the Spaniards would, probably, have been expelled from Holland, and Leyden saved the horrors of that memorable siege which she was soon called upon to endure. These results were not in his destiny. Providence had decreed that he should perish in the midst of his usefulness; that the Prince, in his death, should lose the right hand which had been so swift to execute his various plans, and the faithful fraternal heart which had always responded so readily to every throb of his own.

[1] "Car ce fut luy qui fit cette belle retraite à la bataille de Moncontour, secondant fort à propos Monsieur l'Admiral qui avoit été blesseé."—Brantome, Grands Capitaines, etc., P. d'Orange et Comte L. de Nessau.

In figure, he was below the middle height, but martial and noble in his bearing. The expression of his countenance was lively; his manner frank and engaging. All who knew him personally loved him, and he was the idol of his gallant brethren. His mother always addressed him as her dearly beloved, her heart's-cherished Louis. "You must come soon to me," she wrote in the last year of his life, "for I have many matters to ask your advice upon; and I thank you beforehand, for you have loved me as your mother all the days of your life; for which may God Almighty have you in his holy keeping."[1]

It was the doom of this high-born, true-hearted dame to be called upon to weep oftener for her children than is the usual lot of mothers. Count Adolphus had already perished in his youth on the field of Heiliger Lee, and now Louis and his young brother Henry, who had scarcely attained his twenty-sixth year, and whose short life had been passed in that faithful service to the cause of freedom which was the instinct of his race, had both found a bloody and an unknown grave. Count John, who had already done so much for the cause, was fortunately spared to do much more. Although of the expedition, and expecting to participate in the battle, he had, at the urgent solicitation of all the leaders, left the army for a brief season, in order to obtain at Cologne a supply of money for the mutinous troops. He had started upon this mission two days before the action[2] in which he, too, would otherwise have been sacrificed. The young Duke Christopher, "optimæ indolis et magnæ spei adolescens,"[3] who had perished on the same field, was sincerely mourned by the lovers of freedom. His father, the Elector, found his consolation in the Scriptures, and in the reflection that his son had died in the bed of honor, fighting for the cause of God. "'Twas better thus," said that stern Calvinist, whose dearest wish was to "Calvinize the world,"[4] than to have passed his time in idleness, which is the Devil's pillow."[5]

Vague rumors of the catastrophe had spread far and wide. It was soon certain that Louis had been defeated, but, for a long time, conflicting reports were in circulation as to the fate of the leaders. The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, passed days of intense anxiety, expecting hourly to hear from his brothers, listening to dark rumors, which he refused to credit and could not contradict, and writing letters, day after day,

[1] Archives et Correspondence, iv. 174.
[2] Ibid., iv. 369.
[3] Ibid., iv. 367.
[4] Ibid., iv. 71.
[5] Ibid., iv. 367.

long after the eyes which should have read the friendly missives were closed.[1]

The victory of the King's army at Mookerheyde had been rendered comparatively barren by the mutiny which broke forth the day after the battle.[2] Three year's pay were due to the Spanish troops, and it was not surprising that upon this occasion one of those periodic rebellions should break forth, by which the royal cause was frequently so much weakened, and the royal governors so intolerably perplexed. These mutinies were of almost regular occurrence, and attended by as regular a series of phenomena. The Spanish troops, living so far from their own country, but surrounded by their women, and constantly increasing swarms of children, constituted a locomotive city of considerable population, permanently established on a foreign soil. It was a city walled in by bayonets, and still further isolated from the people around by the impassable moat of mutual hatred. It was a city obeying the articles of war, governed by despotic authority, and yet occasionally revealing, in full force the irrepressible democratic element. At periods which could almost be calculated, the military populace were wont to rise upon the privileged classes, to deprive them of office and liberty, and to set up in their place commanders of their own election. A governor-in-chief, a sergeant-major, a board of councillors and various other functionaries, were chosen by acclamation and universal suffrage. The Eletto, or chief officer thus appointed, was clothed with supreme power, but forbidden to exercise it. He was surrounded by councillors, who watched his every motion, read all his correspondence, and assisted at all his conferences, while the councillors were themselves narrowly watched by the commonalty. These movements were, however, in general, marked by the most exemplary order. Anarchy became a system of government; rebellion enacted and enforced the strictest rules of discipline; theft, drunkenness, violence to women, were severely puished.[3] As soon as the mutiny broke forth, the first object was to take possession of the nearest city, where the Eletto was usually established in the town-house,

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[1] Archives et Correspondance, iv. 372.

[2] Bor, vii. 494, et seq. Meteren, v. 91. Hoofd, ix, 352–359. Mendoza, xi. xii. 246, 247. Bentivoglio, viii. 146–149.—The account given by the last-mentioned historian is the clearest and most elegantly written account of this mutiny which exists. As a specimen of a system, from which many important consequences were destined to flow at different periods, the subject demands especial attention.

[3] Bentivoglio, viii. 147.

and the soldiery quartered upon the citizens. Nothing in the shape of food or lodging was too good for these marauders. Men who had lived for years on camp rations—coarse knaves who had held the plough till compelled to handle the musket, now slept in fine linen and demanded from the trembling burghers the daintiest viands. They ate the land bare, like a swarm of locusts. "Chickens and partridges," says the thrifty chronicler of Antwerp, "capons and pheasants, hares and rabbits, two kinds of wine;—for sauces, capers and olives, citrons and oranges, spices and sweetmeats; wheaten bread for their dogs, and even wine, to wash the feet of their horses;[1]—such was the entertainment demanded and obtained by the mutinous troops. They were very willing both to enjoy the luxury of this forage, and to induce the citizens, from weariness of affording compelled hospitality, to submit to a taxation by which the military claims might be liquidated.

A city thus occupied was at the mercy of a foreign soldiery, which had renounced all authority but that of self-imposed laws. The King's officers were degraded, perhaps murdered; while those chosen to supply their places had only a nominal control. The Eletto, day by day, proclaimed from the balcony of the town-house the latest rules and regulations. If satisfactory, there was a clamor of applause; if objectionable, they were rejected with a tempest of hisses, with discharges of musketry. The Eletto did not govern; he was a dictator who could not dictate, but could only register decrees. If too honest, too firm, or too dull for his place, he was deprived of his office and sometimes of his life. Another was chosen in his room, often to be succeeded by a series of others, destined to the same fate. Such were the main characteristics of those formidable mutinies, the result of the unthriftiness and dishonesty by which the soldiery engaged in these interminable hostilities were deprived of their dearly earned wages. The expense of the war was bad enough at best, but when it is remembered that of three or four dollars sent from Spain, or contributed by the provinces for the support of the army, hardly one reached the pockets of the soldier,[2] the frightful expenditure which took place may be imagined. It was not surprising that so much peculation should engender revolt.

The mutiny which broke out after the defeat of Count Louis was marked with the most pronounced and inflamma-

[1] Meteren, v. 103.
[2] Requesens to Philip. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1292, p. 457.

tory of these symptoms. Three years' pay was due to the Spaniards, who, having just achieved a signal victory, were disposed to reap its fruits, by fair means or by force. On receiving nothing but promises, in answer to their clamorous demands, they mutined to a man, and crossed the Meuse to Grave,[1] whence after accomplishing the usual elections, they took their course to Antwerp. Being in such strong force, they determined to strike at the capital. Rumor flew before them. Champagny, brother of Granvelle, and royal governor of the city, wrote in haste to apprise Requesens of the approaching danger. The Grand Commander, attended only by Vitelli, repaired instantly to Antwerp. Champagny advised throwing up a breastwork with bales of merchandise upon the esplanade, between the citadel and the town,[2] for it was at this point, where the connection between the fortifications of the castle and those of the city had never been thoroughly completed,[3] that the invasion might be expected. Requesens hesitated. He trembled at a conflict with his own soldiery. If successful, he could only be so by trampling upon the flower of his army. If defeated, what would become of the King's authority, with rebellious troops triumphant in rebellious provinces? Sorely perplexed, the Commander could think of no expedient. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing. In the meantime, Champagny, who felt himself odious to the soldiery, retreated to the Newtown, and barricaded himself, with a few followers, in the house of the Baltic merchants.[4]

On April 26th, the mutinous troops, in perfect order, marched into the city, effecting their entrance precisely at the weak point where they had been expected. Numbering at least three thousand, they encamped on the esplanade, where Requesens appeared before them alone on horseback, and made them an oration. They listened with composure, but answered briefly and with one accord, "Dineros y non palabras," dollars not speeches. Requesens promised profusely, but the time was past for promises. Hard silver dollars would alone content an army which, after three years of bloodshed and starvation, had at last taken the law into their own hands. Requesens withdrew to consult the Broad Council of the city. He was without money himself, but he demanded four hundred thousand crowns of the city.[5] This was at first refused,

[1] Mendoza, Bentivoglio, Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[2] Bor, vii. 494.
[3] Bentivoglio, Bor, Meteren, et al.
[4] "Oostersfe Huis."—Bor, vii. 494. Meteren. Hoofd.
[5] Meteren v. 92. Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.

but the troops knew the strength of their position, for these mutinies were never repressed, and rarely punished. On this occasion the Commander was afraid to employ force, and the burghers, after the army had been quartered upon them for a time, would gladly pay a heavy ransom to be rid of their odious and expensive guests. The mutineers foreseeing that the work might last a few weeks, and determined to proceed leisurely, took possession of the great square. The Eletto, with his staff of councillors, was quartered in the town-house, while the soldiers distributed themselves among the houses of the most opulent citizens, no one escaping a billet who was rich enough to receive such company: bishop or burgomaster, margrave or merchant.[1] The most famous kitchens were naturally the most eagerly sought, and sumptuous apartments, luxurious dishes, delicate wines, were daily demanded. The burghers dared not refuse.[2]

The six hundred Walloons, who had been previously quartered in the city, were expelled, and for many days the mutiny reigned paramount. Day after day the magistracy, the heads of guilds, all the representatives of the citizens were assembled in the Broad Council. The Governor-General insisted on his demand of four hundred thousand crowns, representing, with great justice, that the mutineers would remain in the city until they had eaten and drunk to that amount, and that there would still be the arrearages, for which the city would be obliged to raise the funds. On May 9th, the authorities made an offer, which was duly communicated to the Eletto. That functionary stood forth on a window-sill of the town-house, and addressed the soldiery. He informed them that the Grand Commander proposed to pay ten months' arrears in cash, five months' in silks and woollen cloths, and the balance in promises, to be fulfilled within a few days.[3] The terms were not considered satisfactory, and were received with groans of derision. The Eletto, on the contrary, declared them very liberal, and reminded the soldiers of the perilous condition in which they stood, guilty to a man of high treason, with a rope round every neck. It was well worth their while to accept the offer made them, together with the absolute pardon for the past, by which it was accompanied. For himself, he washed

[1] Meteren, v. 494, 405. Hoofd. Meteren.
[2] Meteren, v. 92. Bor, vii. 494, 495. Hoofd, ix. 355, 356. Bentivoglio, viii. 148.
[3] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

his hands of the consequences if the offer were rejected. The soldiers answered by deposing the Eletto and choosing another in his room.[1]

Three days after a mutiny broke out in the citadel—an unexampled occurrence.[2] The rebels ordered Sancho d'Avila, the commandant, to deliver the keys of the fortress. He refused to surrender them but with his life. They then contented themselves with compelling his lieutenant to leave the citadel, and with sending their Eletto to confer with the Grand Commander, as well as with the Eletto of the army. After accomplishing his mission, he returned, accompanied by Chiappin Vitelli, as envoy of the Governor-General. No sooner, however, had the Eletto set foot on the drawbridge than he was attacked by Ensign Salvatierra of the Spanish garrison, who stabbed him to the heart and threw him into the moat. The ensign, who was renowned in the army for his ferocious courage, and who wore embroidered upon his trunk hose the inscription, "El castigador de los Flamencos,"[3] then rushed upon the sergeant-major of the mutineers, despatched him in the same way, and tossed him likewise into the moat.[4] These preliminaries being settled, a satisfactory arrangement was negotiated between Vitelli and the rebellious garrison. Pardon for the past, and payment upon the same terms as those offered in the city, were accepted, and the mutiny of the citadel was quelled.[5] It was, however, necessary that Salvatierra should conceal himself for a long time, to escape being torn to pieces by the incensed soldiery.

Meantime, affairs in the city were more difficult to adjust. The mutineers raised an altar of chests and bales upon the public square, and celebrated mass under the open sky, solemnly swearing to be true to each other to the last.[6] The scenes of carousing and merry-making were renewed at the expense of the citizens who were again exposed to nightly alarms from the boisterous mirth and ceaseless mischief-making of the soldiers. Before the end of the month, the Broad Council, exhausted by the incubus which had afflicted them so many weeks, acceded to the demand of Requesens. The four hundred thousand crowns were furnished, the Grand

[1] Hoofd, ix. 359.

[2] "Los solados del Castillo se amotinarom, alteracion que jamas ha hecho la nacion Española, hallondose en Castillo."—Mendoza, xii. 247.

[3] Meteren, v. 92. Hoofd, ix. 359. "The chastiser of the Flemings."

[4] Mendoza, Meteren, Hoofd.

[5] Mendoza, Meteren, Hoofd.

[6] Hoofd, ix. 359.

Commander accepting them as a loan, and giving in return bonds duly signed and countersigned, together with a mortgage upon all the royal domains.[1] The citizens received the documents, as a matter of form, but they had handled such securities before and valued them but slightly. The mutineers now agreed to settle with the Governor-General, on condition of receiving all their wages, either in cash or cloth, together with a solemn promise of pardon for all their acts of insubordination. This pledge was formally rendered with appropriate religious ceremonies, by Requesens, in the cathedral.[2] The payments were made directly afterwards, and a great banquet was held on the same day, by the whole mass of the soldiery, to celebrate the event. The feast took place on the place of the Meer, and was a scene of furious revelry. The soldiers, more thoughtless than children, had arrayed themselves in extemporaneous costumes, cut from the cloth which they had at last received in payment of their sufferings and their blood. Broadcloths, silks, satins, and gold-embroidered brocades, worthy of a queen's wardrobe, were hung in fantastic drapery around the sinewy forms and bronzed faces of the soldiery, who, the day before, had been clothed in rags. The mirth was fast and furious; and scarce was the banquet finished before every drum-head became a gaming table, around which gathered groups eager to sacrifice in a moment their dearly bought gold.[3]

The fortunate or the prudent had not yet succeeded in entirely plundering their companions, when the distant booming of cannon was heard from the river. Instantly, accoutred as they were in their holiday and fantastic costume, the soldiers no longer mutinous, were summoned from banquet and gaming-table, and were ordered forth upon the dykes. The patriot Admiral Boisot, who had so recently defeated the fleet of Bergen, under the eyes of the Grand Commander, had unexpectedly sailed up the Scheld, determined to destroy the fleet of Antwerp, which upon that occasion had escaped. Between the forts of Lillo and Callao, he met with twenty-two vessels under the command of Vice-admiral Haemstede. After a short and sharp action, he was completely victorious. Fourteen of the enemy's ships were burned or sunk, with all their crews, and Admiral Haemstede was taken prisoner. The soldiers opened a warm fire of musketry upon Boisot from the

[1] Bor, vii. 494, 495. [2] Bentivoglio, viii. 149. [3] Hoofd, ix. 359, 360.

dyke, to which he responded with his cannon. The distance of the combatants, however, made the action unimportant, and the patriots retired down the river, after achieving a complete victory. The Grand Commander was farther than ever from obtaining that foothold on the sea, which as he had informed his sovereign, was the only means by which the Netherlands could be reduced.[1]

[1] Bor, vii. 495, 496. Hoofd, ix. 359, 360. Bentivoglio, viii. 149. Letter of the Prince of Orange, in Archives, etc., 11, 12.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LEYDEN DRAMA.

First siege of Leyden—Commencement of the second—Description of the city—Preparations for defence—Letters of Orange—Act of amnesty issued by Requesens—Its conditions—Its reception by the Hollanders—Correspondence of the Glippers—Sorties and fierce combats beneath the walls of Leyden—Position of the Prince—His project of relief—Magnanimity of the people—Breaking of the dykes—Emotions in the city and the besieging camp—Letter of the Estates of Holland—Dangerous illness of the Prince—The "wild Zealanders"—Admiral Boisot commences his voyage—Sanguinary combat on the Land-Scheiding—Occupation of that dyke and of the Green Way—Pauses and Progress of the flotilla—The Prince visits the fleet—Horrible sufferings in the city—Speech of Van der Werf—Heroism of the inhabitants—The Admiral's letters—The storm—Advance of Boisot—Lammen fortress—An anxious night—Midnight retreat of the Spaniards—The Admiral enters the city—Thanksgiving in the great church—The Prince in Leyden—Parting words of Valdez—Mutiny—Leyden University founded—The charter—Inauguration ceremonies.

The invasion of Louis of Nassau had, as already stated, effected the raising of the first siege of Leyden. That leaguer had lasted from October 31st, 1573, to March 21st, 1574,[1] when the soldiers were summoned away to defend the frontier. By an extraordinary and culpable carelessness, the citizens, neglecting the advice of the Prince, had not taken advantage of the breathing time thus afforded them to victual the city and strengthen the garrison.[2] They seemed to reckon more confidently upon the success of Count Louis than he had even done himself; for it was very probable that, in case of his defeat, the siege would be instantly resumed. This natural result was not long in following the battle of Mookerheyde.

On May 26th, Valdez reappeared before the place, at the head of eight thousand Walloons and Germans,[3] and Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea,

[1] Bor, vii. 502. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 504.

it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation, in the centre of the city, rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England.[1] Surrounded by fruit trees, and overgrown in the centre with oaks, it afforded, from its mouldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

Valdez lost no time in securing himself in the possession of Maeslandsluis, Vlaardingen, and the Hague. Five hundred English, under command of Colonel Edward Chester, abandoned the fortress of Valkenburg, and fled towards Leyden. Refused admittance by the citizens, who now, with reason, disgusted them, they surrendered to Valdez, and were afterwards sent back to England.[2] In the course of a few days, Leyden was thoroughly invested, no less than sixty-two re-

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[1] Guicciardini, Descript. Holl. et Zelandiæ. Bor, vii. 502. Bentivoglio, viii. 151.

"Putatur Engistus Britanno
Orbe redux posuisse victor," etc., etc.

according to the celebrated poem of John Van der Does, the accomplished and valiant Commandant of the city. The tower, which is doubtless a Roman one, presents, at the present day, almost precisely the same appearance as that described by the contemporaneous historians of the siege. The verses of the Commandant show the opinion, that the Anglo-Saxon conquerers of Britain went from Holland, to have been a common one in the sixteenth century.

[2] Mendoza, xii. 351, who says that the lives of these English prisoners were spared at his express solicitation. He was at that juncture sent by the Grand Commander on a mission to Queen Elizabeth, and obtained this boon of his superior as a personal favor to himself.

doubts, some of them having remained undestroyed from the previous siege, now girdling the city, while the besiegers already numbered nearly eight thousand, a force to be daily increased. On the other hand, there were no troops in the town, save a small corps of "freebooters," and five companies of the burgher guard. John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished for his learning, his poetical genius, and his valor, had accepted the office of military commandant.[1]

The main reliance of the city, under God, was on the stout hearts of its inhabitants within the walls, and on the sleepless energy of William the Silent without. The Prince, hastening to comfort and encourage the citizens, although he had been justly irritated by their negligence in having omitted to provide more sufficiently against the emergency while there had yet been time,[2] now reminded them that they were not about to contend for themselves alone, but that the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all human probability, depend on the issue about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He implored them to hold out at least three months, assuring them that he would, within that time, devise the means of their deliverance.[3] The citizens responded, courageously and confidently, to these missives, and assured the Prince of their firm confidence in their own fortitude and his exertions.[4]

And truly they had a right to rely on that calm and unflinching soul, as on a rock of adamant. All alone, without a being near him to consult, his right arm struck from him by the death of Louis, with no brother left to him but the untiring and faithful John, he prepared without delay for the new task imposed upon him. France, since the defeat and death of Louis, and the busy intrigues which had followed the accession of Henry III., had but small sympathy for the Netherlands. The English government, relieved from the

[1] Hoofd, ix. 362. Bor, vii. 505. Guicciardini.—"Janum Dousam, virum nobilem, Toparcham Nordovicenum, utraque lingua doctissimum, et poetam egregium."—Descr. Holl., ed. usa., 238, 239. "Juan Duse, Señor de Nortwyck—gentil poeta en la lengua Latina."—Mendoza, xii. 254. "Giovanni Douza poeta nobile di quel tempo ne componimenti latini e molto nobile ancora per qualità di sangue e per altre prerogative di merito."—Bentivoglio, viii. 153.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 10.

[3] Letter of Orange in Bor, vii. 505.

[4] Ibid. Hoofd, ix. 363, 364.

fear of France, was more cold and haughty than ever. An Englishman, employed by Requesens to assassinate the Prince of Orange, had been arrested in Zeeland, who impudently pretended that he had undertaken to perform the same office for Count John, with the full consent and privity of Queen Elizabeth.[1] The provinces of Holland and Zeeland were stanch and true, but the inequality of the contest between a few brave men, upon that handsbreadth of territory, and the powerful Spanish Empire, seemed to render the issue hopeless.

Moreover, it was now thought expedient to publish the amnesty which had been so long in preparation, and this time, the trap was more liberally baited. The pardon, which had passed the seals upon March 8th, was formally issued by the Grand Commander on June 6th.[2] By the terms of this document the King invited all his erring and repentant subjects to return to his arms, and to accept a full forgiveness for their past offences, upon the sole condition that they should once more throw themselves upon the bosom of the Mother Church. There were but few exceptions to the amnesty, a small number of individuals, all mentioned by name, being alone excluded;[3] but although these terms were ample, the act was liable to a few stern objections. It was easier now for the Hollanders to go to their graves than to mass, for the contest, in its progress, had now entirely assumed the aspect of a religious war. Instead of a limited number of heretics in a state which, although constitutionally Catholic, there was now hardly a Papist to be found among the natives. To accept the pardon then was to concede the victory, and the Hollanders had not yet discovered that they were conquered. They were resolved, too, not only to be conquered, but annihilated, before the Roman Church should be re-established on their soil, to the entire exclusion of the Reformed worship. They responded with steadfast enthusiasm to the sentiment

[1] The story was incredible, so far as the Queen was implicated, but its invention by the assassin indicated the estimate entertained, in general, of her sentiments towards the Netherlands. "Depuis ceste escripte," wrote the Prince to his brother, "l'on m'a icy envoyé de Zealande ung Anglois prisonnier, lequel entre aultres confesse d'avoir esté apporté du nouveau Gouverneur pour me tuer. Et avoit aussi, par charge du dit Gouverneur, entreprins de vous tuer à Couloigne, passé dix ou douze jours. Et toutes fois il dict le tout avoir esté facit par consentement et avec intelligence de la Royne d'Angleterre, pour tant mieux descouvrir les desseings des ennemis."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 12, 13.

[2] Bor, vii. 510. Meteren, v. 93. Hoofd, ix. 368.

[3] The pardon is given in full by Bor, vii. 510–513.

expressed by the Prince of Orange, after the second siege of Leyden had been commenced: "As long as there is a living man left in the country, we will contend for our liberty and our religion."[1] The single condition of the amnesty, assumed, in a phrase, what Spain had fruitlessly striven to establish by a hundred battles, and the Hollanders had not faced their enemy on land and sea for seven years to succumb to a phrase at last.

Moreover, the pardon came from the wrong direction. The malefactor gravely extended forgiveness to his victims. Although the Hollanders had not yet disembarrassed their minds of the supernatural theory of government, and felt still the reverence of habit for regal divinity, they naturally considered themselves outraged by the trick now played before them. The man who had violated all his oaths, trampled upon all their constitutional liberties, burned and sacked their cities, confiscated their wealth, hanged, beheaded, burned, and buried alive their innocent brethren, now came forward, not to implore, but to offer forgiveness. Not in sackcloth, but in royal robes; not with ashes, but with a diadem upon his head, did the murderer present himself vicariously upon the scene of his crimes. It may be supposed that, even in the sixteenth century, there were many minds which would revolt at such blasphemy. Futhermore, even had the people of Holland been weak enough to accept the pardon, it was impossible to believe that the promise would be fulfilled.[2] It was sufficiently known how much faith was likely to be kept with heretics, notwithstanding that the act was fortified by a papal Bull, dated on April 30th, by which Gregory XIII. promised forgiveness to those Netherlander sinners who duly repented and sought absolution for their crimes, even although they had sinned more than seven times seven.[3]

For a moment the Prince had feared lest the pardon might produce some effect upon men wearied by interminable suffering, but the event proved him wrong. It was received with universal and absolute contempt. No man came forward to take advantage of its conditions, save one brewer in

[1] "Comme aussi de nostre costel nous sommes icy resoluz de ne quitter la deffense de sa Parolle et de nostre liberté jusques au dernier homme."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 27.

[2] See letter of ths Secretary of Requesens in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 31.

[3] The Bull is given at length in Bor, vii. 513–515.

Utrecht, and the son of a refugee peddler from Leyden. With these exceptions, the only ones recorded, Holland remained deaf to the royal voice.[1] The city of Leyden was equally cold to the messages of mercy, which were especially addressed to its population by Valdez and his agents. Certain Netherlanders, belonging to the King's party, and familiarly called "Glippers," despatched from the camp many letters to their rebellious acquaintances in the city. In these epistles the citizens of Leyden were urgently and even pathetically exhorted to submission by their loyal brethren, and were implored "to take pity upon their poor old fathers, their daughters, and their wives." But the burghers of Leyden thought that the best pity which they could show to those poor old fathers, daughters, and wives, was to keep them from the clutches of the Spanish soldiery; so they made no answer to the Glippers, save by this single line, which they wrote on a sheet of paper, and forwarded, like a letter, to Valdez:

"Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps."[2]

According to the advice early given by the Prince of Orange, the citizens had taken an account of their provisions of all kinds, including the live stock. By the end of June, the city was placed on a strict allowance of food, all the provisions being purchased by the authorities at an equitable price. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread was allotted to a full grown man, and to the rest, a due proportion. The city being strictly invested, no communication, save by carrier pigeons, and by a few swift and skillful messengers, called jumpers, was possible. Sorties and fierce combats were, however, of daily occurrence, and a handsome bounty was offered to any man who brought into the city gates the head of a Spaniard. The reward was paid many times, but the population was becoming so excited and so apt, that the authorities felt it dangerous to permit the continuance of these conflicts. Lest the city, little by little, should lose its few disciplined defenders, it was now proclaimed by sound of church bell, that in future no man should leave the gates.[3]

[1] Bor, vii. 516.

[2] Jan Fruytiers. Corte Beschryvinghe van der strenghe Belegeringhe en wondebaerlijcke Verlossinge der stadt Leyden —— met byvoeghing alle der Brieven die an de van der Stadt geschreven zijn.—Gedruckt tot Delf., A.D. 1577. This contemporary and very large volume is much the best authority for the details of the memorable siege which it describes. It was the main source of the historian Pieter Bor. Compare Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, x. 364.

[3] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 552. Meteren, v. Hoofd, ix. 366.

The Prince had his headquarters at Delft and at Rotterdam. Between those two cities, an important fortress, called Polderwaert, secured him in the control of the alluvial quadrangle, watered on two sides by the Yssel and the Meuse. On June 29th, the Spaniards, feeling its value, had made an unsuccessful effort to carry this fort by storm. They had been beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men, the Prince remaining in possession of the position, from which alone he could hope to relieve Leyden.[1] He still held in his hand the keys with which he could unlock the ocean gates and let the waters in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dykes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez could not be levied. The battle of Mookerheyde had, for the present, quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from the Hague to Vlaardingen, but the dykes along the Meuse and Yssel were in possession of the Prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while, at the same time, the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delftshaven should be opened.[2] The damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland from destruction. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July the estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. "Better a drowned land than a lost land,"[3] cried the patriots, with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The enterprise for restoring their territory, for a season, to the waves, from which it had been so patiently rescued, was conducted with as much regularity as if it had been a profitable undertaking. A capital was formally subscribed, for which a certain number of bonds were issued, payable at a long date.[4] In addition to this preliminary fund, a monthly allowance of forty-five guldens was voted by the estates, until the work should be completed, and a large sum was contributed by the ladies of the land, who freely furnished

[1] Bor, vii. 548.
[2] Bor, vii. 548. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 370.
[3] "Liever bedorven dan verloren land."—Fruytiers, 16. Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, vii. 549. Hoofd, ix. 370, 371.

their plate, jewelry, and costly furniture to the furtherance of the scheme.[1]

Meantime, Valdez, on July 30th, issued most urgent and ample offers of pardon to the citizens, if they would consent to open their gates and accept the King's authority, but his overtures were received with silent contempt, notwithstanding that the population was already approaching the starvation point. Although not yet fully informed of the active measures taken by the Prince, yet they still chose to rely upon his energy and their own fortitude, rather than upon the honied words which had formerly been heard at the gates of Haarlem and of Naarden. On August 3d, the Prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel, as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dykes in sixteen places. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land. While waiting for the waters to rise, provisions were rapidly collected, according to an edict of the Prince, in all the principal towns of the neighborhood, and some two hundred vessels, of various sizes, had also been got ready at Rotterdam, Delfthaven, and other ports.[2]

The citizens of Leyden were, however, already becoming impatient, for their bread was gone, and of its substitute, malt cake, they had but slender provision. On August 12th they received a letter from the Prince, encouraging them to resistance, and assuring them of a speedy relief, and on the 21st they addressed a despatch to him in reply, stating that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with food, and another month without food.[3] If not soon assisted, human strength could do no more; their malt cake would last but four days, and after that was gone, there was nothing left but starvation. Upon the same day, however, they received a letter, dictated by the Prince, who now lay in bed at Rotterdam with a violent fever, assuring them that the dykes were all pierced, and that the water was rising upon the "Land-scheiding," the great outer barrier which separated the city from the sea. He said nothing, however, of his own illness, which would have

[1] Hoofd, ix. 370. [2] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 549, 550. Hoofd, ix. 371.
[3] "Te weten, de eerste twe maendern met brood, en de derde maend met armoede."—Jan Fruytiers.

cast a deep shadow over the joy which now broke forth among the burghers.[1]

The letter was read publicly in the market-place, and to increase the cheerfulness, burgomaster Van der Werf, knowing the sensibility of his countrymen to music, ordered the city musicians to perambulate the streets, playing lively melodies and martial airs. Salvos of cannon were likewise fired, and the starving city for a brief space put on the aspect of a holiday, much to the astonishment of the besieging forces, who were not yet aware of the Prince's efforts. They perceived very soon, however, as the water everywhere about Leyden had risen to the depth of ten inches, that they stood in a perilous position. It was no trifling danger to be thus attacked by the waves of the ocean, which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent. Valdez became anxious and uncomfortable at the strange aspect of affairs; for the besieging army was now in its turn beleaguered, and by a stronger power than man's. He consulted with the most experienced of his officers, with the country people, with the most distinguished among the Glippers, and derived encouragement from their views concerning the Prince's plan. They pronounced it utterly futile and hopeless. The Glippers knew the country well, and ridiculed the desperate project in unmeasured terms.[2]

Even in the city itself a dull distrust had succeeded to the first vivid gleam of hope, while the few royalists among the population boldly taunted their fellow-citizens to their faces with the absurd vision of relief which they had so fondly welcomed. "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars," was the frequent and taunting cry, "go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief"[3]—and day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God or man. On the 27th they addressed a desponding letter to the estates, complaining that the city had been forgotten in its utmost need, and on the same day a prompt and warm-hearted reply was received, in which the citizens were assured

[1] Letter of Fl. de Nuynhem and N. Brunynck to Count John of Nassau, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 38–40. Bor. vii. 550.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 372. Bor, vii. 551.

[3] "Gaet en op den toren gy Geuskens en siet het Maeswater te gemoot," etc., etc.—Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 551. Hoofd, ix. 374.

that every human effort was to be made for their relief. "Rather," said the estates, "will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves, than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden, all Holland must perish also." They excused themselves for not having more frequently written, upon the ground that the whole management of the measures for their relief had been intrusted to the Prince, by whom alone all the details had been administered, and all the correspondence conducted.[1]

The fever of the Prince had, meanwhile, reached its height. He lay at Rotterdam, utterly prostrate in body, and with mind agitated nearly to delirium, by the perpetual and almost unassisted schemes which he was constructing. Relief, not only for Leyden, but for the whole country, now apparently sinking into the abyss, was the vision which he pursued as he tossed upon his restless couch. Never was illness more unseasonable. His attendants were in despair, for it was necessary that his mind should for a time be spared the agitation of business. The physicians who attended him agreed, as to his disorder, only in this, that it was the result of mental fatigue and melancholy, and could be cured only by removing all distressing and perplexing subjects from his thoughts, but all the physicians in the world could not have succeeded in turning his attention for an instant from the great cause of his country. Leyden lay, as it were, anxious and despairing at his feet, and it was impossible for him to close his ears to her cry. Therefore, from his sick bed he continued to dictate words of counsel and encouragement to the city; to Admiral Boisot, commanding the fleet, minute directions and precautions.[2] Towards the end of August a vague report had found its way into his sick chamber that Leyden had fallen, and although he refused to credit the tale, yet it served to harass his mind, and to heighten fever. Cornelius Van Mierop, Receiver General of Holland, had occasion to visit him at Rotterdam, and strange to relate, found the house almost deserted. Penetrating, unattended, to the Prince's bed-chamber, he found him lying quite alone. Inquiring what had become of all his attendants, he was answered by the Prince, in a very feeble voice, that he had sent them all away. The Receiver General seems, from this, to have rather hastily arrived at the

[1] See the letter in Bor, vii. 551, 552.
[2] Letters of N. Brunynck, Arch. et Correspond., v. 39, 46. Bor, vii. 551, 552.

conclusion that the Prince's disorder was the pest, and that his servants and friends had all deserted him from cowardice.[1] This was very far from being the case. His private secretary and his maître d'hôtel watched, day and night, by his couch, and the best physicians of the city were in constant attendance. By a singular accident, all had been despatched on different errands, at the express desire of their master, but there had never been a suspicion that his disorder was the pest, or pestilential. Nerves of steel, and a frame of adamant could alone have resisted the constant anxiety and the consuming fatigue to which he had so long been exposed. His illness had been aggravated by the rumor of Leyden's fall, a fiction which Cornelius Mierop was now enabled flatly to contradict. The Prince began to mend from that hour. By the end of the first week of September, he wrote a long letter to his brother, assuring him of his convalescence, and expressing, as usual, a calm confidence in the divine decrees—"God will ordain for me," said he, "all which is necessary for my good and my salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the fragility of this nature can sustain.[2]

The preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On September 1st, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zeeland with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zeelanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed, wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish;" renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea-beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.[3]

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled,

[1] Bor, vii. 551. Hoofd, ix. 372, 373.—Such was the information given by him to the historian Bor, whose account is followed by Hoofd and others. The letters of Secretary Brunynck and of Nuynhem prove, on the contrary, the solicitude with which the Prince was attended in his illness.—Archives et Correspondance, v. 38–56.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, etc., 53.

[3] "Liever Turx dan Paus." Jan Fruytiers.—Bor, vii. 552. Hoofd, ix. 374 Meteren, v. 94.

carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water.[1] The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dyke, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these exterior barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dyke within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested.[2] The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this two-fold series of defences. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dykes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King; the besieging force being about four times as strong[3] as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half feet above water, should be taken possession of, at every hazard. On the nights of September 10th and 11th this was accomplished, by surprise, and in a masterly manner.[4] The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dyke were all despatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it, without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dyke the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding.[5] This first action was sanguinary and

[1] Meteren, v. 94. Bor, vii. 552. [2] Bor, vii. 552–554. Hoofd, ix. 375.
[3] The army of Valdez numbered at least ten thousand.—Hoofd, ix. 387.
[4] Jan Fruytiers.—Compare Bor, vii. 554, Hoofd, ix. 375.
[5] Bor, vii. 554. Hoofd, ix. 375, 376.

desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zeelander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dyke, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, "'Tis too bitter."[1] The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the marks of the soldier's teeth upon it,[2] a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dyke having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but, after their passage had been effected in good order, the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The Prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that, when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Green-way," another long dyke, three-quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dyke had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, levelled it in many places, and brought his flotilla, in triumph, over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly towards a bridge, strongly

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[1] Bor, vii. 554. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 376.

[2] "Dit gebeten herte met den tekenen der tanden is binnen Delf daer na van vele lofwaerdige luiden gesien eh zijn daer na ook, eenige carmina nitgegeven," etc.—Bor, vii. 554.

One of the "carmina" thus alluded to by the historian was a Latin poem by the Commandant Van der Does, in which the progress of the siege is described with much spirit and elegance.

occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand, occupied both sides of the canal.[1] The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.[2]

A week had elapsed since the great dyke had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dyke, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa.[3] It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla, manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague

[1] Bor, vii. 555. Hoofd, ix. 376.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.—compare Mendoza, xii. 260, 262.
[3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza, xii. 262.

dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels[1] turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa; the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three-quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the headquarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.[2]

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again risen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad Zeelanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreign-

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 556. Hoofd, ix. 377. Mendoza, xii. 262.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza.

ers, who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirkway, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.[1]

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of

[1] Bor, vii. 566. Hoofd, ix. 380.

corpses, father, mother, children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.[1]

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility.[2] A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 557. Hoofd, ix. 381. Meteren, v. 94. Mendoza's estimate of the entire population, as numbering only fourteen thousand before the siege (xii. 256), is evidently erroneous. It was probably nearer fifty thousand.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 381, 382. Bor, vii. 557.

that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."[1]

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed."[2] Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."[3]

On September 28th a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot.[4] In this despatch, the po-

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Hoofd, ix. 379. Meteren, v. 94.

[2] Jan Fruytiers, 25. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 379, 380.

[3] "Dat hat den Prinse so onmogelijk was om Leyden te ontsetten als het benluiden mogelilk was te sterren metter hand te reiken en grijpen."—Bor, vii. 557.

[4] Bor, vii. 557.—See also the text of the letter transmitted on the same day and in the same manner, from the Admiral to the Commandant Nordtwyck, in Groen v. Prinsterer. The tone of the letter is spirited, cheerful, and almost

sition of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of October 1st and 2d, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.[1]

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farm houses rising around the contending vessels.[2] The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zeelander's cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into

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jocular. The writer claims the hospitality of the Commandant, assuring him that he shall soon arrive in Leyden, to be a guest in his house.—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 67, 68.

[1] Bor, vii. 557.

[2] Bor, vii. 557. Hoofd, ix. 382, Meteren, v. 95. Mendoza, xii. 263.

the great mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zeelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.[1]

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city.[2] It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 558. Hoofd, ix. 383. Mendoza, xii. 264.
[2] Bor, vii. 559. Hoofd, ix. 384. Meteren, v. 95.

for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.[1]

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist—"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us."[2] It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens.[3] Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the

[1] Bor, vii. 559. Hoofd, ix. 385. [2] Bor, vii. 559.
[3] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 559. Meteren, v. 95. Mendoza, xii. 265.

ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident.[1] Valdez, flying himself from Leyerdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraodinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of October 3rd. Leyden was relieved.[2]

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand, coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who, for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation;—but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zeelanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children —nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn.

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 559. Hoofd, ix. 385.
[2] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 560. Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note dispatched to the Prince of Orange, was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.[1]

The next day, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his friends, who were anxious lest his life should be endangered by breathing, in his scarcely convalescent state, the air of the city where so many thousands had been dying of the pestilence, the Prince repaired to Leyden. He, at least, had never doubted his own or his country's fortitude. They could, therefore, most sincerely congratulate each other, now that the victory had been achieved. "If we are doomed to perish," he had said a little before the commencement of the siege,[2] "in the name of God, be it so! At any rate, we shall have the honor to have done what no nation ever did before us, that of having defended and maintained ourselves, unaided, in so small a country, against the tremendous efforts of such powerful enemies. So long as the poor inhabitants here, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will still cost the Spaniards the half of Spain, in money and in men, before they can make an end of us."

The termination of the terrible siege of Leyden was a convincing proof to the Spaniards that they had not yet made an end of the Hollanders. It furnished, also, a sufficient presumption that until they *had* made an end of them, even unto the last Hollander, there would never be an end of the strug-

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Hoofd, ix. 386. Bor. vii. 560. Meteren, v. 95.
[2] Letter to Count John, 7th May, 1574. Archives, etc., iv. 385–398.

gle in which they were engaged. It was a slender consolation to the Governor-General, that his troops had been vanquished, not by the enemy, but by the ocean. An enemy whom the ocean obeyed with such docility might well be deemed invincible by man. In the headquarters of Valdez, at Leyderdorp, many plans of Leyden and the neighborhood were found lying in confusion about the room. Upon the table was a hurried farewell of that General to the scenes of his discomfiture, written in a Latin worthy of Juan Vargas: "Vale civitas, valete castelli parvi, qui relicti estis propter aquam et non per vim inimicorum!" In his precipitate retreat before the advancing rebels, the Commander had but just found time for this elegant effusion, and for his parting instructions to Colonel Borgia that the fortress of Lammen was to be forthwith abandoned. These having been reduced to writing, Valdez had fled so speedily as to give rise to much censure and more scandal. He was even accused of having been bribed by the Hollanders to desert his post, a tale which many repeated, and a few believed. On October 4th, the day following that on which the relief of the city was effected, the wind shifted to the northeast, and again blew a tempest. It was as if the waters, having now done their work, had been rolled back to the ocean by an Omnipotent hand, for in the course of a few days, the land was bare again, and the work of reconstructing the dykes commenced.[1]

[1] Bor, vii. 560. Meteren, v. 95. Hoofd, ix. 383. Mendoza, xii. 265.—The best authority, after Fruytiers, for the history of this memorable siege, is Bor, who was living at Utrecht at the time. He afterwards, in writing his Chronicle, used the account drawn up by Jan Fruytiers from information and documents furnished by the magistrates and many persons present at the siege. Bor had also enjoyed frequent communications with the Seigneur de Nordtwyck, Commandant of the city during the siege, with Dirk de Montfort, at whose house the Prince of Orange lodged on the 4th of October, and with other individuals. He had read in the original every letter which he quotes in his history. He cites, also, with amusing gravity, a variety of acrostics, anagrams, and other poetical effusions, wonderful specimens all, of the uncouth gambols by which the poets of that day and country were in the habit of exhibiting their enthusiasm. Among other productions of the muse elicited by the triumphant termination to the siege, he alludes with emotion to a poem which he hoped was soon to see the light. This was an Ode on the Siege of Leyden "in six hundred and eleven stanzas of eight lines each"—which the suffering reader was at liberty "to sing or to read," as best suited him. To sing six hundred and eleven stanzas, eight lines each, of a Dutch poem, one would think almost as formidable a doom as to endure the horrors of the siege which it celebrated.—Bor, vii. 561. Don Bernardino de Mendoza is the chief Spanish authority.—Compare Bentivoglio, lib. viii. 151–156; and Cabrera, Hist. Don Filipe Segundo, lib. x. cap. xvii. xix. xxi. The last historian sees nothing worthy of admiration or respect in the conduct of the Hollanders, and he is incensed with Geronimo Franchi for having wasted nearly the whole of one book on an account of the memorable relief.

After a brief interval of repose, Leyden had regained its former position. The Prince, with advice of the estates, had granted the city, as a reward for its sufferings, a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes,[1] and as a further manifestation of the gratitude entertained by the people of Holland and Zeeland for the heroism of the citizens, it was resolved that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls.[2] The University of Leyden, afterwards so illustrious, was thus founded in the very darkest period of the country's struggle.

The university was endowed with a handsome revenue, principally derived from the ancient abbey of Egmont,[3] and was provided with a number of professors, selected for their genius, learning, and piety among all the most distinguished scholars of the Netherlands. The document by which the institution was founded was certainly a masterpiece of ponderous irony, for as the fiction of the King's sovereignty was still maintained, Philip was gravely made to establish the university, as a reward to Leyden for rebellion to himself. "Considering," said this wonderful charter,[4] "that during these present wearisome wars within our provinces of Holland and Zeeland, all good instruction of youth in the sciences and liberal arts is likely to come into entire oblivion. * * * * *Considering the differences of religion*—considering that we are inclined to gratify *our city of Leyden, with its burghers, on account of the heavy burthens sustained by them during this war with such faithfulness*—we have resolved, after *ripely deliberating with our dear cousin, William, Prince of Orange,* stadholder, to erect a free public school and university," etc., etc., etc. So ran the document establishing this famous academy, all needful regulations for the government and police of the institution being entrusted by Philip, to his "above-mentioned dear cousin of Orange."

The university having been founded, endowed, and supplied with its teachers, it was solemnly consecrated in the following winter, and it is agreeable to contemplate this scene of harmless pedantry, interposed, as it was, between the acts of the longest and dreariest tragedy of modern time. On February 5th, 1575, the city of Leyden, so lately the victim

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[1] Bor, vii. 561. [2] Bor. viii. 593. Meteren, v. 95. [3] Bor, viii. 503.
[4] See the text of the Octroy by which the university was established, in Bor, vii, 593, 591.

of famine and pestilence, had crowned itself with flowers. At seven in the morning, after a solemn religious celebration in the Church of St. Peter,[1] a grand procession was formed. It was preceded by a military escort, consisting of the burgher militia and the five companies of infantry stationed in the city. Then came, drawn by four horses, a splendid triumphal chariot, on which sat a female figure, arrayed in snow-white garments. This was the Holy Gospel. She was attended by the Four Evangelists, who walked on foot at each side of her chariot. Next followed Justice, with sword and scales, mounted, blindfold, upon a unicorn, while those learned doctors, Julian, Papinian, Ulpian, and Tribonian, rode on either side, attended by two lackeys and four men at arms. After these came Medicine, on horseback, holding in one hand a treatise of the healing art, in the other a garland of drugs. The curative goddess rode between the four eminent physicians, Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and Theophrastus, and was attended by two footmen and four pike-bearers. Last of the allegorical personages came Minerva, prancing in complete steel, with lance in rest, and bearing her Medusa shield. Aristotle and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, all on horseback, with attendants in antique armor at their back, surrounded the daughter of Jupiter, while the city band, discoursing eloquent music from hautboy and viol, came upon the heels of the allegory. Then followed the mace-bearers and other officials, escorting the orator of the day, the newly-appointed professors and doctors, the magistrates and dignitaries, and the body of the citizens generally completing the procession.

Marshalled in this order, through triumphal arches, and over a pavement strewed with flowers, the procession moved slowly up and down the different streets, and along the quiet canals of the city. As it reached the Nuns' Bridge, a barge of triumph, gorgeously decorated, came floating slowly down the sluggish Rhine. Upon its deck, under a canopy enwreathed with laurels *and oranges*, and adorned with tapestry, sat Apollo, attended by the Nine Muses, all in classical costume; at the helm stood Neptune with his trident. The Muses executed some beautiful concerted pieces; Apollo twanged his lute. Having reached the landing-place, this deputation from Parnassus stepped on shore, and stood await-

[1] Bor, viii. 594.

ing the arrival of the procession. Each professor, as he advanced, was gravely embraced and kissed by Apollo and all the Nine Muses in turn, who greeted their arrival besides with the recitation of an elegant Latin poem. This classical ceremoney terminated, the whole procession marched together to the cloister of Saint Barbara, the place prepared for the new university, where they listened to an eloquent oration by the Rev. Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded.[1]

[1] Bor, viii. 594, 595.

## CHAPTER III.

### BARREN DIPLOMACY AND SUBMARINE LAURELS.

Latter days of the Blood Council—Informal and insincere negotiations for peace—Characteristics of the negotiators and of their diplomatic correspondence—Dr. Junius—Secret conferences between Dr. Leoninus and Orange—Steadfastness of the Prince—Changes in the internal government of the northern provinces—Generosity and increasing power of the municipalities—Incipient jealousy in regard to Orange rebuked—His offer of resignation refused by the Estates—His elevation to almost unlimited power—Renewed mediation of Maximilian—Views and positions of the parties—Advice of Orange—Opening of negotiations at Breda—Propositions and counter-propositions—Adroitness of the plenipotentiaries on both sides—Insincere diplomacy and unsatisfactory results—Union of Holland and Zeeland under the Prince of Orange—Act defining his powers—Charlotte de Bourbon—Character, fortunes, and fate of Anna of Saxony—Marriage of Orange with Mademoiselle de Bourbon—Indignation thereby excited—Horrible tortures inflicted upon Papists by Sonoy in North Holland—Oudewater and Schoonhoven taken by Hierges—The isles of Zeeland—A submarine expedition projected—Details of the adventure—Its entire success—Death of Chiappin Vitelli—Deliberations in Holland and Zeeland concerning the renunciation of Philip's authority—Declaration at Delft—Doubts as to which of the Great Powers the sovereignty should be offered—Secret international relations—Mission to England—Unsatisfactory negotiations with Elizabeth—Position of the Grand Commander—Siege of Zierickzee—Generosity of Count John—Desperate project of the Prince—Death and character of Requesens.

The Council of Troubles, or, as it will be forever denominated in history, the Council of Blood, still existed, although the Grand Commander, upon his arrival in the Netherlands, had advised his sovereign to consent to the immediate abolition of so odious an institution.[1] Philip, accepting the advice of his governor and his cabinet, had accordingly authorized him by letter of March 10th, 1574, to take that step if he continued to believe it advisable.[2]

Requesens had made use of this permission to extort money from the obedient portion of the provinces. An assembly of deputies was held at Brussels on June 7th, 1574, and there was a tedious interchange of protocols, reports, and remon-

[1] Lettre de Requesens à Philippe II., Dec. 30, 1673, apud Gachard, Notice, etc., 24.

[2] Gachard, Notice, etc., 24–26.

strances.[1] The estates, not satisfied with the extinction of a tribunal which had at last worn itself out by its own violence, and had become inactive through lack of victims, insisted on greater concessions. They demanded the departure of the Spanish troops, the establishment of a council of Netherlanders in Spain for Netherland affairs, the restoration to offices in the provinces, of natives and natives only;[2] for these drawers of documents thought it possible, at that epoch, to recover by pedantry what their brethren of Holland and Zeeland were maintaining with the sword. It was not the moment for historical disquisition, citations from Solomon, nor chopping of logic; yet with such lucubrations were reams of paper filled, and days and weeks occupied.[3] The result was what might have been expected. The Grand Commander obtained but little money; the estates obtained none of their demands; and the Blood-Council remained, as it were, suspended in mid-air. It continued to transact business at intervals during the administration of Requesens,[4] and at last, after nine years of existence, was destroyed by the violent imprisonment of the Council of State at Brussels. This event, however, belongs to a subsequent page of this history.

Noircarmes had argued, from the tenor of Saint Aldegonde's letters, that the Prince would be ready to accept his pardon upon almost any terms.[5] Noircarmes was not dead,[6] but Saint Aldegonde still remained in prison, very anxious for his release, and as well disposed as ever to render services in any secret negotiation. It will be recollected that, at the capitulation of Middelburg, it had been distinctly stipulated by the Prince that Colonel Mondragon should at once effect the liberation of Saint Aldegonde, with certain other prisoners, or himself return into confinement. He had done neither the one nor the other. The patriots still languished in prison, some of them being subjected to exceedingly harsh treatment, but Mondragon, although repeatedly summoned as an officer and a gentleman, by the Prince, to return to captivity, had been forbidden by the Grand Commander to redeem his pledge.[7]

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[1] Bor viii. 517–523 seq. [2] Ibid. [3] Vide Bor, vii. 517–523, seq.
[4] Gachard, Notice, etc, 27, 28, and note, p. 27.
[5] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 369–373.
[6] He died March 4th, 1574, at Utrecht, of poison, according to suspicion.—Bor, vii. 492.
[7] Vide Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. DXLIII. DXLIV. DXLV.—Compare Groen van Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 71, 72.

Saint Aldegonde was now released from prison upon parole, and despatched on a secret mission to the Prince and estates.[1] As before, he was instructed that two points were to be left untouched—the authority of the King and the question of religion.[2] Nothing could be more preposterous than to commence a negotiation from which the two important points were thus carefuly eliminated. The King's authority and the question of religion covered the whole ground upon which the Spaniards and the Hollanders had been battling for six years, and were destined to battle for three-quarters of a century longer. Yet, although other affairs might be discussed, those two points were to be reserved for the more conclusive arbitration of gun-powder. The result of negotiations upon such a basis was easily to be foreseen. Breath, time, and paper were profusely wasted and nothing gained. The Prince assured his friend, as he had done secret agents previously sent to him, that he was himself ready to leave the land, if by so doing he could confer upon it the blessing of peace;[3] but that all hopes of reaching a reasonable conclusion from the premises established was futile. The envoy treated also with the estates, and received from them in return an elaborate report, which was addressed immediately to the King.[4] The style of this paper was bold and blunt, its substance bitter and indigestible. It informed Philip what he had heard often enough before, that the Spaniards must go and the exiles come back, the inquisition be abolished and the ancient privileges restored, the Roman Catholic religion renounce its supremacy, and the Reformed religion receive permission to exist unmolested, before he could call himself master of that little hook of sand in the North Sea. With this paper, which was entrusted to Saint Aldegonde, by him to be delivered to the Grand Commander, who was, after reading it, to forward it to its destination, the negotiator returned to his prison.[5] Thence he did not emerge again till the course of events released him, upon October 15th, 1574.[6]

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[1] Bor, vii. 534. Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 400, seq.
[2] Ibid. Ibid.
[3] Quant à luy il étoit content, si ceulx là le treuvoient bon de se retirer du pays, afin que tant mieulx ilz puissent parvenir à ce que dessus," etc.—Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 400.
[4] Bor, vii. 535. [5] See the "Vertooning" in Bor, vii. 535, seq.
[6] Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 101. Bor, vii.

This report was far from agreeable to the Governor, and it became the object of a fresh correspondence between his confidential agent, Champagny, and the learned and astute Junius de Jonge, representative of the Prince of Orange and Governor of Veere.[1] The communication of De Jonge consisted of a brief note and a long discourse. The note was sharp and stinging, the discourse elaborate and somewhat pedantic. Unnecessarily historical and unmercifully extended, it was yet bold, bitter, and eloquent. The presence of foreigners was proved to have been, from the beginning of Philip's reign, the curse of the country. Doctor Sonnius, with his batch of bishops, had sowed the seed of the first disorder. A prince, ruling in the Netherlands, had no right to turn a deaf ear to the petitions of his subjects. If he did so, the Hollanders would tell him, as the old woman had told the Emperor Adrian, that the potentate who had no time to attend to the interests of his subjects, had not leisure enough to be a sovereign. While Holland refused to bow its neck to the Inquisition, the King of Spain dreaded the thunder and lightning of the Pope. The Hollanders would, with pleasure, emancipate Philip from his own thraldom, but it was absurd that he, who was himself a slave to another potentate, should affect unlimited control over a free people. It was Philip's councillors, not the Hollanders, who were his real enemies; for it was they who held him in the subjection by which his power was neutralized and his crown degraded.[2]

It may be supposed that many long pages, conceived in this spirit and expressed with great vigor, would hardly smooth the way for the more official negotiations which were soon to take place, yet Doctor Junius fairly and faithfully represented the sentiment of his nation.

Towards the close of the year, Doctor Elbertus Leoninus, professor of Louvain, together with Hugo Bonte, ex-pensionary of Middelburg, was commissioned by the Grand Commander to treat secretly with the Prince.[3] He was, however, not found very tractable when the commissioners opened the subject of his own pardon and reconciliation with the King, and he absolutely refused to treat at all except with the co-

[1] See the Correspondence in Bor, vii. 535, 536.

[2] See the discourse of Junius in Bor, vii. 536-544.

[3] The letters and documents concerning this secret negotiation are published in Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 403–430. See also Bor, vii. 585.

operation of the estates.[1] He, moreover, objected to the use of the word "pardon," on the ground that he had never done anything requiring his Majesty's forgiveness. If adversity should visit him, he cared but little for it; he had lived long enough, he said, and should die with some glory, regretting the disorders and oppressions which had taken place, but conscious that it had not been in his power to remedy them. When reminded by the commissioners of the King's power, he replied that he knew his Majesty to be very mighty, but that there was a King more powerful still—even God the Creator, who, as he humbly hoped, was upon his side.[2]

At a subsequent interview with Hugo Bonte, the Prince declared it almost impossible for himself or the estates to hold any formal communication with the Spanish government, as such communications were not safe. No trust could be reposed either in safe conducts or hostages. Faith had been too often broken by the administration. The promise made by the Duchess of Parma to the nobles, and afterwards violated, the recent treachery of Mondragon, the return of three exchanged prisoners from the Hague, who died next day of poison administered before their release, the frequent attempts upon his own life—all such constantly recurring crimes made it doubtful, in the opinion of the Prince, whether it would be possible to find commissioners to treat with his Majesty's government. All would fear assassination, afterwards to be disavowed by the King and pardoned by the Pope.[3] After much conversation in this vein, the Prince gave the Spanish agents warning that he might eventually be obliged to seek the protection of some foreign power for the provinces. In this connection he made use of the memorable metaphor, so often repeated afterwards, that "the country was a beautiful damsel, who certainly did not lack suitors able and willing to accept her and defend her against the world."[4] As to the matter of religion, he said he was willing to leave it to be settled by the estates-general; but doubted whether anything short of entire liberty of worship would ever satisfy the people.[5]

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[1] See the account by Bonte, in Gachard. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit. iii. 378, 379.

[2] See the account by Bonte, in Gachard. Correspondance de Guillaume el Tacit, iii. 378, 379, 380.

[3] Ibid, 383.

[4] Ibid, 387.—Compare Bor, viii. 613.

[5] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 387.—Compare Bor, viii. 613.

Subsequently there were held other conferences, between the Prince and Doctor Leoninus, with a similar result, all attempts proving fruitless to induce him to abandon his position upon the subject of religion, or to accept a pardon on any terms save the departure of the foreign troops, the assembling of the estates-general, and entire freedom of religion. Even if he were willing to concede the religious question himself, he observed that it was idle to hope either from the estates or people a hand's-breadth of concession upon that point. Leoninus was subsequently admitted to a secret conference with the estates of Holland, where his representations were firmly met by the same arguments as those already used by the Prince.[1]

These proceedings on the part of Saint Aldegonde, Champagny, Junius, and Elbertus Leoninus extended through the whole summer and autumn of 1574, and were not terminated until January of the following year.

Changes fast becoming necessary in the internal government of the provinces, were also undertaken during this year. Hitherto the Prince had exercised his power under the convenient fiction of the King's authority, systematically conducting the rebellion in the name of his Majesty, and as his Majesty's stadholder. By this process an immense power was lodged in his hands; nothing less, indeed, than the supreme executive and legislative functions of the land; while since the revolt had become, as it were, perpetual ample but anomalous functions had been additionally thrust upon him by the estates and by the general voice of the people.

The two provinces, even while deprived of Haarlem and Amsterdam, now raised two hundred and ten thousand florins monthly,[2] whereas Alva had never been able to extract from

[1] Gachard, Corresondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 403–430. Bor, vii. 565, seq.—Compare Hoofd, ix. 400, 401; Wagenaer, d. vii. 25–27. See also a very ample memoir of the distinguished scholar and diplomatist, Albert de Leeuw (or Elbertus Leoninus), by J. P. Van Cappelle. Bijdragen tot de Ges. d. Nederl, 1–204. He began his active life as law professor at Louvain, in which city he married Barbara de Haze, with whom he lived more than fifty-two years. The lady, however, seems not to have pined after the termination of this wedlock of more than half a century; for she survived her husband *thirty-six years*. The biographer shrewdly suspects, therefore, that she must have been a "*very young miss when she was married.*" "Dit meisje moet nog seer jong zijn geweest, toen Leoninus zich met haar in het huwelijk begaf."—V. d. Cappelle, 93, note 8. He was born at Bommel, in 1519 or 1520, and died in 1598, full of years and honours. His public services, on various important occasions, will be often alluded to in subsequent pages.

[2] Resol. Holl., Mar. 15 und 17, 1576, bl. 16, 19.

Holland more than two hundred and seventy-one thousand florins yearly. They paid all rather than pay a tenth. In consequence of this liberality, the cities insensibly acquired a greater influence in the government. The coming contest between the centrifugal aristocratic principle, represented by these corporations, and the central popular authority of the stadholder, was already foreshadowed, but at first the estates were in perfect harmony with the Prince. They even urged upon him more power than he desired, and declined functions which he wished them to exercise. On September 7th, 1573, it had been formally proposed by the general council to confer a regular and unlimited dictatorship upon him,[1] but in the course of a year from that time the cities had begun to feel their increasing importance.[2] Moreover, while growing more ambitious, they became less liberal.

The Prince, dissatisfied with the conduct of the cities, brought the whole subject before an assembly of the estates of Holland on October 20th, 1574. He stated the inconveniences produced by the anomalous condition of the government. He complained that the common people had often fallen into the error that the money raised for public purposes had been levied for his benefit only, and that they had, therefore, been less willing to contribute to the taxes. As the only remedy for these evils, he tendered his resignation of all the powers with which he was clothed, so that the estates might then take the government, which they could exercise without conflict or control. For himself, he had never desired power, except as a means of being useful to his country, and he did not offer his resignation from unwillingness to stand by the cause, but from a hearty desire to save it from disputes among its friends. He was ready, now as ever, to shed the last drop of his blood to maintian the freedom of the land.[3]

This straightforward language produced an instantaneous effect. The estates knew that they were dealing with a man whose life was governed by lofty principles, and they felt that they were in danger of losing him through their own selfishness and low ambition. They were embarrassed, for they did not like to relinquish the authority which they had begun to relish, nor to accept the resignation of a man who was indis-

[1] Kluit, Hist. Holl. Staatsreg., dl. i. 86.
[2] Kluit, i. 78, et seq. Wagenaer, vii. 5, 6.
[3] Resol. Holl., Oct. 20, Nov. 1, bl. 148–176. Kluit, d. i. 96, 97. Wagenaer, vii. 10, 11.

pensable. They felt that to give up William of Orange at that time was to accept the Spanish yoke forever. At an assembly held at Delft on November 12th, 1574, they accordingly requested him "to continue in his blessed government, with the council established near him,"[1] and for this end, they formally offered to him, "under the name of Governor or Regent" absolute power, authority, and sovereign command. In particular, they conferred on him the entire control of all the ships of war, hitherto reserved to the different cities, together with the right to dispose of all prizes and all moneys raised for the support of the fleets. They gave him also unlimited power over the domains; they agreed that all magistracies, militia bands, guilds, and communities, should make solemn oath to contribute taxes and to receive garrisons, exactly as the Prince, with his council, should ordain; but they made it a condition that the estates should be convened and consulted upon requests, impositions, and upon all changes in the governing body. It was also stipulated that the judges of the supreme court and of the exchequer, with other high officers, should be appointed by and with the consent of the estates.[2]

The Prince expressed himself willing to accept the government upon these terms. He, however, demanded an allowance of forty-five thousand florins monthly for the army expenses and other current outlays.[3] Here, however, the estates refused their consent. In a mercantile spirit, unworthy the occasion and the man with whom they were dealing, they endeavored to chaffer where they should have been only too willing to comply, and they attempted to reduce the reasonable demand of the Prince to thirty thousand florins.[4] The Prince, who had poured out his own wealth so lavishly in the cause—who, together with his brothers, particularly the generous John of Nassau, had contributed all which they could raise by mortgage, sales of jewelry and furniture, and by extensive loans, subjecting themselves to constant embarrassment, and almost to penury, felt himself outraged by the paltriness of this conduct. He expressed his indignation, and

[1] Resol. Holl., Nov., 1574, bl. 178. Wagenaer, vii. 11, 12, 13. Kluit, 97, 98, d. i.

[2] Resol. Holl. Kluit, Wagenaer, ubi sup. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 90–94.

[3] Resol. Holl., Nov. 13 und 25, 1574, bl. 196, 207, 208. Kluit, i. 101, 102.

[4] Resol. Holl., Nov. 25, 1574, bl. 207, 208.

denounced the niggardliness of the estates in the strongest language, and declared that he would rather leave the country forever, with the maintenance of his own honor, than accept the government upon such disgraceful terms.[1] The estates, disturbed by his vehemence, and struck with its justice, instantly, and without further deliberation, consented to his demand. They granted the forty-five thousand florins monthly, and the Prince assumed the government, thus remodelled.[2]

During the autumn and early winter of the year 1574, the Emperor Maximilian had been actively exerting himself to bring about a pacification of the Netherlands. He was certainly sincere, for an excellent reason. "The Emperor maintains," said Saint Goard, French ambassador at Madrid, "that if peace is not made with the Beggars, the Empire will depart from the house of Austria, and that such is the determination of the electors."[3] On the other hand, if Philip were not weary of the war, at any rate his means for carrying it on were diminishing daily. Requesens could raise no money in the Netherlands;[4] his secretary wrote to Spain, that the exchequer was at its last gasp, and the cabinet of Madrid was at its wits' end, and almost incapable of raising ways and means. The peace party was obtaining the upper hand; the fierce policy of Alva regarded with increasing disfavor. "The people here," wrote Saint Goard from Madrid, "are completely desperate, whatever pains they take to put a good face on the matter. They desire most earnestly to treat, without losing their character." It seemed, nevertheless, impossible for Philip to bend his neck. The hope of wearing the Imperial crown had alone made his bigotry feasible. To less potent influences it was adamant; and even now, with an impoverished exchequer, and, after seven years of unsuccessful warfare, his purpose was not less rigid than at first. "The Hollanders demand liberty of conscience," said Saint Goard, "to which the King will never consent, or I am much mistaken."[5]

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[1] Resol. Holl., Nov. 25, 1574, bl. 208.

[2] They made the offer of thirty thousand in the morning, and granted the whole demand in the afternoon of the 25th Nov.—Resol. Holl., Nov. 25, 1574, bl. 196–208. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 102. Wagenaer, vii. 13, 14. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 90–94.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, v. 81.

[4] Ibid., v. 28–32.

[5] Ibid., v. 83.

As for Orange, he was sincerely in favor of peace—but not a dishonorable peace, in which should be renounced all the objects of the war. He was far from sanguine on the subject, for he read the signs of the times and the character of Philip too accurately to believe much more in the success of the present than in that of the past efforts of Maximilian. He was pleased that his brother-in-law, Count Schwartzburg, had been selected as the Emperor's agent in the affair, but expressed his doubts whether much good would come of the proposed negotiations. Remembering the many traps which in times past had been set by Philip and his father, he feared that the present transaction might likewise prove a snare. "We have not forgotten the words 'ewig' and 'einig' in the treaty with Landgrave Philip," he wrote; "at the same time we beg to assure his Imperial Majesty that we desire nothing more than a good peace, tending to the glory of God, the service of the King of Spain, and the prosperity of his subjects."[1]

This was his language to his brother, in a letter which was meant to be shown to the Emperor. In another, written on the same day, he explained himself with more clearness, and stated his distrust with more energy. There were no papists left, except a few ecclesiastics, he said, so much had the number of the Reformers been augmented, through the singular grace of God. It was out of the question to suppose, therefore, that a measure, dooming all who were not Catholics to exile, could be entertained. None would change their religion, and none would consent, voluntarily, to abandon forever their homes, friends, and property. "Such a peace," he said, "would be poor and pitiable indeed."[2]

These, then, were the sentiments of the party now about to negotiate. The mediator was anxious for a settlement, because the interests of the Imperial house required it. The King of Spain was desirous of peace, but was unwilling to concede a hair. The Prince of Orange was equally anxious to terminate the war, but was determined not to abandon the objects for which it had been undertaken. A favorable result, therefore, seemed hardly probable. A whole people claimed the liberty to stay at home and practice the Protestant religion, while their King asserted the right to banish them forever, or to burn them if they remained. The parties

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 61-65. [2] Ibid., v. 73, 74.

seemed too far apart to be brought together by the most elastic compromise. The Prince addressed an earnest appeal to the assembly of Holland, then in session at Dort, reminding them that, although peace was desirable, it might be more dangerous than war, and entreating them, therefore, to conclude no treaty which should be inconsistent with the privileges of the country and their duty to God.[1]

It was now resolved that all the votes of the assembly should consist of five: one for the nobles and large cities of Holland, one for the estates of Zeeland, one for the small cities of Holland, one for the cities of Bommel and Buren, and the fifth for William of Orange.[2] The Prince thus effectually held in his hands three votes: his own, that of the small cities, which through his means only had been admitted to the assembly, and thirdly, that of Buren, the capital of his son's earldom. He thus exercised a controlling influence over the coming deliberations. The ten commissioners, who were appointed by the estates for the peace negotiations, were all his friends. Among them were Saint Aldegonde, Paul Buis, Charles Boisot, and Doctor Junius. The plenipotentiaries of the Spanish government were Leoninus, Seigneur de Rassinghem, Cornelius Suis, and Arnold Sasbout.[3]

The proceedings were opened at Breda on March 3d, 1575.[4] The royal commissioners took the initiative, requesting to be informed what complaints the estates had to make, and offering to remove, if possible, all grievances which they might be suffering. The states' commissioners replied that they desired nothing, in the first place, but an answer to the petition which they had already presented to the King. This was the paper placed in the hands of Saint Aldegonde during the informal negotiations of the preceding year. An answer was accordingly given, but couched in such vague and general language as to be quite without meaning. The estates then demanded a categorical reply to the two principal demands in the petition, namely, the departure of the foreign troops and the assembling of the states-general. They were asked what they understood by foreigners and by the assembly of states-general. They replied that by foreigners they meant those who were not natives, and particularly Spaniards. By

[1] Bor, viii. 595, 596. Resol. Holl., Feb. 6, 1575.
[2] Resol. Holl., Feb. 5, 6, 7, 1575, bl. 47, 51, 52. Wagenaer, vii. 29.
[3] Resol. Holl., Feb. 12, 1575, bl. 49–59.
[4] Bor, viii, 597.

the estates-general they meant the same body before which, in 1555, Charles had resigned his sovereignty to Philip. The royal commissioners made an extremely unsatisfactory answer, concluding with a request that all cities, fortresses, and castles then in the power of the estates, together with all their artillery and vessels of war, should be delivered to the King. The Roman Catholic worship, it was also distinctly stated, was to be re-established at once exclusively throughout the Netherlands; those of the Reformed religion receiving permission *for that time only*, to convert their property into cash within a certain time, and to depart the country.[1]

Orange and the estates made answer on March 21st. It could not be called hard, they said, to require the withdrawal of the Spanish troops, for this had been granted in 1559, for less imperious reasons. The estates had, indeed, themselves made use of foreigners, but those foreigners had never been allowed to participate in the government. With regard to the assembly of the states-general, that body had always enjoyed the right of advising with the sovereign on the condition of the country, and on general measures of government. Now it was only thought necessary to summon them, in order that they might give their consent to the King's "requests." Touching the delivery of cities and citadels, artillery and ships, the proposition was pronounced to resemble that made by the wolves to the sheep, in the fable—that the dogs should be delivered up, as a preliminary to a lasting peace. It was unreasonable to request the Hollanders to abandon their religion or their country. The reproach of heresy was unjust, for they still held to the Catholic Apostolic Church, wishing only to purify it of its abuses. Moreover, it was certainly more cruel to expel a whole population than to dismiss three or four thousand Spaniards who for seven long years had been eating their fill at the expense of the provinces. It would be impossible for the exiles to dispose of their property, for all would, by the proposed measure, be sellers, while there would be no purchasers.[2]

The royal plenipotentiaries, making answer to this communication upon April 1st, signified a willingness that the Spanish soldiers should depart, if the states would consent to dis-

[1] Resol. Holl., Maart 7, 1575, bl. 121, 122, 123, 125. Maart 17, 1575, bl. 158, et seq. Bor. viii. 597, sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 31.
[2] Resol. Holl., Maart 21, 1576, bl. 166. Bor, iii. 599. Wagenaer, vii. 34–39.

band their own foreign troops. They were likewise in favor of assembling the states-general, but could not permit any change in the religion of the country. His Majesty had sworn to maintain the true worship at the moment of assuming the sovereignty. The dissenters might, however, be allowed a period of six months in which to leave the land, and eight or ten years for the sale of their property. After the heretics had all departed, his Majesty did not doubt that trade and manufactures would flourish again, along with the old religion. As for the Spanish Inquisition, there was not, and there never had been, any intention of establishing it in the Netherlands.[1]

No doubt there was something specious in this paper. It appeared to contain considerable concessions. The Prince and estates had claimed the departure of the Spaniards. It was now promised that they should depart. They had demanded the assembling of the states-general. It was now promised that they should assemble. They had denounced the inquisition. It was now averred that the Spanish Inquisition was not to be established.

Nevertheless, the commissioners of the Prince were not deceived by such artifices. There was no parity between the cases of the Spanish soldiery and of the troops in service of the estates. To assemble the estates-general was idle, if they were to be forbidden the settlement of the great question at issue. With regard to the Spanish Inquisition, it mattered little whether the slaughter-house were called Spanish or Flemish, or simply the Blood-Council. It was, however, necessary for the states' commissioners to consider their reply very carefully; for the royal plenipotentiaries had placed themselves upon specious grounds. It was not enough to feel that the King's government was paltering with them; it was likewise necessary for the states' agents to impress this fact upon the people.

There was a pause in the deliberations. Meantime, Count Schwartzburg, reluctantly accepting the conviction that the religious question was an insurmountable obstacle to a peace, left the provinces for Germany.[2] The last propositions of the government plenipotentiaries had been discussed in the councils of the various cities,[3] so that the reply of the Prince, and

[1] Resol. Holl., Apl. 1575, bl. 202. Bor, viii. 602.
[2] Bor, viii. 604, 506.
[3] Wagenaer, vii. 43.

estates was delayed until June 1st. They admitted, in this communication, that the offer to restore ancient privileges had an agreeable sound; but regretted that if the whole population were to be banished, there would be but few to derive advantage from the restoration. If the King would put an end to religious persecution, he would find as much loyalty in the provinces as his forefathers had found. It was out of the question, they said, for the states to disarm and to deliver up their strong places, before the Spanish soldiery had retired, and before peace had been established. It was their wish to leave the question of religion, together with all other disputed matters, to the decision of the assembly. Were it possible, in the meantime, to devise any effectual method for restraining hostilities, it would gladly be embraced.[1]

On July 8th, the royal commissioners inquired what guarantee the states would be willing to give, that the decision of the general assembly, whatever it might be, should be obeyed. The demand was answered by another, in which the King's agents were questioned as to their own guarantees. Hereupon it was stated that his Majesty would give his word and sign manual, together with the word and signature of the Emperor into the bargain. In exchange for these promises, the Prince and estates were expected to give their own oaths and seals, together with a number of hostages. Over and above this, they were requested to deliver up the cities of Brill and Enkhuyzen, Flushing and Arnemuyde.[2] The disparity of such guarantees was ridiculous. The royal word, even when strengthened by the imperial promise, and confirmed by the autographs of Philip and Maximilian, was not so solid a security, in the opinion of Netherlanders, as to outweigh four cities in Holland and Zeeland, with all their population and wealth. To give collateral pledges and hostages upon one side, while the King offered none, was to assign a superiority to the royal word, over that of the Prince and the estates which there was no disposition to recognize. Moreover, it was very cogently urged that to give up the cities was to give as security for the contract, some of the principal contracting parties.[3]

This closed the negotiations. The provincial plenipoten-

[1] Resol. Holl., Apl. 19, 1575, bl. 240; May 20, 23, 1575; Jun. 5, 1575, bl. 240, 305, 314, 316, 355. Bor, viii. 605, 608.
[2] Resol. Holl., July 8, 1575, bl. 47.
[3] Resol. Holl., July 8, 16, 1575, bl. 478, 506. Wagenaer, vii. 49.

tiaries took their leave by a paper dated July 13th, 1575, which recapitulated the main incidents of the conference. They expressed their deep regret that his Majesty should insist so firmly on the banishment of the Reformers, for it was unjust to reserve the provinces to the sole use of a small number of Catholics. They lamented that the proposition which had been made, to refer the religious question to the estates, had neither been loyally accepted, nor candidly refused. They inferred, therefore, that the object of the royal government had been to amuse the estates, while time was thus gained for reducing the country into a slavery more abject than any which had yet existed.[1] On the other hand, the royal commissioners as solemnly averred that the whole responsibility for the failure of the negotiations belonged to the estates.[2]

It was the general opinion in the insurgent provinces that the government had been insincere from the beginning, and had neither expected nor desired to conclude a peace. It is probable, however, that Philip was sincere; so far as it could be called sincerity to be willing to conclude a peace, if the provinces would abandon the main objects of the war.[3] With his impoverished exchequer, and ruin threatening his whole empire, if this mortal combat should be continued many years longer, he could have no motive for further bloodshed, provided all heretics should consent to abandon the country. As usual, however, he left his agents in the dark as to his real intentions. Even Requesens was as much in doubt as to the King's secret purposes as Margaret of Parma had ever been

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[1] Resol. Holl., July 16, bl. 506. Wagenaer, vii. 49, 50. Bor, viii. 610.

[2] Resol. Holl., July 16, 1575, bl. 512. Bor, viii. 612.

[3] See Kluit, Hist. der Holl. Staatsreg, i. 90, 91, note 34.—Compare the remarks of Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 259–262; Bor, viii. 606, 615; Meteren, v. 100; Hoofd, x. 410.—Count John of Nassau was distrustful and disdaining from the beginning. Against his brother's loyalty and the straightforward intentions of the estates, he felt that the whole force of the Macchiavelli system of policy would be brought to bear with great effect. He felt that the object of the King's party was to temporize, to confuse, and to deceive. He did not believe them capable of conceding the real object in dispute, but he feared lest they might obscure the judgment of the plain and well-meaning people with whom they had to deal. Alluding to the constant attempts made to poison himself and his brother, he likens the pretended negotiations to Venetian drugs, by which eyesight, hearing, feeling, and intellect were destroyed. Under this pernicious influence the luckless people would not perceive the fire burning around them, but would shrink at a rustling leaf. Not comprehending then the tendency of their own acts, they would "lay bare their own backs to the rod, and bring faggots for their own funeral pile."—Archives, etc., v. 131–137.

in former times.[1] Moreover, the Grand Commander and the government had, after all, made a great mistake in their diplomacy. The estates of Brabant, although strongly desirous that the Spanish troops should be withdrawn, were equally stanch for the maintenance of the Catholic religion, and many of the southern provinces entertained the same sentiments. Had the Governor, therefore, taken the states' commissioners at their word, and left the decision of the religious question to the general assembly, he might perhaps have found the vote in his favor.[2] In this case, it is certain that the Prince of Orange and his party would have been placed in a very awkward position.[3]

The internal government of the insurgent provinces had remained upon the footing which we have seen established in the autumn of 1574, but in the course of this summer (1575), however, the foundation was laid for the union of Holland and Zeeland, under the authority of Orange. The selfish principle of municipal aristocracy, which had tended to keep asunder these various groups of cities, was now repressed by the energy of the Prince and the strong determination of the people.

In April, 1575, certain articles of union between Holland and Zeeland were proposed, and six commissioners appointed to draw up an ordinance for the government of the two provinces. This ordinance was accepted in general assembly of both.[4] It was in twenty articles. It declared that, during the war, the Prince, as sovereign, should have absolute power in all matters concerning the defence of the country. He was to appoint military officers, high and low, establish and remove garrisons, punish offenders against the laws of war. He was to regulate the expenditure of all money voted by the estates. He was to maintain the law, in the King's name, as Count of Holland, and to appoint all judicial officers upon nominations by the estates. He was, at the usual times, to appoint and renew the magistracies of the cities, according to their constitutions. He was to protect the exercise of the Evangelical Reformed religion, *and to suppress the exercise of*

[1] Vigl. ad Hopp., ep. 253.

[2] See Wagenaer, vii. 52.

[3] Besides the Resolutions of the estates of Holland, already cited, see for the history of these negotiations; Meteren, 96–100; Bor, viii. 595–615. Groen v. Prinst., Archives v. 69, et seq.; Hoofd, x. 400, 411.—Compare Bentivoglio, ib, ix. 157–161; Mendoza, xiii. 269, 270.

[4] Resol. Holl., May 17, 18, 1575, bl. 291, 294. Wagenaer vii. 15–18.

*the Roman religion*,[1] without permitting, however, that search should be made into the creed of any person. A deliberative and executive council, by which the jealousy of the corporations had intended to hamper his government, did not come into more than nominal existence.[2]

The articles of union having been agreed upon, the Prince desiring an unfettered expression of the national will, wished the ordinance to be laid before the people in their primary assemblies. The estates, however, were opposed to this democratic proceeding. They represented that it had been customary to consult, after the city magistracies, only the captains of companies and the deans of guilds on matters of government. The Prince, yielding the point, the captains of companies and deans of guilds accordingly alone united with the aristocratic boards in ratifying the instrument by which his authority over the two united provinces was established. On June 4th this first union was solemnized.[3]

Upon July 11th, the Prince formally accepted the government.[4] He, however, made an essential change in a very important clause of the ordinance. In place of the words, the "Roman religion," he insisted that the words, "religion at variance with the Gospel," should be substituted in the article by which he was enjoined to prohibit the exercise of such religion.[5] This alteration rebuked the bigotry which had already grown out of the successful resistance to bigotry, and left the door open for a general religious toleration.

Early in this year the Prince had despatched Saint Aldegonde on a private mission to the Elector Palatine. During some of his visits to that potentate he had seen at Heidelberg the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon. That lady was daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, the most ardent of the Catholic Princes of France, and the one who at the conferences of Bayonne had been most indignant at the Queen Dowager's hesitation to unite heartily with the schemes of Alva and

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[1] "Ook de oefening der Evangelische Gereformeerde Religie handhaaven. doende de oefeninge der Romische Religie ophouden."—Resol. Holl., ubi. sup.

[2] Wagenaer, vii. 19, 22, 23, 25.—Compare Groen v, Prinst., Archives, v. 268–272.—See Resol. Holl., June 10, 21, 23, 1575, bl. 381, 414, 420.

[3] Wagenaer, vii. 19. Resol. Holl., May 21, 1575, bl. 311, 313. June 4, 1575, bl. 359.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 271, 372.

[4] Resol. Holl., July 12, 15, 18, 19, 20, 1575, bl. 487, 501, 514, 141, 120 Bor, viii. 641–643. Hoofd, x. 420, 421.

[5] Resol. Holl., July 22, 30, 1575, bl. 528, 542. Waegnaer, vii. 22.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 272; Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg, i. 116, 117, note 55.

Philip for the extermination of the Huguenots. His daughter, a woman of beauty, intelligence, and virtue, forced before the canonical age to take the religious vows, had been placed in the convent of Joüarrs, of which she had become Abbess. Always secretly inclined to the Reformed religion, she had fled secretly from her cloister, in the year of horrors 1572, and had found refuge at the court of the Elector Palatine, after which step her father refused to receive her letters, to contribute a farthing to her support, or even to acknowledge her claims upon him by a single line or message of affection.[1]

Under these circumstances the outcast princess, who had arrived at years of maturity, might be considered her own mistress, and she was neither morally nor legally bound, when her hand was sought in marriage by the great champion of the Reformation, to ask the consent of a parent who loathed her religion and denied her existence. The legality of the divorce from Anne of Saxony had been settled by a full expression of the ecclesiastical authority which she most respected;[2] the facts upon which the divorce had been founded having been proved beyond peradventure.

Nothing, in truth, could well be more fortunate in its results than the famous Saxon marriage, the arrangements for which had occasioned so much pondering to Philip, and so much diplomatic correspondence on the part of high personages in Germany, the Netherlands, and Spain. Certainly, it was of but little consequence to what church the unhappy princess belonged, and they must be slightly versed in history or in human nature who can imagine these nuptials to have exercised any effect upon the religious or political sentiments of Orange. The Princess was of a stormy, ill-regulated nature; almost a lunatic from the beginning. The dislike which succeeded to her fantastic fondness for the Prince, as well as her general eccentricity, had soon become the talk of all the court at Brussels. She would pass week after week without emerging from her chamber, keeping the shutters closed and candles burning, day and night.[3] She quarrelled violently with Countess Egmont for precedence, so that the ludicrous contentions of the two ladies in ante-chambers and

[1] Archives et Corresp., v. 113.

[2] Acte de cinq Ministres du St. Evangile par lequel ils declarent le mariage du Prince d' Orange être legitime."—Archives, etc., v. 216–226.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 386.

doorways were the theme and the amusement of society.[1] Her insolence, not only in private but in public, towards her husband became intolerable. "I could not do otherwise than bear it with sadness and patience," said the Prince, with great magnanimity, "hoping that with age would come improvement." Nevertheless, upon one occasion, at a supper party, she had used such language in the presence of Count Horn and many other nobles, "that all wondered that he could endure the abusive terms which she applied to him.[2]

When the clouds gathered about him, when he had become an exile and a wanderer, her reproaches and her violence increased. The sacrifice of their wealth, the mortgages and sales which he effected of his estates, plate, jewels, and furniture, to raise money for the struggling country, excited her bitter resentment. She separated herself from him by degrees, and at last abandoned him altogether. Her temper became violent to ferocity. She beat her servants with her hands and with clubs; she threatened the lives of herself, of her attendants, of Count John of Nassau, with knives and daggers, and indulged in habitual profanity and blasphemy, uttering frightful curses upon all around. Her original tendency to intemperance had so much increased, that she was often unable to stand on her feet. A bottle of wine, holding more than a quart, in the morning, and another in the evening, together with a pound of sugar, was her usual allowance. She addressed letters to Alva, complaining that husband had impoverished himself "in his good-for-nothing Beggar war," and begging the Duke to furnish her with a little ready money and with the means of arriving at the possession of her dower.[3]

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[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 452.

[2] Letter to the Elector Augustus.—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 31, 32.

[3] "Derhalben auch die Princessin sich dermassen ertzurnedt, das sie ihr der frawen man und die fraw midt einem scheidtholltz gleichfalls auch mit feusten geschlagen und sehr ubel gescholten hab," etc.—Summarische Verreichnisz und Protocolle der Abgesandten, 85–129. Act. der Fr. Princessin zu Uramen vorgefiche vorhandlung belangnt, A°. 1572.—MS., Dresden Archives.

"Habe darnach des Abends, als sie gahr und also beweindt gewesen das sie nicht stehen konnen, ein schriebmesserlein in den rechten ermel zu sich gestegkt, vorhabens Graf Johann wan er zu ihr kumen wehre, sollchs in den halsu zu stossen —— gleichfolls habe sie ein briefstecher bekhumen und sollchen, alls sie auch etwas zuviel getrunken, zu ihrem Haupt ins bedt gelegt, etc., etc.——Es las ihr auch die Fr. Prinzessin offtmals eyer gahr hardt im salttz seiden, daraul, tringkt sie dan edtwan zuvil und werde ungedultig, fluche alle bosze fluechc, und werfe die speisze und schussel und allem von tisch von sich," etc., etc.—MS., Dresden Archives, dict, act.

"Und die Fr. Prinzessin, wie sie es genant, *den tollen man*, nemlich ein guedte flasche weins morgens und abermals ein guedte flasche zu abendtszeidt mehr dan

An illicit connexion with a certain John Rubens, an exiled magistrate of Antwerp, and father of the celebrated painter, completed the list of her delinquencies, and justified the marriage of the Prince with Charlotte de Bourbon.[1] It was therefore determined by the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave William to remove her from the custody of the Nassaus. This took place with infinite difficulty, at the close of the year 1575. Already, in 1572, Augustus had proposed to the Landgrave that she should be kept in solitary confinement, and that a minister should preach to her daily through the grated aperture by which her food was to be admitted. The Landgrave remonstrated at so inhuman a proposition, which was, however, carried into effect. The wretched Princess, now completely a lunatic, was imprisoned in the electoral palace, in a chamber where the windows were walled up and a small grating let into the upper part of the door. Through this wicket came her food, as well as the words of the holy man appointed to preach daily for her edification.[2]

Two years long, she endured this terrible punishment, and died mad,[3] on December 18th, 1577. On the following day,

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ein masz haltend bekumen, welches ir sambt einem Pfundt Zugkers bei sich zu nemen nicht zu vil sey," etc., etc.—Ibid.

"Der man sich verweigert hat einen brief so sie an den Duca de Alba geschrieben gen Cölln zu tragen und daselbst ferner zu uberschigken.——Der Innhalt solches Briefs sei ungeverlich gewesen, das sie sich beelagdt, wie man sie alhie so gahr ubel tractir—das guedt, so ihr auf des Konings anordnung gehandtraicht habe sollen werden, entwendt und es *ihrem herrn zu seinem unnutzen Gossen Kriegk zu gebrauchen* zugestellt haben. Bidte das der *Duca de Alba wolle vor sie schreiben* an das Cammergericht umb Mandat, das sie von Gf. Johanns gefengknisz ledig unnd zu Spier vor recht gestellt werden möge. Auch das er, der von Alba, ir die *nechste Mesz etwas von geldt* und dabei einen gesandten mit mundlicher werbung zuschigken wolle. Sey der Brief zwei Bogen lank," etc.—MS., Dresden Archives, dict. act.

[1] Acta: Der. Fran Prinzessin zu Uranien, etc.—Abschriften von F. Annen, Ehestifftung, etc.—Schickung an Joh. G. tzu Nass. Abholung der Princessin und todtlichen Abgang.—MS., Dresd. Arch., 1575–1579, passim. Bakhuyzen v. d. Brinck. Het Huwelijk van W. v. Orange, 133, sqq.

[2] "Seindt auch der endlichen meinung, wan sie also in geheim vorwahret und ein Predicant verordnet, ter sie teglich durch ein fensterlein do ir die speys und tranck gericht werde Irer begangenen sunde mit Vleiss erinnere."—Letter of Elector Augustus to Landgrave William, July 9, 1572.—MS. Dresd. Arch. "Ganz gestoaten Geistes."—Ibid.

[3] "Desgleichen, habe ich auch angeordnet," writes Secretary Hans Jenitz immediately after the decease of the Princess, "dasz *die Fenster durch die Maurer*, welche sie *zuvor zugemauert*, weiderum ausgebrochen wurden und sol der Bettmeister mit *Reinigung derselben Stube und Kammer* sich E. F. G. befehl nach verhalten. E. F. G. kann ich auch unterthanigst nicht verhalten, dasz keine neue Thür vor solche stube gemaecht worden——sondern man hat durch die alte Thure in dem obern Felde nur *ein vier eckicht Loch ausgeschnitten und von starkem eisernen Blech* ein *enges Gitter dafur Gemacht* dasz man auswen-

she was buried in the electoral tomb at Meissen; a pompous procession of "school children, clergy, magistrates, nobility, and citizens" conducting her to that rest of which she could no longer be deprived by the cruelty of man nor her own violent temperament.[1]

So far, therefore, as the character of Mademoiselle de Bourbon and the legitimacy of her future offspring were concerned, she received ample guarantees. For the rest, the Prince in a simple letter, informed her that he was already past his prime, having reached his forty-second year, and that his fortune was encumbered not only with settlements for his children by previous marriages, but by debts contracted in the cause of his oppressed country.[2] A convention of doctors and bishops of France, summoned by the Duc de Montpensier, afterwards confirmed the opinion that the conventual vows of the Princess Charlotte had been conformable neither to the laws of France nor to the canons of the Trent Council[3] She was conducted to Brill by Saint Aldegonde, where she was received by her bridegroom, to whom she was united on June 12th. The wedding festival was held at Dort with much revelry and holiday making, "but without dancing."[4]

In this connection, no doubt the Prince consulted his inclination only. Eminently domestic in his habits, he required the relief of companionship at home to the exhausting affairs which made up his life abroad. For years he had never en-

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dig auf *dem Saal auch verschliessen* kaan——Es steht auch zu E. F. G. Gefallen ob man die *grosse eiserne band* mit den Vorlege *schlossern damit die Thuere von aussen verwart* gewesen, also daran bleiben lassen, oder wieder aus dem stein aushauen und abfeilen lessen wolle, aber die gegitter vor den Fenstern können meines Bedünckens wohl bleiben. Hans Jenitz an Churfürstin Anna Acta: Inventarium über F. Annen, p. 3. Uranien Vorlassenschaft, etc., A°. 1577.—MS., Dresden Archives.

[1] Dict. Act.—MS., Dresden Archives.

It can certainly be considered no violation of the sanctity of archives to make these slender allusions to a tale, the main features of which have already been published, not only by M.M. Groen v. Prinsterer and Bakhuyzen, in Holland, but by the Saxon Professor Böttiger, in Germany. It is impossible to understand the character and career of Orange, and his relations with Germany, without a complete view of the Saxon marriage. The extracts from the "geomantic letters" of Elector Augustus, however, given in Böttiger (Hist. Taschenb. 1836, p. 169–173), with their furious attacks upon the Prince and upon Charlotte of Bourbon, seem to us too obscene to be admitted, even in a note to these pages, and in a foreign language.

[2] "Memoire pour le Comte de Hohenlo allant de la part du Prince d'Orange vers le Comte J. de Nassau l'Electeur Palatin, et son épouse, Mlle de Bourbon." —Arch., etc., v. 189–192.

[3] Apologie du Prince d'Orange.—Ed. Sylvius, 37, 38.

[4] Archives et Corresp., v. 226. Bor, viii. 644. Meteren, v. 100.

joyed social converse, except at long intervals, with man or woman; it was natural, therefore, that he should contract this marriage. It was equally natural that he should make many enemies by so impolitic a match. The Elector Palatine, who was in place of guardian to the bride, decidedly disapproved, although he was suspected of favoring the alliance.[1] The Landgrave of Hesse for a time was furious; the Elector of Saxony absolutely delirious with rage.[2] The Diet of the Empire was to be held within a few weeks at Frankfort, where it was very certain that the outraged and influential Elector would make his appearance, overflowing with anger, and determined to revenge upon the cause of the Netherland Reformation the injury which he had personally received. Even the wise, considerate, affectionate brother, John of Nassau, considered the marriage an act of madness. He did what he could, by argument and entreaty, to dissuade the Prince from its completion;[3] although he afterwards voluntarily confessed that the Princess Charlotte had been deeply calumniated, and was an inestimable treasure to his brother.[4] The French government made use of the circumstance to justify itself in a still further alienation from the cause of the Prince than it had hitherto manifested, but this was rather pretence than reality.

It was not in the nature of things, however, that the Saxon and Hessian indignation could be easily allayed. The Landgrave was extremely violent. "Truly, I cannot imagine," he wrote to the Elector of Saxony, "*quo consilio* that wiseacre of an Aldegonde, and whosoever else has been aiding and abetting have undertaken this affair. *Nam si pietatem respicias*, it is to be feared that, considering she is a Frenchwoman, a nun, and moreover a fugitive nun, about whose chastity there has been considerable question, the Prince has got out of the frying-pan into the fire. *Si formam* it is not to be supposed that it was her beauty which charmed him, since, without doubt, he must be rather frightened than delighted, when he looks upon her. *Si spem prolis*, the Prince has certainly only too many heirs already, and ought to wish that he had neither wife nor children. *Si amicitiam*, it is not to be supposed, while her father expresses himself in such threatening language with regard to her, that there will be much cordiality of friendship on his part. Let them look to it, then, lest it fare with them no better than with the Admiral, at his

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 300.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., v. 203, 204.
[4] Ibid., v. 312, 313.

Paris wedding; for those gentlemen can hardly forgive such injuries, *sine mercurio et arsenico sublimato.*"[1]

The Elector of Saxony was frantic with choler, and almost ludicrous in the vehemence of its expression. Count John was unceasing in his exhortations to his brother to respect the sensitiveness of these important personages, and to remember how much good and how much evil it was in their power to compass, with regard to himself and to the great cause of the Protestant religion. He reminded him, too, that the divorce had not been, and would not be considered impregnable as to form, and that much discomfort and detriment was likely to grow out of the whole proceeding, for himself and his family.[2] The Prince, however, was immovable in his resolution, and from the whole tone of his correspondence and deportment it was obvious that his marriage was one rather of inclination than of policy. "I can assure you, my brother," he wrote to Count John, "that my character has always tended to this—to care neither for words nor menaces in any matter where I can act with a clear conscience, and without doing injury to my neighbor. Truly, if I had paid regard to the threats of princes, I should never have embarked in so many dangerous affairs, contrary to the will of the King, my master, *in times past*, and even to the advice of many of my relatives and friends."[3]

The evil consequences which had been foreseen were not slow to manifest themselves. There was much discussion of the Prince's marriage at the Diet of Frankfort, and there was even a proposition, formally to declare the Calvinists excluded in Germany from the benefits of the Peace of Passau. The Archduke Rudolph was soon afterwards elected King of the Romans and of Bohemia, although hitherto, according to the policy of the Prince of Orange, and in the expectation of benefit to the cause of the Reformation in Germany and the Netherlands, there has been a strong disposition to hold out hopes to Henry the Third, and to excite the fears of Maximilian.[4]

While these important affairs, public and private, had been occurring in the south of Holland and in Germany, a very nefarious transaction had disgraced the cause of the patriot

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[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 227, 228.
[2] See the letter of Count John to Prince of Orange, Archives, v. 208–213.
[3] See the letter, Archives, etc., 244–252.
[4] Vide Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 299, 300.

party in the northern quarter. Diedrich Sonoy, governor of that portion of Holland, a man of great bravery but of extreme ferocity of character, had discovered an extensive conspiracy among certain inhabitants, in aid of an approaching Spanish invasion. Bands of land-loupers had been employed, according to the intimation which he had received or affected to have received, to set fire to villages and towns in every direction, to set up beacons, and to conduct a series of signals by which the expeditions about to be organized were to be furthered in their objects.[1] The Governor, determined to show that the Duke of Alva could not be more prompt nor more terrible than himself, improvised, of his own authority, a tribunal in imitation of the infamous Blood-Council. Fortunately for the character of the country, Sonoy was not a Hollander, nor was the jurisdiction of this newly established court allowed to extend beyond very narrow limits. Eight vagabonds were, however, arrested and doomed to tortures the most horrible, in order to extort from them confessions implicating persons of higher position in the land than themselves. Seven, after a few turns of the pulley and the screw, confessed all which they were expected to confess, and accused all whom they were requested to accuse. The eighth was firmer, and refused to testify to the guilt of certain respectable householders, whose names he had, perhaps, never heard, and against whom there was no shadow of evidence. He was, however, reduced by three hours and a half of sharp torture to confess, entirely according to their orders, so that accusations and evidence were thus obtained against certain influential gentlemen of the province, whose only crime was a secret adherence to the Catholic Faith.[2]

The eight wretches who had been induced by promises of unconditional pardon upon one hand, and by savage torture on the other, to bear this false witness, were condemned to be burned alive, and on their way to the stake, they all retracted the statements which had only been extorted from them by the rack. Nevertheless, the individuals who had been thus designated, were arrested. Charged with plotting a general conflagration of the villages and farm-houses, in conjunction with an invasion by Hierges and other Papist generals, they indignantly protested their innocence; but two of them, a certain Kopp Corneliszoon, and his son, Nanning

[1] Bor, viii. 623, sqq. Hoofd, x. 411, 412. Wagenaer, vii. 54, et seq.
[2] Bor, viii. 623, seq. Hoofd, x. 412.

Koppezoon, were selected to undergo the most cruel torture which had yet been practised in the Netherlands.[1] Sonoy, to his eternal shame, was disposed to prove that human ingenuity to inflict human misery had not been exhausted in the chambers of the Blood Council, for it was to be shown that Reformers were capable of giving a lesson even to inquisitors in this diabolical science. Kopp, a man advanced in years, was tortured during a whole day. On the following morning he was again brought to the rack, but the old man was too weak to endure all the agony which his tormenters had provided for him. Hardly had he been placed upon the bed of torture than he calmly expired, to the great indignation of the tribunal.[2] "The Devil has broken his neck and carried him off to hell," cried they ferociously. "Nevertheless, that shall not prevent him from being hung and quartered." This decree of impotent vengeance was accordingly executed.[3] The son of Kopp, however, Nanning Koppezoon, was a man in the full vigor of his years. He bore with perfect fortitude a series of incredible tortures, after which, with his body singed from head to heel, and his feet almost entirely flayed, he was left for six weeks to crawl about his dungeon on his knees. He was then brought back to the torture-room, and again stretched upon the rack, while a large earthen vessel, made for the purpose, was placed, inverted, upon his naked body. A number of rats were introduced under this cover, and hot coals were heaped upon the vessel, till the rats, rendered furious by the heat, gnawed into the very bowels of the victim, in their agony to escape.[4] The holes thus torn in his bleeding flesh were filled with red-hot coals. He was afterwards subjected to other tortures too foul to relate; nor was it till he had endured all this agony, with a fortitude which seemed

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[1] Bor, viii. 626, seq. Hoofd, x. 413, seq.

[2] Bor, viii. 627, 628. Hoofd, x. 413.

[3] Hoofd, x. 413.

[4] Bor (viii. 628) conscientiously furnishes diagrams of the machinery by aid of which this devilish cruelty was inflicted. The rats were sent by the Governor himself.—Vide Letter of the Commissioners to Sonoy, apud Bor, vii. 640, 641. The whole letter is a wonderful monument of barbarity, The incredible tortures to which the poor creatures had been subjected are detailed in a business-like manner, as though the transactions were quite regular and laudable. The Commissioners conclude with pious wishes for the Governor's welfare; "Noble, wise, virtuous, and very discreet sir," they say, "we have wished to apprise you of the foregoing, and we now pray that God Almighty may spare you in a happy, healthy and long-continued government."—It will be seen, however, that the "wise, virtuous, and very discreet" Governor, who thus caused his fellow-citizen's bowels to be gnawed by rats, was not allowed to remain much longer in his "happy and healthy government."

supernatural, that he was at last discovered to be human. Scorched, bitten, dislocated in every joint, sleepless, starving, perishing with thirst, he was at last crushed into a false confession, by a promise of absolute forgiveness. He admitted everything that was brought to his charge, confessing a catalogue of contemplated burnings and beacon firings of which he had never dreamed, and avowing himself in league with other desperate Papists, still more dangerous than himself.

Notwithstanding the promises of pardon, Nanning was then condemned to death. The sentence ordained that his heart should be torn from his living bosom, and thrown in his face, after which his head was to be taken off and exposed on the church steeple of his native village. His body was then to be cut in four, and a quarter fastened upon different towers of the city of Alkmaar, for it was that city, recently so famous for its heroic resistance to the Spanish army, which was now sullied by all this cold-blooded atrocity. When led to execution, the victim recanted indignantly the confessions forced from him by weakness of body, and exonerated the persons whom he had falsely accused. A certain clergyman, named Jurian Epeszoon, endeavoring by loud praying to drown his voice, that the people might not rise with indignation, and the dying prisoner with his last breath solemnly summoned this unworthy pastor of Christ to meet him within three days before the judgment-seat of God. It is a remarkable and authentic fact, that the clergyman thus summoned, went home pensively from the place of execution, sickened immediately and died upon the appointed day.[1]

Notwithstanding this solemn recantation, the persons accused were arrested, and in their turn subjected to torture, but the affair now reached the ears of Orange. His peremptory orders, with the universal excitement produced in the neighborhood, at last checked the course of the outrage, and the accused persons were remanded to prison, where they remained till liberated by the Pacification of Ghent. After their release they commenced legal proceedings against Sonoy, with a view of establishing their own innocence, and of bringing the inhuman functionary to justice. The process languished, however, and was finally abandoned, for the powerful Governor had rendered such eminent service for the cause of

[1] Bor, viii. 628, et seq. Hoofd, x. 414. Wagenaer, vii. 58. Brandt, Hist. Ref. i. 563. Velius Horn, bl. 440.

liberty, that it was thought unwise to push him to extremity. It is no impeachment upon the character of the Prince that these horrible crimes were not prevented. It was impossible for him to be omnipresent. Neither is it just to consider the tortures and death thus inflicted upon innocent men an indelible stain upon the cause of liberty. They were the crimes of an individual who had been useful, but who, like the Count De la Marck, had now contaminated his hand with the blood of the guiltless. The new tribunal never took root, and was abolished as soon as its initiatory horrors were known.[1]

On July 19th, Oudewater, entirely unprepared for such an event, was besieged by Hierges, but the garrison and the population, although weak, were brave. The town resisted eighteen days, and on August 7th was carried by assault,[2] after which the usual horrors were fully practised, after which the garrison was put to the sword, and the townspeople fared little better. Men, women, and children were murdered in cold blood, or obliged to purchase their lives by heavy ransoms, while matrons and maids were sold by auction to the soldiers at two or three dollars each.[3] Almost every house in the city was burned to the ground, and these horrible but very customary scenes having been enacted, the army of Hierges took its way to Schoonhoven. That city, not defending itself, secured tolerable terms of capitulation, and surrendered on August 24th.[4]

The Grand Commander had not yet given up the hope of naval assistance from Spain, notwithstanding the abrupt termination to the last expediton which had been organized. It was, however, necessary that a foothold should be recovered upon the seaboard, before a descent from without could be met with proper co-operation from the land forces within, and he was most anxious, therefore, to effect the reconquest of some portion of Zeeland. The island of Tholen was still Spanish, and had been so since the memorable expedition of Mondragon to South Beveland. From this interior portion of the archipelago the Governor now determined to attempt an expedition against the outer and more important territory. The three principal islands were Tholen, Duiveland, and Schouwen. Tholen was the first which detached itself from the continent. Next, and separated from it by a bay

[1] Bor, viii. 628–641. Hoofd, x. 415–419.
[2] Bor, viii. 646. Meteren v. 100. [3] Bor, viii. 646. Hoofd, x. 424, 525.
[4] Bor, viii. 447. Meteren, v. 100.

two leagues in width, was Duiveland, or the Isle of Doves. Beyond, and parted by a narrower frith, was Schouwen, fronting directly upon the ocean, fortified by its strong capital city, Zierickzee, and containing other villages of inferior consequence.[1]

Requesens had been long revolving in his mind the means of possessing himself of this important island. He had caused to be constructed a numerous armada of boats and light vessels of various dimensions, and he now come to Tholen to organize the expedition. His prospects were at first not flattering, for the gulfs and estuaries swarmed with Zeeland vessels, manned by crews celebrated for their skill and audacity. Traitors, however, from Zeeland itself now came forward to teach the Spanish Commander how to strike at the heart of their own country. These refugees explained to Requesens that a narrow flat extended under the sea from Philipsland, a small and uninhabited islet situate close to Tholen, as far as the shore of Duiveland. Upon this submerged tongue of land the water, during ebb-tide, was sufficiently shallow to be waded, and it would therefore be possible for a determined band, under cover of the night, to make the perilous passage. Once arrived at Duiveland, they could more easily cross the intervening creek of Schouwen, which was not so deep and only half as wide, so that a force thus sent through these dangerous shallows, might take possession of Duiveland and lay siege to Zierickzee, in the very teeth of the Zeeland fleet, which would be unable to sail near enough to intercept their passage.[2]

The Commander determined that the enterprise should be attempted. It was not a novelty, because Mondragon, as we have seen, had already most brilliantly conducted a very similar expedition. The present was, however, a much more daring scheme. The other exploit, although sufficiently hazardous, and entirely successful, had been a victory gained over the sea alone. It had been a surprise, and had been effected without any opposition from human enemies. Here, however, they were to deal, not only with the ocean and darkness, but with a watchful and determined foe. The Zeelanders were aware that the enterprise was in contemplation, and their vessels lay about the contiguous waters in considerable force.[3]

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[1] Bor, viii. 648–650. Hoofd, x. 426, 427. Meteren, v. 101, 102. Mendoza, xiv. 281. Bentivoglio, ix. 164, et seq.

[2] Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, x. 426. Mendoza, xiv. 282. Bentivoglio, ix. 165.

[3] Bentivoglio, ix. 165. Hoofd, x. 428. Bor, viii. 648–650. Mendoza, xiv. 283.

Nevertheless, the determination of the Grand Commander was hailed with enthusiasm by his troops. Having satisfied himself by personal experiment that the enterprise was possible, and that therefore his brave soldiers could accomplish it, he decided that the glory of the achievement should be fairly shared, as before, among the different nations which served the King.

After completing his preparations, Requesens came to Tholen, at which rendezvous were assembled three thousand infantry, partly Spaniards, partly Germans, partly Walloons. Besides these, a picked corps of two hundred sappers and miners were to accompany the expedition, in order that no time might be lost in fortifying themselves as soon as they had seized possession of Schouwen. Four hundred mounted troopers were, moreover, stationed in the town of Tholen, while the little fleet, which had been prepared at Antwerp, lay near that city ready to co-operate with the land force as soon as they should complete their enterprise. The Grand Commander now divided the whole force into two parts. One half was to remain in the boats, under the command of Mondragon; the other half, accompanied by the two hundred pioneers, were to wade through the sea from Philipsland to Duiveland and Schouwen. Each soldier of this detachment was provided with a pair of shoes, two pounds of powder, and rations for three days in a canvas bag suspended at his neck. The leader of this expedition was Don Osorio d'Ulloa, an officer distinguished for his experience and bravery.[1]

On the night selected for the enterprise, that of September 27th, the moon was a day old in its fourth quarter, and rose a little before twelve. It was low water at between four and five in the morning. The Grand Commander, at the appointed hour of midnight, crossed to Philipsland, and stood on the shore to watch the setting forth of the little army. He addressed a short harangue to them, in which he skilfully struck the chord of Spanish chivalry and the national love of glory,[2] and was answered with loud and enthusiastic cheers. Don Osorio d'Ulloa then stripped and plunged into the sea immediately after the guides. He was followed by the Spaniards, after whom came the Germans and then the Walloons. The two hundred sappers and miners came next, and Don Gabriel Peralta, with his Spanish company, brought up the

[1] Bentivoglio, ix. 166. Hoofd, x. 427, 428. Mendoza, xiv. 283.
[2] Hoofd, x. 428. Bor, viii. 648–650. Mendoza, xiv. 283, 284.

rear. It was a wild night. Incessant lightning alternately revealed and obscured the progress of the midnight march through the black waters, as the anxious Commander watched the expedition from the shore, but the soldiers were quickly swallowed up in the gloom.[1] As they advanced cautiously, two by two, the daring adventurers found themselves soon nearly up to their necks in the waves, while so narrow was the submerged bank along which they were marching, that a misstep to the right or left was fatal. Luckless individuals repeatedly sank to rise no more. Meantime, as the sickly light of the waning moon came forth at intervals through the stormy clouds, the soldiers could plainly perceive the files of Zeeland vessels through which they were to march, and which were anchored as close to the flat as the water would allow. Some had recklessly stranded themselves, in their eagerness to interrupt the passage of the troops, and the artillery played unceasingly from the larger vessels. Discharges of musketry came continually from all, but the fitful lightning rendered the aim difficult and the fire comparatively harmless,[2] while the Spaniards were, moreover, protected, as to a large part of their bodies, by the water in which they were immersed.

At times, they halted for breath, or to engage in fierce skirmishes with their nearest assailants. Standing breast-high in the waves, and surrounded at intervals by total darkness, they were yet able to pour an occasional well-directed volley into the hostile ranks. The Zeelanders, however, did not assail them with firearms alone. They transfixed some with their fatal harpoons; they dragged others from the path with boathooks; they beat out the brains of others with heavy flails[1] Many were the mortal duels thus fought in the darkness, and,

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[1] Bor, viii. 648–650. Hoofd, x, 428. Bentivoglio, ix. 167.—According to Mendoza, the sky was full of preternatural appearances on that memorable night; literally,

> "The exhalations whizzing through the air
> Gave so much light that one might read by them."
> *Julius Cæsar.*

"Viendose *en aqual punto cometas y señales en el cielo de grande claridad y tanta que* se *leian cartas como si fuera de dia*, quo ponia admiracion el verlase juzgando los mas ser cosa fuera del curso natural," etc.: xiv. 284.—Compare; Strada, viii. 398.

[2] Bentivoglio, ix. 167. Hoofd, x. 429. Wagenaer, vii. 71.

[3] "Ne bastara a nemici di travagliargli solamente co i moschetti, e con gli archibugi, ma piu d'appresso con uncini di ferro, con legni maneggiabili a molti doppi, é con altsi istromenti," etc.—Bentivoglio, ix. 167. "Llegavan á herir á los nuestros con unos instrumentos de lamanera que los con que bateren el trigo para sacar el grano de la paja."—Mendoza, xiv. 285.

as it were, in the bottom of the sea; many were the deeds of audacity which no eyes were to mark save those by whom they were achieved. Still, in spite of all impediments and losses, the Spaniards steadily advanced. If other arms proved less available, they were attacked by the fierce taunts and invectives of their often invisible foes, who reviled them as water-dogs, fetching and carrying for a master who despised them; as mercenaries who coined their blood for gold, and were employed by tyrants for the basest uses. If stung by these mocking voices, they turned in the darkness to chastise their unseen tormentors, they were certain to be trampled upon by their comrades, and to be pushed from their narrow pathway into the depths of the sea. Thus many perished.

The night wore on, and the adventurers still fought it out manfully, but very slowly, the main body of Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, soon after daylight, reaching the opposite shore, having sustained considerable losses, but in perfect order. The pioneers were not so fortunate. The tide rose over them before they could effect their passage, and swept nearly every one away.[1] The rear-guard, under Peralta, not surprised, like the pioneers, in the middle of their passage, by the rising tide, but prevented, before it was too late, from advancing far beyond the shore from which they had departed, were fortunately enabled to retrace their steps.[2]

Don Osorio, at the head of the successful adventurers, now effected his landing upon Duiveland. Reposing themselves but for an instant after this unparalleled march through the water, of more than six hours, they took a slight refreshment, prayed to the Virgin Mary and to Saint James, and then prepared to meet their new enemies on land. Ten companies of French, Scotch, and English auxiliaries lay in Duiveland, under the command of Charles Van Boisot. Strange to relate, by an inexplicable accident, or by treason, that general was slain by his own soldiers, at the moment when the royal troops landed. The panic created by this event became intense, as the enemy rose suddenly, as it were, out of the depths of the ocean to attack them. They magnified the numbers of their assailants, and fled terror-stricken in every direction. Some swam to the Zeeland vessels which lay in the neighbor-

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[1] Hoofd, x. 429.—"Donde vays malaventurados, que os haren ser perros de agua," etc., etc.—Mendoza, ubi sup. Bentivoglio, ix. 168. Hoofd, x. 429. Mendoza, xiv. 285.

[2] Mendoza, xiv. 285. Bentivoglio, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.

hood; others took refuge in the forts which had been constructed on the island, but these were soon carried by the Spaniards, and the conquest of Duiveland was effected.[1]

The enterprise was not yet completed, but the remainder was less difficult and not nearly so hazardous, for the creek which separated Duiveland from Schouwen was much narrower than the estuary which they had just traversed. It was less than a league in width, but so encumbered by rushes and briars that, although difficult to wade, it was not navigable for vessels of any kind.[2] This part of the expedition was accomplished with equal resolution, so that, after a few hours' delay, the soldiers stood upon the much-coveted island of Schouwen. Five companies of states' troops, placed to oppose their landing, fled in the most cowardly manner at the first discharge of the Spanish muskets,[3] and took refuge in the city of Zierickzee, which was soon afterwards beleaguered.

The troops had been disembarked upon Duiveland from the armada, which had made its way to the scene of action, after having received, by signal, information that the expedition through the water had been successful. Brouwershaven, on the northern side of Schouwen, was immediately reduced, but Bommenede resisted till October 25th, when it was at last carried by assault, and delivered over to fire and sword. Of the whole population and garrison not twenty were left alive. Siege was then laid to Zierickzee, and Colonel Mondragon was left in charge of the operations. Requesens himself came to Schouwen to give directions concerning this important enterprise.[4]

Chiapin Vitelli also came thither in the middle of the winter, and was so much injured by a fall from his litter, while making the tour of the island, that he died on ship-board during his return to Antwerp.[5] The officer had gained his laurels upon more than one occasion, his conduct in the important action near Mons, in which the Huguenot force under Genlis was defeated, having been particularly creditable. He

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[1] Hoofd, x. 429. Bor, viii. 649. Mendoza, xiv. 286.—The officer, whose career was thus unfortunately closed, was a brother of the famous Admiral Boisot, had himself rendered good service to the cause of his country, and was Governor of Walcheren at the time of his death.—Archives et Corresp., v. 283.

[2] Mendoza, xiv. 286. Bentivoglio (ix. 168) says, "poco men d'una lengua."—Compare Bor, viii. 649. Hoofd, x. 429.

[3] Mendoza, xiv. 287. Hoofd, x. 429. Bentivoglio, ix. 168.

[4] Mendoza, xiv. 287–293, seq. Bentivoglio, ix. 169, 170. Bor, viii. 652, seq. Hoofd, x. 431.

[5] Meteren, v. 103. Strada. viii. 403.

was of a distinguished Umbrian family, and had passed his life in camps, few of the generals who had accompanied Alva to the Netherlands being better known or more odious to the inhabitants. He was equally distinguished for his courage, his cruelty, and his corpulence. The last characteristic was so remarkable that he was almost monstrous in his personal appearance. His protuberant stomach was always supported in a bandage suspended from his neck, yet in spite of this enormous impediment, he was personally active on the battle-field, and performed more service, not only as a commander but as a subaltern, than many a younger and lighter man.[1]

The siege of Zierickzee was protracted till the following June, the city holding out with firmness. Want of funds caused the operations to be conducted with languor, but the same cause prevented the Prince from accomplishing its relief. Thus the expedition from Philipsland, the most brilliant military exploit of the whole war, was attended with important results. The communication between Walcheren and the rest of Zeeland was interrupted, the province cut in two; a foothold on the ocean, for a brief interval at least, acquired by Spain. The Prince was inexpressibly chagrined by these circumstances, and felt that the moment had arrived when all honorable means were to be employed to obtain foreign assistance. The Hollanders and Zeelanders had fought the battles of freedom alone hitherto, and had fought them well, but poverty was fast rendering them incapable of sustaining much longer the unequal conflict. Offers of men, whose wages the states were to furnish, were refused, as worse than fruitless. Henry of Navarre, who perhaps deemed it possible to acquire the sovereignty of the provinces by so barren a benefit, was willing to send two or three thousand men, but not at his own

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[1] Strada, viii. 404.—Vitelli seems to have been unpopular with the Spaniards also, and Mendoza does not even allude to his death. The Netherlanders hated him cordially. His name, which afforded the materials for a pun, was, of course, a whetstone for their wits. They improved his death by perpetrating a multitude of epigrams, which the following may serve as a sample:

EPITAPHIUM CHAP. VITELLI, MARCHIONIS CETONIS, ETC.

"O Deus omnipotens crassi miserere Vitelli,
*Quem mors proveniens non sinit esse bovem.*
Corpus in Italia est, tenet intestina Brabantus,
Ast animam nemo, cur? quia non habuit.
—Vide Meteren, v. 103[b].

His death occurred towards the end of February (1576), a few days before that of the Grand Commander.

expense. The proposition was respectfully declined.[1] The Prince and his little country were all alone. "Even if we should not only see ourselves deserted by all the world, but also all the world against us," he said, "we should not cease to defend ourselves even to the last man. Knowing the justice of our cause, we repose entirely in the mercy of God."[2] He determined, however, once more to have recourse to the powerful of the earth, being disposed to test the truth of his celebrated observation, that "there would be no lack of suitors for the bride that he had to bestow." It was necessary, in short, to look the great question of formally renouncing Philip directly in the face.

Hitherto the fiction of allegiance had been preserved, and, even by the enemies of the Prince, it was admitted that it had been retained with no disloyal intent.[3] The time, however, had come when it was necessary to throw off allegiance, provided another could be found strong enough and frank enough to accept the authority which Philip had forfeited. The question was, naturally, between France and England, unless the provinces could effect their re-admission into the body of the Germanic Empire. Already in June the Prince had laid the proposition formally before the states, "whether they should not negotiate with the Empire on the subject of their admission, with maintenance of their own constitutions," but it was understood that this plan was not to be carried out, if the protection of the Empire could be obtained under easier conditions.[4]

Nothing came of the proposition at that time. The nobles and the deputies of South Holland now voted, in the beginning of the ensuing month, "that it was their duty to abandon the King, as a tyrant who sought to oppress and destroy his subjects; and that it behoved them to seek another protector." This was while the Breda negotiations were still pending, but when their inevitable result was very visible. There was still a reluctance at taking the last and decisive step in the rebellion, so that the semblance of loyalty was still retained; that ancient scabbard, in which the sword might yet one day be sheathed. The proposition was not adopted at

[1] Wagenaer, vii. 88. Resol. Holl., Mart. 15, 1576.

[2] Archives da la Maison d'Orange, v. 281, Letter to Count John.

[3] See the remarks of Groen v. Prinsterer on a passage in a letter of the Council of State to Requesens.—Archives, etc., v. 273. See also the letter in Bor, viii. 612.

[4] Resol. Holl., June 6, 1575, bl. 363. Wagenaer, vii. 78.

the diet. A committee of nine was merely appointed to deliberate with the Prince upon the "means of obtaining foreign assistance, without accepting foreign authority, or severing their connexion with his Majesty." The estates were, however, summoned a few months later, by the Prince, to deliberate on this important matter at Rotterdam. On October 1st he then formally proposed, either to make terms with their enemy, and that the sooner the better, or else, once for all, to separate entirely from the King of Spain, and to change their sovereign, in order, with the assistance and under the protection of another Christian potentate, to maintain the provinces against their enemies. Orange, moreover, expressed the opinion that upon so important a subject it was decidedly incumbent upon them all to take the sense of the city governments. The members for the various municipalities acquiesced in the propriety of this suggestion, and resolved to consult their constituents, while the deputies of the nobility also desired to consult with their whole body. After an adjournment of a few days, the diet again assembled at Delft, and it was then *unanimously* resolved by the nobles and the cities, "*that they would forsake the King* and seek foreign assistance; referring the choice to the Prince, who, in regard to the government, was to take the opinion of the estates."[1]

Thus, the great step was taken, by which two little provinces declared themselves independent of their ancient master. That declaration, although taken in the midst of doubt and darkness, was not destined to be cancelled, and the germ of a new and powerful commonwealth was planted. So little, however, did these republican fathers foresee their coming republic, that the resolution to renounce one king was combined with a proposition to ask for the authority of another. It was not imagined that those two slender columns, which were all that had yet been raised of the future stately peristyle, would be strong enough to stand alone. The question now arose, to what foreign power application should be made. But little hope was to be entertained from Germany, a state which existed only in name, and France was still in a condition of religious and intestine discord. The attitude of revolt maintained by the Duc d'Alençon seemed to make it difficult and dangerous to enter into negotiations with a country where the civil wars had assumed so complicated a character, that a loyal and useful al-

[1] Resol. Holl., Jul. 7, 1575, bl. 474. Jul. 9, 1575, bl. 482. Oct. 3, 1575, bl. 668, 669. Oct. 13, 1575, bl. 692. Bor, viii. 651. Wagenaer, vii. 81.

liance could hardly be made with any party. The Queen of England, on the other hand, dreaded the wrath of Philip, by which her perpetual dangers from the side of Scotland would be aggravated, while she feared equally the extension of French authority in the Netherlands, by which increase her neighbor would acquire an overshadowing power. She was also ashamed openly to abandon the provinces to their fate, for her realm was supposed to be a bulwark of the Protestant religion. Afraid to affront Philip, afraid to refuse the suit of the Netherlands, afraid to concede an aggrandizement to France, what course was open to the English Queen? That which, politically and personally, she loved the best—a course of barren coquetry. This the Prince of Orange foresaw; and although not disposed to leave a stone unturned in his efforts to find assistance for his country, he on the whole rather inclined for France. He, however, better than any man, knew how little cause there was for sanguine expectation from either source.[1]

It was determined, in the name of his Highness and the estates, first to send a mission to England, but there had already been negotiations this year of an unpleasant character with that power. At the request of the Spanish envoy, the foremost Netherland rebels, in number about fifty, including by name the Prince of Orange, the Counts of Berg and Culemburg, with Saint Aldegonde, Boisot, Junius, and others, had been formally forbidden by Queen Elizabeth to enter her realm.[2] The Prince had, in consequence, sent Aldegonde and Junius on a secret mission to France,[3] and the Queen, jealous and anxious, had thereupon sent Daniel Rogers secretly to the Prince.[4] At the same time she had sent an envoy to the Grand Commander, counselling conciliatory measures, and promising to send a special mission to Spain with the offer of her mediation, but it was suspected by those most in the confidence of the Spanish government at Brussels, that there was a great deal of deception in these proceedings.[5] A truce for six months having now been established between the Duc d'Alençon and his brother, it was supposed, that an alliance between France and England, and perhaps between Alençon

[1] De Thou, tom. vii. liv. 61. See Wagenaer, vii. 81.
[2] Resol. Holl., Jul. 13, 1575, bl. 492. Meteren, v. 100, 101.
[3] Bor, viii. 641. [4] Wagenaer, vii. 83.
[5] Letter from Morillon to Cardinal Granvelle, of date Dec. 11, 1575.—Archives et Corresp., v. 325, 326.

and Elizabeth, was on the carpet, and that a kingdom of the Netherlands was to be the wedding present of the bride to her husband. These fantasies derived additional color from the fact that, while the Queen was expressing the most amicable intentions towards Spain, and the greatest jealousy of France, the English residents at Antwerp and other cities of the Netherlands had received private instructions to sell out their property as fast as possible, and to retire from the country.[1] On the whole, there was little prospect either of a final answer, or of substantial assistance from the Queen.

The envoys to England were Advocate Buis and Doctor Francis Maalzon, nominated by the estates, and Saint Aldegonde, chief of the mission, appointed by the Prince. They arrived in England at Chirstmas-tide. Having represented to the Queen the result of the Breda negotiations, they stated that the Prince and the estates, in despair of a secure peace, had addressed themselves to her as an upright protector of the Faith, and as a princess descended from the blood of Holland. This allusion to the intermarriage of Edward III. of England with Philippa, daughter of Count William III. of Hainault and Holland, would not, it was hoped, be in vain. They furthermore offered to her Majesty, in case she were willing powerfully to assist the states, the sovereignty over Holland and Zeeland, under certain conditons.[2]

The Queen listened graciously to the envoys, and appointed commissioners to treat with them on the subject. Meantime, Requesens sent Champagny to England, to counteract the effect of this embassy of the estates, and to beg the Queen to give no heed to the prayers of the rebels, to enter into no negotiations with them, and to expel them at once from her kingdom.[3]

The Queen gravely assured Champagny "that the envoys were no rebels, but faithful subjects of his Majesty."[4] There was certainly some effrontery in such a statement, considering the solemn offer which had just been made by the envoys. If to renounce allegiance to Philip and to propose the sovereignty to Elizabeth did not constitute rebellion, it would be difficult to define or to discover rebellion anywhere. The statement was as honest, however, as the diplomatic grimace with which Champagny had reminded Elizabeth of the an-

[1] Letter of Morillon, ubi sup.
[2] Bor, viii. 660, 661. Resol. Holl. Nov. 15, 1575, bl. 730.
[3] Bor, viii. 661. Vigl. Epist. Select. No. 177, p. 407.
[4] Bor, viii. 661.

cient and unbroken friendship which had always existed between herself and his Catholic Majesty. The attempt of Philip to procure her dethronement and assassination but a few years before was, no doubt, thought too trifling a circumstance to have for a moment interrupted those harmonious relations. Nothing came of the negotiations on either side. The Queen coquetted, as was her custom. She could not accept the offer of the estates; she could not say them nay. She would not offend Philip; she would not abandon the provinces; she would therefore negotiate—thus there was an infinite deal of diplomatic nothing spun and unravelled, but the result was both to abandon the provinces and to offend Philip.

In the first answer given by her commissioners to the states' envoys, it was declared, "that her Majesty considered it too expensive to assume the protection of both provinces. She was willing to protect them in name, but she should confer the advantage exclusively on Walcheren in reality. The defence of Holland must be maintained at the expense of the Prince and the estates.[1]

This was certainly not munificent, and the envoys insisted upon more ample and liberal terms The Queen declined, however, committing herself beyond this niggardly and inadmissible offer. The states were not willing to exchange the sovereignty over their country for so paltry a concession. The Queen declared herself indisposed to go further, at least before consulting parliament.[2] The commissioners waited for the assembling of parliament. She then refused to lay the matter before that body, and forbade the Hollanders taking any steps for that purpose.[3] It was evident that she was disposed to trifle with the provinces, and had no idea of encountering the open hostility of Philip. The envoys accordingly begged for their passports. These were granted in April, 1576, with the assurance on the part of her Majesty that "she would think more of the offer made to her after she had done all in her power to bring about an arrangement between the provinces and Philip."[4]

After the result of the negotiations of Breda, it is difficult to imagine what method she was likely to devise for accomplishing such a purpose. The King was not more disposed than during the preceding summer to grant liberty of religion,

[1] Bor, viii. 661–663. Wagenaer, vii. 685.
[2] Wagenaer, vii. 85, 86. Bor, ubi sup.
[3] Wagenaer, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, viii. 663. Wagenaer, vii. 86.

nor were the Hollanders more ready than they had been before to renounce either their faith or their fatherland. The envoys, on parting, made a strenuous effort to negotiate a loan, but the frugal Queen considered the proposition quite inadmissible. She granted them liberty to purchase arms and ammunition, and to levy a few soldiers with their own money, and this was accordingly done to a limited extent. As it was not difficult to hire soldiers or to buy gunpowder anywhere, in that warlike age, provided the money were ready, the states had hardly reason to consider themselves under deep obligation for this concession. Yet this was the whole result of the embassy. Plenty of fine words had been bestowed, which might or might not have meaning, according to the turn taken by coming events. Besides these cheap and empty civilities, they received permission to defend Holland at their own expense, with the privilege of surrendering its sovereignty, if they liked, to Queen Elizabeth—and this was all.

On April 19th, the envoys returned to their country, and laid before the estates the meagre result of their negotiations.[1] Very soon afterwards, upon an informal suggestion from Henry III. and the Queen Mother, that a more favorable result might be expected, if the same applications were made to the Duc d'Alençon which had been received in so unsatisfactory a manner by Elizabeth, commissioners were appointed to France.[2] It proved impossible, however, at that juncture, to proceed with the negotiations, in consequence of the troubles occasioned by the attitude of the Duke. The provinces were still, even as they had been from the beginning, entirely alone.

Requesens was more than ever straightened for funds, wringing, with increased difficulty, a slender subsidy, from time to time, out of the reluctant estates of Brabant, Flanders, and the other obedient provinces. While he was still at Duiveland, the estates-general sent him a long remonstrance against the misconduct of the soldiery, in answer to his demand for supplies. "Oh, these estates! these estates!" cried the Grand Commander, on receiving such vehement reproaches instead of his money; "may the Lord deliver me from these estates!"[3] Meantime, the important siege of Zierickzee continued, and it was evident that the city must fall. There was no money at the disposal of the Prince. Count John,

[1] Bor, viii. 661–663. Hoofd, x. 434, 435. Meteren, v. 101. Resol. Holl., Apr. 19, 1576, bl. 42.

[2] Ever. Reid. Ann., lib. i. 18.

[3] "Dios nos libera de estos Estados."—Meteren, v. 103b.

who was seriously embarrassed by reason of the great obligations in money which he, with the rest of his family, had incurred on behalf of the estates, had recently made application to the Prince for his influence towards procuring him relief. He had forwarded an account of the great advances made by himself and his brethren in money, plate, furniture, and endorsements of various kinds, for which a partial reimbursement was almost indispensable to save him from serious difficulties.[1] The Prince, however, unable to procure him any assistance, had been obliged once more to entreat him to display the generosity and the self-denial which the country had never found wanting at his hands or at those of his kindred. The appeal had not been in vain; but the Count was obviously not in a condition to effect anything more at that moment to relieve the financial distress of the states. The exchequer was crippled.[2] Holland and Zeeland were cut in twain by the occupation of Schouwen and the approaching fall of its capital. Germany, England, France, all refused to stretch out their hands to save the heroic but exhaustless little provinces. It was at this moment that a desperate but sublime resolution took possession of the Prince's mind. There seemed but one way left to exclude the Spaniards forever from Holland and Zeeland, and to rescue the inhabitants from impending ruin. The Prince had long brooded over the scheme, and the hour seemed to have struck for its fulfilment. His project was to collect all the vessels, of every description, which could be obtained throughout the Netherlands. The whole population of the two provinces, men women, and children, together with all the moveable property of the country, were then to be embarked on board this numerous fleet, and to seek a new home beyond the seas. The windmills were then to be burned, the dykes pierced, the sluices opened in every direction, and the country restored forever to the ocean, from which it had sprung.[3]

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 301–304.

[2] The contributions of Holland and Zeeland for war expenses amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand florins monthly. The pay of a captain was eighty florins monthly; that of a lieutenant, forty; that of a corporal, fifteen; that of a drummer, fifer, or *minister*, twelve; that of a common soldier, seven and a half. A captain had also one hundred and fifty florins each month to distribute among the most meritorious of his company. Each soldier was likewise furnished with food, bedding, fire, light, and washing.—Renom de France MS., vol. ii. c. 46.

[3] Bor relates that this plan had been definitely formed by the Prince. His authority is "a credible gentleman of quality" (een geloofswaerdig edelmann van qualiteit) who, at the time, was a member of the estates and government of Holland.—viii. 664. Groen v. Prinsterer, however, rejects the tale as fabulous;

It is difficult to say whether the resolution, if Providence had permitted its fulfilment, would have been, on the whole, better or worse for humanity and civilization. The ships which would have borne the heroic Prince and his fortunes might have taken the direction of the newly-discovered Western hemisphere. A religious colony, planted by a commercial and liberty-loving race, in a virgin soil, and directed by patrician but self-denying hands, might have preceded, by half a century, the colony which a kindred race, impelled by similar motives, and under somewhat similar circumstances and conditons, was destined to plant upon the stern shores of New England. Had they directed their course to the warm and fragrant islands of the East, an independent Christian commonwealth might have arisen among those prolific regions, superior in importance to any subsequent colony of Holland, cramped from its birth by absolute subjection to a far distant metropolis.

The unexpected death of Requesens suddenly dispelled these schemes. The siege of Zierickzee had occupied much of the Governor's attention, but he had recently written to his sovereign, that its reduction was now certain. He had added an urgent request for money, with a sufficient supply of which he assured Philip that he should be able to bring the war to an immediate conclusion. While waiting for these supplies, he had, contrary to all law or reason, made an unsuccessful attempt to conquer the post of Embden, in Germany. A mutiny had, at about the same time, broken out among his troops in Haarlem, and he had furnished the citizens with arms to defend themselves, giving free permission to use them against the insurgent troops. By this means the mutiny had been quelled, but a dangerous precedent established. Anxiety concerning this rebellion is supposed to have hastened the Grand Commander's death. A violent fever seized him on the 1st, and terminated his existence on March 5th, in the fifty-first year of his life.[1]

It is not necessary to review elaborately his career, the

or believes, at any rate, that the personage alluded to by Bor took the Prince's words too literally. It is probable that the thought was often in the Prince's mind, and found occasional expression, although it had never been actually reduced to a scheme. It is difficult to see that it was not consistent with his character, supposing that there had been no longer any room for hope. Hoofd, x. 443, adopts the story without hesitation. Wagenaer, vii. 88, 89, alludes to it as a matter of current report.—Compare Van Wyn op Wagen. vii. 33–35.

[1] Bor, viii. 663, 665. Hoofd, x. 436–437. Vigl. Epist. Select., Ep. Card. Granv., No. 178, p. 403.

chief incidents of which have been sufficiently described. Requesens was a man of high position by birth and office, but a thoroughly commonplace personage. His talents either for war or for civil employments were not above mediocrity. His friends disputed whether he were greater in the field or in the council, but it is certain that he was great in neither. His bigotry was equal to that of Alva, but it was impossible to rival the Duke in cruelty. Moreover, the condition of the country, after seven years of torture under his predecessor, made it difficult for him, at the time of his arrival, to imitate the severity which had made the name of Alva infamous. The Blood-Council had been retained throughout his administration, but its occupation was gone, for want of food for its ferocity. The obedient provinces had been purged of Protestants; while crippled, too, by confiscation, they offered no field for further extortion. From Holland and Zeeland, whence Catholicism had been nearly excluded, the King of Spain was nearly excluded also. The Blood-Council which, if set up in that country, would have executed every living creature of its population, could only gaze from a distance at those who would have been its victims. Requesens had been previously distinguished in two fields of action; the Granada massacres and the carnage of Lepanto. Upon both occasions he had been the military tutor of Don John of Austria, by whom he was soon to be succeeded in the government of the Netherlands. To the imperial bastard had been assigned the pre-eminence, but it was thought that the Grand Commander had been entitled to a more than equal share of the glory. We have seen how much additional reputation was acquired by Requesens in the provinces. The expedition against Duiveland and Schouwen, was, on the whole, the most brilliant feat of arms during the war, and its success reflects an undying lustre on the hardihood and discipline of the Spanish, German, and Walloon soldiery. As an act of individual audacity in a bad cause, it has rarely been equalled. It can hardly be said, however, that the Grand Commander was entitled to any large measure of praise for the success of the expedition. The plan was laid by Zeeland traitors. It was carried into execution by the devotion of the Spanish, Walloon, and German troops, while Requesens was only a spectator of the transaction. His sudden death arrested, for a moment, the ebb-tide in the affairs of the Netherlands, which was fast leaving the country bare and desolate, and was followed by a train of unforeseen transactions, which it is now our duty to describe.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE HOPPER POLICY AND THE MONSTER MUTINY.

Assumption of affairs by the state council at Brussels—Hesitation at Madrid—Joachim Hopper—Mal-administration—Vigilance of Orange—The provinces drawn more closely together—Inequality of the conflict—Physical condition of Holland—New act of Union between Holland and Zeeland—Authority of the Prince defined and enlarged—Provincial polity characterized—Generous sentiments of the Prince—His tolerant spirit—Letters from the King—Attitudes of the great powers towards the Netherlands—Correspondence and policy of Elizabeth—Secret negotiations with France and Alencon—Confused and menacing aspect of Germany—Responsible and laborious position of Orange—Attempt to relieve Zierickzee—Death of Admiral Boisot—Capitulation of the city upon honourable terms—Mutiny of the Spanish troops in Schouwen—General causes of discontent—Alarming increase of the mutiny—The rebel regiments enter Brabant—Fruitless attempts to pacify them—They take possession of Alost—Edicts, denouncing them, from the state council—Intense excitement in Brussels and Antwerp—Letters from Philip brought by Marquis Havré—The King's continued procrastination—Ruinous royal confirmation of the authority assumed by the state council—United and general resistance to foreign military oppression—The German troops and the Antwerp garrison, under Avila, join the revolt—Letter of Verdugo—A crisis approaching—Jerome de Roda in the citadel—The mutiny universal.

The death of Requesens, notwithstanding his four days' illness, occurred so suddenly that he had not had time to appoint his successor. Had he exercised this privilege, which his patent conferred upon him, it was supposed that he would have nominated Count Mansfeld to exercise the functions of Governor-General, until the King should otherwise ordain.[1] In the absence of any definite arrangement, the Council of State, according to a right which that body claimed from custom, assumed the reins of government. Of the old board, there were none left but the Duke of Aerschot, Count Berlaymont, and Viglius. To these were soon added, however, by royal diploma, the Spaniard, Jerome de Roda, and the Netherlanders, Assonleville, Baron Rassenghiem, and Arnold Sasbout. Thus, all the members, save one, of what had now become the executive body, were natives of the country. Roda

[1] Bor, viii. 663. Meteren, v. 104ᵃ.

was accordingly looked askance upon by his colleagues. He was regarded by Viglius as a man who desired to repeat the part which had been played by Juan Vargas in the Blood-Council, while the other members, although staunch Catholics, were all of them well-disposed to vindicate the claim of Netherland nobles to a share in the government of the Netherlands.

For a time, therefore, the transfer of authority seemed to have been smoothly accomplished. The Council of State conducted the administration of the country. Peter Ernest Mansfeld was entrusted with the supreme military command, including the government of Brussels; and the Spanish commanders, although dissatisfied that any but a Spaniard should be thus honored, were for a time quiescent.[1] When the news reached Madrid, Philip was extremely disconcerted. The death of Requesens excited his indignation. He was angry with him, not for dying, but for dying at so very inconvenient a moment. He had not yet fully decided either upon his successor, or upon the policy to be enforced by his successor. There were several candidates for the vacant post; there was a variety of opinions in the cabinet as to the course of conduct to be adopted.[2] In the impossibility of instantly making up his mind upon this unexpected emergency, Philip fell, as it were, into a long reverie, than which nothing could be more inopportune. With a country in a state of revolution and exasperation, the trance, which now seemed to come over the government, was like to be followed by deadly effects. The stationary policy, which the death of Requesens had occasioned, was allowed to prolong itself indefinitely,[3] and almost for the first time in his life, Joachim Hopper was really consulted about the affairs of that department over which he imagined himself, and was generally supposed by others, to preside at Madrid. The creature Viglius, having all the subserviency, with none of the acuteness of his patron, he had been long employed as chief of the Netherland bureau, while kept in profound ignorance of the affairs which were transacted in

[1] Bor. Meteren, ubi sup. Viglii Epist. Select. ad Diversos, No. 179, p. 409, Vigl. Epist., ubi sup. Hoofd, xi. 438. Bor. ix. 663. Wagenaer (vii. 91) however, states that Mansfeld was entrusted simply with the government of Brussels, and that it is an error to describe him as invested with the supreme military command."

[2] Letter of Philip (March 24, 1576) to states general, in Bor, ix. 663.

[3] Strada, viii. 407, 408. Hoofd, xi. 438. Bor, viii. 663, sqq. V. de Vynckt, ii. 176, et sqq., etc.

his office. He was a privy councillor, whose councils were never heeded, a confidential servant in whom the King reposed confidence, only on the ground that no man could reveal secrets which he did not know. This deportment of the King's showed that he had accurately measured the man, for Hopper was hardly competent for the place of a chief clerk. He was unable to write clearly in any language, because incapable of a fully developed thought upon any subject. It may be supposed that nothing but an abortive policy, therefore, would be produced upon the occasion thus suddenly offered. "'Tis a devout man, that poor Master Hopper," said Granvelle, "but rather fitted for platonic researches than for affairs of state."[1]

It was a proof of this incompetency, that now, when really called upon for advice in an emergency, he should recommend a continuance of the interim. Certainly nothing worse could be devised. Granvelle recommended a reappointment of the Duchess Margaret.[2] Others suggested Duke Eric of Brunswick, or an Archduke of the Austrian house; although the opinion held by most of the influential councillors was in favor of Don John of Austria.[3] In the interests of Philip and his despotism, nothing, at any rate, could be more fatal than delay. In the condition of affairs which then existed, the worst or feeblest governor would have been better than none at all. To leave a vacancy was to play directly into the hands of Orange, for it was impossible that so skilful an adversary should not at once perceive the fault, and profit by it to the utmost. It was strange that Philip did not see the danger of inactivity at such a crisis. Assuredly, indolence was never his vice, but on this occasion indecision did the work of indolence. Unwittingly, the despot was assisting the efforts of the liberator. Viglius saw the position of matters with his customary keenness, and wondered at the blindness of Hopper and Philip. At the last gasp of a life, which neither learning nor the accumulation of worldly prizes and worldly pelf could redeem from intrinsic baseness, the sagacious but not venerable old man saw that a chasm was daily widening,

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 374.

[2] MS. cited by Groen v. Prinst. v. 331.

[3] MS. cited by Groen v. Prinst. v. 331.—Compare Bor, viii. 663, and the letters of Philip to State Council, in Bor, ubi sup; letters which Cabrera characterizes as "amorosas, suaves enlas razones fraternales," and in which "dezia los amaba como a hijos!" These letters distinctly indicated Don John as the probable successor of Requesens.—Cabrera, Vita de Felipe II., xi. 845.

in which the religion and the despotism which he loved might soon be hopelessly swallowed. "The Prince of Orange and his Beggars do not sleep," he cried, almost in anguish; "nor will they be quiet till they have made use of this interregnum to do us some immense grievance."[1]

Certainly the Prince of Orange did not sleep upon this nor on any other great occasion of his life. In his own vigorous language, used to stimulate his friends in various parts of the country, he seized the swift occasion by the forelock. He opened a fresh correspondence with many leading gentlemen in Brussels and other places in the Netherlands; persons of influence, who now, for the first time, showed a disposition to side with their country against its tyrants.[2] Hitherto the land had been divided into two very unequal portions. Holland and Zeeland were devoted to the Prince; their whole population, with hardly an individual exception, converted to the Reformed religion. The other fifteen provinces were, on the whole, loyal to the King; while the old religion had, of late years, taken root so rapidly again, that perhaps a moiety of their population might be considered as Catholic.[3] At the same time, the reign of terror under Alva, the paler, but not less distinct tyranny of Requesens, and the intolerable excesses of the foreign soldiery, by which the government of foreigners was supported, had at last maddened all the inhabitants of the seventeen provinces. Notwithstanding, therefore, the fatal difference of religious opinion, they were all drawn into closer relations with each other; to regain their ancient privileges, and to expel the detested foreigners from the soil, being objects common to all. The provinces were united in one great hatred and one great hope.

The Hollanders and Zeelanders, under their heroic leader, had well nigh accomplished both tasks, so far as those little provinces were concerned. Never had a contest, however, seemed more hopeless at its commencement. Cast a glance at the map. Look at Holland—not the Republic, with its sister provinces beyond the Zuyder Zee—but Holland only, with the Zeeland archipelago. Look at that narrow tongue of half-submerged earth. Who could suppose that upon that slender sand-bank, one hundred and twenty miles in length, and varying in breadth from four miles to forty, one man,

[1] Vigl. Epist. ad Jaach. Hopperum, ep. 265, p. 863.
[2] De Thou, liv. 62, t. vii. 368, 369. Wagenaer, vii. 104, 105, sqq.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 381–385.—Compare de Thon, liv. 62.

backed by the population of a handful of cities, could do battle nine years long with the master of two worlds, the "Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America"—the despot of the fairest realms of Europe—and conquer him at last. Nor was William even entirely master of that narrow shoal where clung the survivors of a great national shipwreck. North and South Holland was cut in two by the loss of Haarlem, while the enemy was in possesion of the natural capital of the little country, Amsterdam. The Prince affirmed that the cause had suffered more from the disloyalty of Amsterdam than from all the efforts of the enemy.

Moreover, the country was in a most desolate condition. It was almost *literally* a sinking ship. The destruction of the bulwarks against the ocean had been so extensive, in consequence of the voluntary inundations which have been described in previous pages, and by reason of the general neglect which more vital occupations had necessitated, that an enormous outlay, both of labor and money, was now indispensable to save the physical existence of the country. The labor and the money, notwithstanding the crippled and impoverished condition of the nation, were, however, freely contributed; a wonderful example of energy and patient heroism was again exhibited. The dykes which had been swept away in every direction were renewed at a vast expense.[1] Moreover, the country, in the course of recent events, had become almost swept bare of its cattle, and it was necessary to pass a law forbidding, for a considerable period, the slaughter of any animals, "oxen, cows, calves, sheep, or poultry."[2] It was, unfortunately, not possible to provide by law against that extermination of the human population which had been decreed by Philip and the Pope.

Such was the physical and moral condition of the provinces of Holland and Zeeland. The political constitution of both assumed, at this epoch, a somewhat altered aspect. The union between the two estates, effected in June, 1575, required improvement. The administration of justice, the conflicts of laws, and more particularly the levying of moneys and troops in equitable proportions, had not been adjusted with perfect smoothness. The estates of the two provinces, assembled in congress at Delft, concluded, therefore, a new

[1] The work was, however, not fairly taken in hand until the spring of 1577.—Wagenaer, vii. 158, sqq. Bor, x. 819.

[2] Resol. Holl., Feb. 28, 1575, bl. 97. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 26.

act of union, which was duly signed upon April 25th, 1576.[1] Those estates, consisting of the knights and nobles of Holland, with the deputies from the cities and countships of Holland and Zeeland, had been duly summoned by the Prince of Orange.[2] They as fairly included all the political capacities, and furnished as copious a representation of the national will, as could be expected, for it is apparent upon every page of his history, that the Prince, upon all occasions, chose to refer his policy to the approval and confirmation of as large a portion of the people as any man in those days considered capable or desirous of exercising political functions.

The new union consisted of eighteen articles. It was established that deputies from all the estates should meet, when summoned by the Prince of Orange or otherwise, on penalty of fine, and at the risk of measures binding upon them being passed by the rest of the Congress.[3] Freshly arising causes of litigation were to be referred to the Prince.[4] Free intercourse and traffic through the united provinces was guaranteed.[5] The confederates were mutually to assist each other in preventing all injustice, wrong, or violence, even towards an enemy.[6] The authority of law and the pure administration of justice were mutually promised by the contracting states.[7] The common expenses were to be apportioned among the different provinces, "as if they were all included in the republic of a single city."[8] Nine commissioners, appointed by the Prince on nomination by the estates, were to sit permanently, as his advisers, and as assessors and collectors of taxes.[9] The tenure of the union was from six months to six months, with six weeks' notice.[10]

The framers of this compact having thus defined the general outlines of the confederacy, declared that the government thus constituted should be placed under a single head. They accordingly conferred supreme authority on the Prince,[11] defining his powers in eighteen articles. He was declared chief commander by land and sea. He was to appoint all officers, from generals to subalterns, and to pay them at his discretion.[12] The whole protection of the land was devolved

[1] Bor, ix. 668, Kluit, Hist. Holl. Reg., i. 115, et sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 94.
[2] Bor, ix. 668. Wagenaer, vii. 93. Kluit, i. 115, sqq.
[3] Art. 3. The document is given in full by Bor, ix. 668, sqq.
[4] Article 4.
[5] Article 5.
[6] "Hoewel ook vijand."—Article 7.
[7] Article 7.
[8] Article 10.
[9] Article 11.
[10] Article 17, 18.
[11] Articles of Union, Bor, ix. 620.
[12] Articles 1 and 2.

upon him. He was to send garrisons or troops into every city and village at his pleasure, without advice or consent of the estates, magistrates of the cities, or any other persons whatsoever.[1] He was, in behalf of the King as Count of Holland and Zeeland, to cause justice to be administered by the supreme court.[2] In the same capacity he was to provide for vacancies in all political and judicial offices of importance,[3] choosing, *with the advice of the estates*, one officer for each vacant post out of three candidates nominated to him by that body.[4] He was to appoint and renew, at the usual times, the magistracies in the cities, according to the ancient constitutions. He was to make changes in those boards, if necessary, at unusual times, with consent of the majority of those representing the great council and *corpus* of the said cities.[5] He was to uphold the authority and pre-eminence of all civil functionaries, and to prevent governors and military officers from taking any cognizance of political or judicial affairs. With regard to religion, he was to maintain the practice of the Reformed Evangelical religion, and to *cause to surcease* the exercise of all other religions *contrary to the Gospel*. He was, however, not to permit that *inquisition should be made into any man's belief or conscience*, or *that any man by cause thereof should suffer trouble, injury, or hindrance*.[6]

The league thus concluded was a confederation between a group of virtually independent little republics. Each municipality was, as it were, a little sovereign, sending envoys to a congress to vote and to sign as plenipotentiaries. The vote of each city was, therefore, indivisible, and it mattered little, practically, whether there were one deputy or several. The nobles represented not only their own order, but were supposed to act also in behalf of the rural population. On the whole, there was a tolerably fair representation of the whole nation. The people were well and worthily represented in the government of each city, and therefore equally so in the assembly of the estates.[7] It was not till later that the corporations, by the extinction of the popular element, and by

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[1] Articles 3–7. [2] Article 8.

[3] Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatseg., i. 121, 122.

[4] Article 10.—See Kluit's Commentary on this article.—Holl. Staatsreg., i. 121, 122. [5] Article 13.

[6] Article 15.—"Sonder dat syne E. sol toelaten dat men op jemands geloof op conscientie sal inquireren of dat jemand ter cause van die eenige moeyenis, injurie, of letsel angedaen sal worden," etc., etc.

[7] Compare Kluit, Holl., Staatsreg, i. 130.

the usurpation of the right of self-election, were thoroughly stiffened into fictitious personages which never died, and which were never thoroughly alive.

At this epoch the provincial liberties, so far as they could maintain themselves against Spanish despotism, were practical and substantial. The government was a representative one,[1] in which all those who had the inclination possessed, in one mode or another, a voice. Although the various members of the confederacy were locally and practically republics or self-governed little commonwealths, the general government which they established was, in form, monarchical. The powers conferred upon Orange constituted him a sovereign *ad interim*, for while the authority of the Spanish monarch remained suspended, the Prince was invested, not only with the whole executive and appointing power, but even with a very large share in the legislative functions of the state.[2]

The whole system was rather practical than theoretical, without any accurate distribution of political powers. In living, energetic communities, where the blood of the body politic circulates swiftly, there is an inevitable tendency of the different organs to sympathize and commingle more closely than *à priori* philosophy would allow. It is usually more desirable than practicable to keep the executive, legislative, and judicial departments entirely independent of each other.[3]

Certainly, the Prince of Orange did not at that moment indulge in speculations concerning the nature and origin of government. The Congress of Delft had just clothed him with almost regal authority. In his hands were the powers of war and peace, joint control of the magistracies and courts of justice, absolute supremacy over the army and the fleets. It is true that these attributes had been conferred upon him *ad interim*, but it depended only upon himself to make the sovereignty personal and permanent.[4] He was so thoroughly absorbed in his work, however, that he did not even see the diadem which he put aside. It was small matter to him whether they called him stadholder or guardian, prince or king. He was the father of his country and its defender. The people, from highest to lowest, called him "Father William," and the title was enough for him. The question with

[1] Kluit, 129, 130. [2] Kluit, i. 125.
[3] Compare Guizot, du Système Representatif, t. i.
[4] Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, v. 340–342.

him was not what men should call him, but how he should best accomplish his task.

So little was he inspired by the sentiment of self-elevation, that he was anxiously seeking for a fitting person—strong, wise, and willing enough—to exercise the sovereignty which was thrust upon himself, but which he desired to exchange against an increased power to be actively useful to his country. To expel the foreign oppressor; to strangle the Inquisition; to maintain the ancient liberties of the nation;—here was labor enough for his own hands. The vulgar thought of carving a throne out of the misfortunes of his country seems not to have entered his mind. Upon one point, however, the Prince had been peremptory. He would have no persecution of the opposite creed. He was requested to suppress the Catholic religion, in terms. As we have seen, he caused the expression to be exchanged for the words, "religion at variance with the Gospel." He resolutely stood out against all meddling with men's consciences, or inquiring into their thoughts. While smiting the Spanish Inquisition into the dust, he would have no Calvinist inquisition set up in its place. Earnestly a convert to the Reformed religion, but hating and denouncing only what was corrupt in the ancient Church, he would not force men, with fire and sword, to travel to heaven upon his own road. Thought should be toll-free. Neither monk nor minister should burn, drown, or hang his fellow-creatures, when argument or expostulation failed to redeem them from error. It was no small virtue, in that age, to rise to such a height. We know what Calvinists, Zwinglians, Lutherans, have done in the Netherlands, in Germany, in Switzerland, and almost a century later in New England. It is, therefore, with increased veneration that we regard this large and *truly catholic* mind. His tolerance proceeded from no indifference. No man can read his private writings, or form a thorough acquaintance with his interior life, without recognizing him as a deeply religious man. He had faith unfaltering in God. He had also faith in man and love for his brethren. It was no wonder that in that age of religious bigotry he should have been assaulted on both sides. While the Pope excommunicated him as a heretic, and the King set a price upon his head as a rebel, the fanatics of the new religion denounced him as a godless man. Peter Dathenus, the unfrocked monk of Poperingen, shrieked

out in his pulpit that the "Prince of Orange cared nothing either for God or for religion."[1]

The death of Requesens had offered the first opening through which the watchful Prince could hope to inflict a wound in the vital part of Spanish authority in the Netherlands. The languor of Philip and the procrastinating counsel of the dull Hopper unexpectedly widened the opening. On March 24th letters were written by his Majesty to the states-general, to the provincial estates, and to the courts of justice, instructing them that, until further orders, they were all to obey the Council of State. The King was confident that all would do their utmost to assist that body in securing the holy Catholic Faith and the implicit obedience of the country to its sovereign. He would, in the meantime, occupy himself with the selection of a new Governor-General, who should be of his family and blood. This uncertain and perilous condition of things was watched with painful interest in neighboring countries.

The fate of all nations was more or less involved in the development of the great religious contest now waging in the Netherlands. England and France watched each other's movements in the direction of the provinces with intense jealousy. The Protestant Queen was the natural ally of the struggling Reformers, but her despotic sentiments were averse to the fostering of rebellion against the Lord's anointed. The thrifty Queen looked with alarm at the prospect of large subsidies which would undoubtedly be demanded of her. The jealous Queen could as ill brook the presence of the French in the Netherlands as that of the Spaniards whom they were to expel. She therefore embarrassed, as usual, the operations of the Prince by a course of stale political coquetry. She wrote to him, on March 18th, soon after the news of the Grand Commander's death,[2] saying that she could not yet accept the offer which had been made to her, to take the provinces of Holland and Zeeland under her safe keeping, to assume, as Countess, the sovereignty over them, and to protect the inhabitants against the alleged tyranny of the King of Spain. She was unwilling to do so until she had made every effort to reconcile them with that sovereign. Before the death of Requesens she had been intending to send him an envoy, proposing a truce, for the purpose of negotia-

[1] Brandt, Hist. der Ref., t. i. b., xi. 607.

[2] Bor, ix. 667.

tion. This purpose she still retained. She should send commissioners to the Council of State and to the new Governor, when he should arrive. She should also send a special envoy to the King of Spain. She doubted not that the King would take her advice, when he heard her speak in such straightforward language. In the meantime, she hoped that they would negotiate with no other powers.[1]

This was not very satisfactory. The Queen rejected the offers to herself, but begged that they might, by no means, be made to her rivals, The expressed intention of softening the heart of Philip by the use of straightforward language seemed but a sorry sarcasm. It was hardly worth while to wait long for so improbable a result. Thus much for England at that juncture. Not inimical, certainly; but over-cautious, ungenerous, teasing, and perplexing, was the policy of the maiden Queen. With regard to France, events there seemed to favor the hopes of Orange. On May 14th, the "Peace of *Monsieur*," the treaty by which so ample but so short-lived a triumph was achieved by the Huguenots, was signed at Paris.[2] Everything was conceded, but nothing was secured. Rights of worship, rights of office, political and civil, religious enfranchisement, were recovered, but not guaranteed.[3] It seemed scarcely possible that the King could be in earnest then, even if a Medicean Valois could ever be otherwise than treacherous. It was almost certain, therefore, that a reaction would take place; but it is easier for us, three centuries after the event, to mark the precise moment of reaction, than it was for the most far-seeing contemporary to foretell how soon it would occur. In the meantime, it was the Prince's cue to make use of this sunshine while it lasted. Already, so soon as the union of April 25th had been concluded between Holland and Zeeland, he had forced the estates to open negotiations with France.[4] The provinces, although desirous to confer sovereignty upon him, were indisposed to renounce their old allegiance to their King in order to place it at the disposal of a foreigner. Nevertheless, a resolution, at the reiterated demands of Orange, was passed by the estates, to proceed to the change of master, and, for that purpose, to

[1] Letter of Queen Elizabeth, March 16, 1576, in Bor, ix. 667.—Compare Groen v. Prinst, v. 332, 333.

[2] De Thou, t. vii. l. lxii. 418.

[3] De Thou, vii. 413–418.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., v. 349–351.

[4] Resol. v. Holl., 64, 65. Groen v. Prinst., v. 341.

treat with the King of France, his brother, or any other foreign potentate, who would receive these provinces of Holland and Zeeland under his government and protection.[1] Negotiations were accordingly opened with the Duke of Anjou, the *dilettante* leader of the Huguenots at that remarkable juncture. It was a pity that no better champion could be looked for among the anointed of the earth than the false, fickle, foolish Alençon, whose career, everywhere contemptible, was nowhere so flagitious as in the Netherlands. By the fourteenth article of the Peace of Paris, the Prince was reinstated and secured in his principality of Orange, and his other possessions in France.[2] The best feeling, for the time being, was manifested between the French court and the Reformation.[3]

Thus much for England and France. As for Germany, the prospects of the Netherlands were not flattering. The Reforming spirit had grown languid, from various causes. The self-seeking motives of many Protestant princes had disgusted the nobles. Was that the object of the bloody wars of religion, that a few potentates should be enabled to enrich themselves by confiscating the broad lands and accumulated treasures of the Church? Had the creed of Luther been embraced only for such unworthy ends? These suspicions chilled the ardor of thousands, particularly among the greater ones of the land. Moreover, the discord among the Reformers themselves waxed daily, and became more and more mischievous. Neither the people nor their leaders could learn that, not a new doctrine, but a wise toleration for all Christian doctrines, was wanted. Of new doctrines there was no lack. Lutherans, Calvinists, Flaccianists, Majorists, Adiaphorists, Brantianists, Ubiquitists, swarmed and contended pell-mell.[4] In this there would have been small harm, if the Reformers had known what reformation meant. But they could not invent or imagine toleration. All claimed the privilege of persecuting. There were sagacious and honest men among the great ones of the country, but they were but few. Wise William of Hesse strove hard to effect a *concordia* among the jarring sects; Count John of Nassau, though a passionate Cal-

[1] Resol. v. Holl., 64, 65. Groen v. Prinst., v. 341. [2] Bor, ix. 684.

[3] The Edict, or Peace of Paris, in sixty-three articles, is published at length, by Bor, ix. 683–690.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., v. 349–351. De Thou, t. v. l. vii. 413–418.

[4] See in particular a letter of Count John of Nassau to the Prince of Orange, dated Dillemberg, May 9, 1576.—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 349–358.

vinist, did no less; while the Elector of Saxony, on the other hand, raging and roaring like the bull of Bashan, was for sacrificing the interest of millions on the altar of his personal spite. Cursed was his tribe if he forgave the Prince. He had done what he could at the Diet of Ratisbon to exclude all Calvinists from a participation in the religious peace of Germany,[1] and he redoubled his efforts to prevent the extension of any benefits to the Calvinists of the Netherlands. These determinations had remained constant and intense.

On the whole, the political appearance of Germany was as menacing as that of France seemed for a time favorable to the schemes of Orange. The quarrels of the princes, and the daily widening schism between Lutherans and Calvinists, seemed to bode little good to the cause of religious freedom. The potentates were perplexed and at variance, the nobles lukewarm and discontented. Among the people, although subdivided into hostile factions, there was more life. Here, at least, were heartiness of love and hate, enthusiastic conviction, earnestness and agitation. "The true religion," wrote Count John, "is spreading daily among the common men. Among the powerful, who think themselves highly learned, and who sit in roses, it grows, alas, little. Here and there a Nicodemus or two may be found, but things will hardly go better here than in France or the Netherlands."[2]

Thus, then, stood affairs in the neighboring countries. The prospect was black in Germany, more encouraging in France, dubious, or worse, in England. More work, more anxiety, more desperate struggles than ever, devolved upon the Prince. Secretary Brunynck wrote that his illustrious chief was tolerably well in health, but so loaded with affairs, sorrows, and travails, that, from morning till night, he had scarcely leisure to breathe.[3] Besides his multitudinous correspondence with the public bodies, whose labors he habitually directed; with the various estates of the provinces, which he was gradually moulding into an organized and general resistance to the Spanish power; with public envoys and with secret agents to foreign cabinets, all of whom received their instructions from him alone; with individuals of eminence and influence, whom he was eloquently urging to abandon their hostile position to their fatherland, and to assist him in the

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc. v. 229, 230.
[2] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, v. 346, 347.
[3] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, v. 365.

great work which he was doing; besides these numerous avocations, he was actively and anxiously engaged during the spring of 1576, with the attempt to relieve the city of Zierickzee.[1]

That important place, the capital of Schouwen, and the key to half Zeeland, had remained closely invested since the memorable expedition to Duiveland. The Prince had passed much of his time in the neighborhood during the month of May, in order to attend personally to the contemplated relief, and to correspond daily with the beleaguered garrison.[2] At last, on May 25th, a vigorous effort was made to throw in succor by sea. The brave Admiral Boisot, hero of the memorable relief of Leyden, had charge of the expedition. Mondragon had surrounded the shallow harbor with hulks and chains, and with a loose submerged dyke of piles and rubbish. Against this obstacle Boisot drove his ship, the 'Red Lion,' with his customary audacity, but did not succeed in cutting it through. His vessel, the largest of the fleet, became entangled: he was, at the same time, attacked from a distance by the besiegers. The tide ebbed and left his ship aground, while the other vessles had been beaten back by the enemy. Night approached, and there was no possibility of accomplishing the enterprise. His ship was hopelessly stranded. With the morning's sun his captivity was certain. Rather than fall into the hands of his enemy, he sprang into the sea, followed by three hundred of his companions, some of whom were fortunate enough to effect their escape. The gallant Admiral swam a long time, sustained by a broken spar. Night and darkness came on before assistance could be rendered, and he perished.[3] Thus died Louis Boisot, one of the most enterprising of the early champions of the Netherland freedom—one of the bravest precursors of that race of heroes, the commanders of the Holland navy. The Prince deplored his loss deeply as that of a "valiant gentleman, and one well affectioned to the common cause."[4] His brother, Charles Boisot, as will be remembered, had perished by treachery at the first landing of the Spanish troops, after their perilous pas-

[1] Bor, ix. 667, sqq. Meteren, v. 102, 103.
[2] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, v. 358, 359.
[3] Bor, ix. 678. Hoofd, x. 440. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 364–368. Meteren, v. 102.—The last historian erroneously gives the 12th of June instead of the 25th of May as the date of the unfortunate adventure. Cabrera, xi. 846, who states the loss of the Orangists at eight hundred and upwards.
[4] Archives, etc. v. 367.

sage from Duiveland. Thus both the brethren had lain down their lives for their country, on this its outer barrier, and in the hour of its utmost need. The fall of the beleaguered town could no longer be deferred. The Spaniards were, at last, to receive the prize of that romantic valor which had led them across the bottom of the sea to attack the city. Nearly nine months had, however, elapsed since that achievement; and the Grand Commander, by whose orders it had been undertaken, had been four months in his grave. He was permitted to see neither the long-delayed success which crowned the enterprise, nor the procession of disasters and crimes which were to mark it as a most fatal success.

On June 21st, 1576, Zierickzee, instructed by the Prince of Orange to accept honorable terms, if offered, agreed to surrender. Mondragon, whose soldiers were in a state of suffering, and ready to break out in mutiny, was but too happy to grant an honorable capitulation. The garrison were allowed to go out with their arms and personal baggage. The citizens were permitted to retain or resume their privileges and charters, on payment of two hundred thousand gulden. Of sacking and burning there was, on this occasion, fortunately, no question; but the first half of the commutation money was to be paid in cash. There was but little money in the impoverished little town, but mint-masters were appointed by the magistrates to take their seats at once in the Hotel de Ville. The citizens brought their spoons and silver dishes, one after another, which were melted and coined into dollars and half-dollars, until the payment was satisfactorily adjusted. Thus fell Zierickzee, to the deep regret of the Prince. "Had we received the least succor in the world from any side," he wrote, "the poor city should never have fallen. I could get nothing from France or England, with all my efforts. Nevertheless, we do not lose courage, but hope that, although abandoned by all the world, the Lord God will extend His right hand over us."[1]

The enemies were not destined to go farther. From their own hand now came the blow which was to expel them from the soil which they had so long polluted. No sooner was Zierickzee captured than a mutiny broke forth among several companies of Spaniards and Walloons, belonging to the army

[1] Bor, ix. 681. Hoofd, x. 440, 441. Meteren, v. 102, 103. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 372, 373. Letter of 16th July, 1576, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 379–381.

in Schouwen.[1] A large number of the most influential officers had gone to Brussels, to make arrangements, if possible, for the payment of the troops. In their absence there was more scope for the arguments of the leading mutineers;—arguments assuredly not entirely destitute of justice or logical precision. If ever laborers were worthy of their hire, certainly it was the Spanish soldiery. Had they not done the work of demons for nine years long? Could Philip or Alva have found in the wide world men to execute their decrees with more unhesitating docility, with more sympathizing eagerness? What obstacle had ever given them pause in their career of duty? What element had they not braved? Had not they fought within the bowels of the earth, beneath the depths of the sea, within blazing cities, and upon fields of ice? Where was the work which had been too dark and bloody for their performance? Had they not slaughtered unarmed human beings by townfuls, at the word of command? Had they not eaten the flesh, and drank the hearts' blood of their enemies? Had they not stained the house of God with wholesale massacre? What altar and what hearthstone had they not profaned? What fatigue, what danger, what crime, had ever checked them for a moment? And for all this obedience, labor, and bloodshed, were they not even to be paid such wages as the commonest clown, who only tore the earth at home, received? Did Philip believe that a few thousand Spaniards were to execute his sentence of death against three millions of Netherlanders, and be cheated of their pay at last?

It was in vain that arguments and expostulations were addressed to soldiers who were suffering from want, and maddened by injustice. They determined to take their cause into their own hand, as they had often done before. By July 15th, the mutiny was general on the isle of Schouwen.[2] Promises were freely offered, both of pay and pardon; appeals were made to their old sense of honor and loyalty; but they had had enough of promises, of honor, and of work. What they wanted now were shoes and jerkins, bread and meat, and money. Money they would have, and that at once. The King of Spain was their debtor. The Netherlands belonged to the King of Spain. They would therefore levy on the

[1] Bor, ix. 681, 692, sqq. Meteren, vi. 106. Hoofd, x. 443. Groen v. Prinst. v. 381, sqq.

[2] Hoofd, x. 443, sqq. Bor, ix. 692. Meteren, vi. 106. Mendoza, xv. 298, sqq. Cabrera, xi. 848, sqq.

Netherlands for payment of their debt. Certainly this was a logical deduction. They knew by experience that this process had heretofore excited more indignation in the minds of the Netherland people than in that of their master. Moreover, at this juncture, they cared little for their sovereign's displeasure, and not at all for that of the Netherlanders. By the middle of July, then, the mutineers, now entirely beyond control, held their officers imprisoned within their quarters at Zierickzee. They even surrounded the house of Mondragon, who had so often led them to victory, calling upon him with threats and taunts to furnish them with money.[1] The veteran, roused to fury by their insubordination and their taunts, sprang from his house into the midst of the throng. Baring his breast before them, he fiercely invited and dared their utmost violence. Of his life-blood, he told them bitterly, he was no niggard, and it was at their disposal. His wealth, had he possessed any, would have been equally theirs.[2] Shamed into temporary respect, but not turned from their purpose by the choler of their chief, they left him to himself. Soon afterwards, having swept Schouwen island bare of everything which could be consumed, the mutineers swarmed out of Zeeland into Brabant, devouring as they went.[3]

It was their purpose to hover for a time in the neighborhood of the capital, and either to force the Council of State to pay them their long arrears, or else to seize and sack the richest city upon which they could lay their hands. The compact, disciplined mass, rolled hither and thither, with uncertainty of purpose, but with the same military precision of movement which had always characterized these remarkable mutinies. It gathered strength daily. The citizens of Brussels contemplated with dismay the eccentric and threatening apparition. They knew that rapine, murder, and all the worst evils which man can inflict on his brethren were pent within it, and would soon descend. Yet, even with all their past experience, did they not foresee the depth of woe which was really impending. The mutineers had discarded such of their officers as they could not compel to obedience, and had, as usual, chosen their Eletto. Many straggling companies joined them as they swept to and fro. They came to Herenthals, where they were met by Count Mansfeld, who

[1] Hoofd, x. 443, 444. [2] Ibid., x. 444.—Compare Cabrera, xi. 848.
[3] Bor, ix. 692. Cabrera, xi. 848, sqq. Mendoza, xv. 300.

was deputed by the Council of State to treat with them, to appeal to them, to pardon them, to offer them everything but money. It may be supposed that the success of the commander-in-chief was no better than that of Mondragon and his subalterns. They laughed him to scorn when he reminded them how their conduct was tarnishing the glory which they had acquired by nine years of heroism. They answered with their former cynicism, that glory could be put neither into pocket nor stomach. They had no use for it; they had more than enough of it. Give them money, or give them a city;[1] these were their last terms.

Sorrowfully and bodingly Mansfeld withdrew to consult again with the State Council. The mutineers then made a demonstration upon Mechlin, but that city having fortunately strengthened its garrison, was allowed to escape. They then hovered for a time outside the walls of Brussels. At Grimsberg, where they paused for a short period, they held a parley with Captain Montesdocca, whom they received with fair words and specious pretences. He returned to Brussels with the favorable tidings, and the mutineers swarmed off to Assche. Thither Montesdocca was again despatched, with the expectation that he would be able to bring them to terms, but they drove him off with jeers and threats, finding that he brought neither money nor the mortgage of a populous city. The next day, after a feint or two in a different direction, they made a sudden swoop upon Alost, in Flanders. Here they had at last made their choice, and the town was carried by storm. All the inhabitants who opposed them were butchered, and the mutiny, at last established in a capital, was able to treat with the State Council upon equal terms. They were now between two and three thousand strong, disciplined, veteran troops, posted in a strong and wealthy city. One hundred parishes belonged to the jurisdiction of Alost, all of which were immediately laid under contribution.[2]

The excitement was now intense in Brussels. Anxiety and alarm had given place to rage, and the whole population rose in arms to defend the capital, which was felt to be in imminent danger. This spontaneous courage of the burghers prevented the catastrophe, which was reserved for a sister city. Meantime, the indignation and horror excited by the mutiny were so universal that the Council of State could not with-

[1] Bor, ix. 692. Meteren, vi. 106. Hoofd, x. 444. Mendoza, xv. 300.
[2] Bor, ix, 693. Meteren, vi. 106. Bentivoglio, ix. 173, Hoofd, x. 445.

stand the pressure. Even the women and children demanded daily in the streets that the rebel soldiers should be declared outlaws. On July 26th, accordingly, the King of Spain was made to pronounce his Spaniards traitors and murderers. All men were enjoined to slay one or all of them, wherever they should be found; to refuse them bread, water, and fire, and to assemble at sound of bell, in every city, whenever the magistrates should order an assault upon them.[1] A still more stringent edict was issued on August 2d,[2] and so eagerly had these decrees been expected, that they were published throughout Flanders and Brabant almost as soon as issued. Hitherto the leading officers of the Spanish army had kept aloof from the insurgents, and frowned upon their proceedings. The Spanish member of the State Council, Jerome de Roda, had joined without opposition in the edict. As, however, the mutiny gathered strength on the outside, the indignation waxed daily within the capital. The citizens of Brussels, one and all, stood to their arms. Not a man could enter or leave without their permission. The Spaniards who were in the town, whether soldiers or merchants, were regarded with suspicion and abhorrence. The leading Spanish officers, Romero, Montesdocca, Verdugo, and others, who had attempted to quell the mutiny, had been driven off with threats and curses, their soldiers defying them and brandishing their swords in their very faces. On the other hand, they were looked upon with ill-will by the Netherlanders. The most prominent Spanish personages in Brussels were kept in a state of half-imprisonment.[3] Romero, Roda, Verdugo, were believed to favor at heart the cause of their rebellious troops, and the burghers of Brabant had come to consider all the King's army in a state of rebellion. Believing the State Council powerless to protect them from the impending storm, they regarded that body with little respect, keeping it, as it were, in durance, while the Spaniards were afraid to walk the streets of Brussels for fear of being murdered. A retainer of Roda, who had ventured to defend the character and conduct of his master before a number of excited citizens, was slain on the spot.[4]

In Antwerp, Champagny, brother of Granvelle, and governor of the city, was disposed to cultivate friendly relations

[1] See the Edict, in Bor, ix, 693. [2] Hoofd, x. 445.
[3] Bor, ix. 692, 693. Cabrera, xi. 849. Hoofd, x. 445.
[4] Bor, ix. 693. Meteren, vi. 106.

with the Prince of Orange. Champagny hated the Spaniards, and the hatred seemed to establish enough of sympathy between himself and the liberal party to authorize confidence in him. The Prince dealt with him, but regarded him warily.[1] Fifteen companies of German troops, under Colonel Altaemst, were suspected of a strong inclination to join the mutiny. They were withdrawn from Antwerp, and in their room came Count Oberstein, with his regiment, who swore to admit no suspicious person inside the gates, and in all things to obey the orders of Champagny.[2] In the citadel, however, matters were very threatening. Sancho d'Avila, the governor, although he had not openly joined the revolt, treated the edict of outlawry against the rebellious soldiery with derision. He refused to publish a decree which he proclaimed infamous, and which had been extorted, in his opinion, from an impotent and trembling council.[3] Even Champagny had not desired or dared to publish the edict within the city. The reasons alleged were his fears of irritating and alarming the foreign merchants, whose position was so critical and friendship so important at that moment.[4] On the other hand, it was loudly and joyfully published in most other towns of Flanders and Brabant. In Brussels there were two parties, one holding the decree too audacious for his Majesty to pardon; the other clamoring for its instantaneous fulfilment. By far the larger and more influential portion of the population favored the measure, and wished the sentence of outlawry and extermination to be extended at once against all Spaniards and other foreigners in the service of the King. It seemed imprudent to wait until all the regiments had formally accepted the mutiny, and concentrated themselves into a single body.[5]

At this juncture, on the last day of July, the Marquis of Havré, brother to the Duke of Aerschot, arrived out of Spain.[6] He was charged by the King with conciliatory but unmeaning phrases to the estates. The occasion was not a happy one. There never was a time when direct and vigorous action had been more necessary. It was probably the King's desire then, as much as it ever had been his desire at all, to

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[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 487, 488. Cabrera, xi. 863.—"Pero el Champaigne estaba convenido con los Estados y con le Principe de Orange su grande amigo.

[2] Bor, ix. 694. Hoofd, x. 447.

[3] Mendoza, xv. 301. Cabrera, xi. 849.

[4] Bor, ix. 694.

[5] Ibid., 694, sqq. Hoofd, x. 447, sqq.

[6] Bor, ix. 704.

make up the quarrel with his provinces. He had been wearied with the policy which Alva had enforced, and for which he endeavored at that period to make the Duke appear responsible. The barren clemency which the Grand Commander had been instructed to affect, had deceived but few persons, and had produced but small results. The King was, perhaps, really inclined at this juncture to exercise clemency —that is to say, he was willing to pardon his people for having contended for their rights, provided they were now willing to resign them forever. So the Catholic religion and his own authority were exclusively and inviolably secured, he was willing to receive his disobedient provinces into favor. To accomplish this end, however, he had still no more fortunate conception than to take the advice of Hopper. A soothing procrastination was the anodyne selected for the bitter pangs of the body politic—a vague expression of royal benignity the styptic to be applied to its mortal wounds. An interval of hesitation was to bridge over the chasm between the provinces and their distant metropolis. "The Marquis of Havré has been sent," said the King, "that he may expressly witness to you of our good intentions, and of our desire, with the grace of God, to bring about a pacification."[1] Alas, it was well known whence those pavements of good intentions had been taken, and whither they would lead. They were not the material for a substantial road to reconciliation. "His Majesty," said the Marquis, on delivering his report to the State Council, "has long been pondering over all things necessary to the peace of the land. His Majesty, like a very gracious and bountiful Prince, has ever been disposed, in times past, to treat these, his subjects, by the best and sweetest means."[2] There being, however, room for an opinion that so bountiful a prince might have discovered sweeter means, by all this pondering, than to burn and gibbet his subjects by thousands, it was thought proper to insinuate that his orders had been hitherto misunderstood. Alva and Requesens had been unfaithful agents, who did not know their business, but it was to be set right in future. "As the goodwill and meaning of his Majesty has by no means been followed," continued the envoy, "his Majesty has determined to send Councillor Hopper, keeper of the privy seal, and myself, hitherwards, to execute the resolutions of his Majesty."[3]

[1] See the letter, in Bor, ix. 704.

[2] Report of Marquis of Havré, in Bor, ix. 704.

[3] Ibid.

Two such personages as poor, plodding, confused, time-serving Hopper, and flighty, talkative[1] Havré, whom even Requesens despised, and whom Don John, while shortly afterwards *recommending him for a state councillor*, characterized to Philip as "a very great scoundrel,"[2] would hardly be able, even if royally empowered, to undo the work of two preceding administrations. Moreover, Councillor Hopper, on further thoughts, was not despatched at all to the Netherlands.

The provinces were, however, assured by the King's letters to the Brabant estates, to the State Council, and other public bodies, as well as by the report of the Marquis, that efficacious remedies were preparing in Madrid. The people were only to wait patiently till they should arrive.[3] The public had heard before of these nostrums, made up by the royal prescriptions in Spain; and were not likely to accept them as a panacea for their present complicated disorders. Never, in truth, had conventional commonplace been applied more unseasonably. Here was a general military mutiny flaming in the very centre of the land. Here had the intense hatred of race, which for years had been gnawing at the heart of the country, at last broken out into most malignant manifestation. Here was nearly the whole native population of every province, from grand seigneur to plebeian, from Catholic prelate to Anabaptist artisan, exasperated alike by the excesses of six thousand foreign brigands, and united by a common hatred, into a band of brethren. Here was a State Council too feeble to exercise the authority which it had arrogated, trembling between the wrath of its sovereign, the menacing cries of the Brussels burghers, and the wild threats of the rebellious army, and held virtually captive in the capital which it was supposed to govern.

Certainly, the confirmation of the Council in its authority, for an indefinite, even if for a brief period, was a most unlucky step at this juncture. There were two parties in the provinces, but one was far the most powerful upon the great point of the Spanish soldiery. A vast majority were in favor of a declaration of outlawry against the whole army, and it was thought desirable to improve the opportunity by getting rid of them altogether. If the people could rise *en masse*,

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[1] "Loquillo y insubstancial."—Letter of Requesens to Philip, cited by Gachard, Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 130, n. 1.

[2] "Muy grandissimo vellacho."—Letter of Don John to Philip, cited by Gachard, ubi sup.

[3] Report of Marq. Havré, etc., Bor, ix. 705.

now that the royal government was in abeyance, and, as it were, in the nation's hands, the incubus might be cast off forever. If any of the Spanish officers had been sincere in their efforts to arrest the mutiny, the sincerity was not believed. If any of the foreign regiments of the King appeared to hesitate at joining the Alost crew, the hesitation was felt to be temporary. Meantime, the important German regiments of Fugger, Fronsberger, and Polwiller, with their colonels and other officers, had openly joined the rebellion,[1] while there was no doubt of the sentiments of Sancho d'Ávila and the troops under his command.[2] Thus there were two great rallying-places for the sedition, and the most important fortress of the country, the key which unlocked the richest city in the world, was in the hands of the mutineers. The commercial capital of Europe, filled to the brim with accumulated treasures, and with the merchandise of every clime, lay at the feet of this desperate band of brigands. The horrible result was but too soon to be made manifest.

Meantime, in Brussels, the few Spaniards trembled for their lives. The few officers shut up there were in imminent danger. "As the devil does not cease to do his work," wrote Colonel Verdugo,[3] "he has put it into the heads of the Brabanters to rebel, *taking for a pretext* the mutiny of the Spaniards. The Brussels men have handled their weapons so well *against those who were placed there to protect them*, that they have begun to kill the Spaniards, threatening likewise the Council of State. Such is their insolence, that they care no more for these great lords than for so many varlets." The writer, who had taken refuge, together with Jerome de Roda and other Spaniards, or "Hispaniolized" persons, in Antwerp citadel, proceeded to sketch the preparations which were going on in Brussels, and the counter measures which were making progress in Antwerp. "The states," he wrote, "are enrolling troops, saying 'tis to put down the mutiny; but I assure you 'tis to attack the army indiscriminately. To prevent such a villainous undertaking, *troops of all nations are assembling here*, in order to march straight upon Brussels, there to enforce everything which my lords of the State Council shall ordain." Events were obviously hastening to

[1] Bor, ix. 711, 712. Hoofd. x. 448.

[2] Meteren, vi. 107. Mendoza, xv. 303, sqq. Cabrera, xi. 849, sqq.

[3] This letter of Verdugo to his Lieutenant De la Margella is published by Bor ix. 702, and by Groen v. Prinsterer, v. 387–389.

a crisis—an explosion, before long, was inevitable. "I wish I had my horses here," continued the Colonel, "and must beg you to send them. I see a black cloud hanging over our heads. I fear that the Brabantines will play the beasts so much, that they will have all the soldiery at their throats."[1]

Jerome de Roda had been fortunate enough to make his escape out of Brussels,[2] and now claimed to be sole Governor of the Netherlands, as the only remaining representative of the State Council. His colleagues were in durance at the capital. Their authority was derided. Although not yet actually imprisoned, they were in reality bound hand and foot, and compelled to take their orders either from the Brabant estates or from the burghers of Brussels. It was not an illogical proceeding, therefore, that Roda, under the shadow of the Antwerp citadel, should set up his own person as all that remained of the outraged majesty of Spain. Till the new Governor, Don Juan, should arrive, whose appointment the King had already communicated to the government, and who might be expected in the Netherlands before the close of the autumn, the solitary councillor claimed to embody the whole Council.[3] He caused a new seal to be struck—a proceeding very unreasonably charged as forgery by the provincials—and forthwith began to thunder forth proclamations and counter-proclamations in the King's name and under the royal seal.[4] It is difficult to see any technical crime or mistake in such a course. As a Spaniard, and a representative of his Majesty, he could hardly be expected to take any other view of his duty. At any rate, being called upon to choose between rebellious Netherlanders and mutinous Spaniards, he was not long in making up his mind.

By the beginning of September the mutiny was general. All the Spanish army, from general to pioneer, were united. The most important German troops had taken side with them. Sancho d'Avila held the citadel of Antwerp, vowing vengeance, and holding open communication with the soldiers at Alost.[5] The Council of State remonstrated with him for his disloyalty. He replied by referring to his long years of service, and by reproving them for affecting an authority which their imprisonment rendered ridiculous.[6] The Spaniards were securely established. The various citadels which had

[1] Letter of Verdugo.
[2] Bor, ix. 705. Hoofd, x. 449.
[3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, ix. 712. Hoofd, x. 449.
[5] Mendoza, xv. 301, sqq. Cabrera, xi. 864, sqq.
[6] Mendoza, ubi sup.

been built by Charles and Philip to curb the country now effectually did their work. With the castles of Antwerp, Valenciennes, Ghent, Utrecht, Culemburg, Viane, Alost, in the hands of six thousand veteran Spaniards, the country seemed chained in every limb. The foreigner's foot was on its neck. Brussels was almost the only considerable town out of Holland and Zeeland which was even temporarily safe. The important city of Maestricht was held by a Spanish garrison, while other capital towns and stations were in the power of the Walloon and German mutineers.[1] The depredations committed in the villages, the open country, and the cities were incessant—the Spaniards treating every Netherlander as their foe. Gentlemen and peasant, Protestant and Catholic, priest and layman, all were plundered, maltreated, outraged. The indignation became daily more general and more intense.[2] There were frequent skirmishes between the soldiery and promiscuous bands of peasants, citizens, and students; conflicts in which the Spaniards were invariably victorious. What could such half-armed and wholly untrained partisans effect against the bravest and most experienced troops in the whole world? Such results only increased the general exasperation, while they impressed upon the whole people the necessity of some great and general effort to throw off the incubus.

[1] Bor, ix. 715. Mendoza, xv. 303.
[2] Meteren, vi. 107. Hoofd, x. 450–453.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ANTWERP FURY RIPENS THE GHENT CONCORD.

Religious and political sympathies and antipathies in the seventeen provinces—Unanimous hatred for the foreign soldiery—Use made by the Prince of the mutiny—His correspondence—Necessity of Union enforced—A congress from nearly all the provinces meets at Ghent—Skirmishes between the foreign troops and partisan bands—Slaughter at Tisnacq—Suspicions entertained of the State-Council—Arrest of the State-Council—Siege of Ghent citadel—Assistance sent by Orange—Maestricht lost and regained—Wealthy and perilous condition of Antwerp—Preparations of the mutineers under the secret superintendence of Avila—Stupidity of Oberstein—Duplicity of Don Sancho—Reinforcements of Walloons under Havré, Egmont, and others, sent to Antwerp—Governor Champagny's preparations for the expected assault of the mutineers—Insubordination, incapacity, and negligence of all but him—Concentration of all the mutineers from different points, in the citadel—The attack—the panic—the flight—the massacre—the fire—the sack—and other details of the "Spanish Fury"—Statistics of murder and robbery—Letters of Orange to the states-general—Surrender of Ghent citadel—Conclusion of the "Ghent Pacification"—The treaty characterized—Forms of ratification—Fall of Zierickzee and recovery of Zeeland.

MEANTIME, the Prince of Orange sat at Middelburg,[1] watching the storm. The position of Holland and Zeeland with regard to the other fifteen provinces was distinctly characterized. Upon certain points there was an absolute sympathy, while upon others there was a grave and almost fatal difference. It was the task of the Prince to deepen the sympathy, to extinguish the difference.

In Holland and Zeeland, there was a warm and nearly universal adhesion to the Reformed religion, a passionate attachment to the ancient political liberties. The Prince, although an earnest Calvinist himself, did all in his power to check the growing spirit of intolerance toward the old religion, omitted no opportunity of strengthening the attachment which the people justly felt for their liberal institutions.

On the other hand, in most of the other provinces, the Catholic religion had been regaining its ascendancy. Even in 1574, the estates assembled at Brussels declared to Reque-

[1] Bor, ix. 694, sqq.

sens "that they would rather die the death than see any change in their religion."[1] That feeling had rather increased than diminished. Although there was a strong party attached to the new faith, there was perhaps a larger, certainly a more influential body, which regarded the ancient Church with absolute fidelity. Owing partly to the persecution which had, in the course of years, banished so many thousands of families from the soil, partly to the coercion, which was more stringent in the immediate presence of the Crown's representative, partly to the stronger infusion of the Celtic element, which from the earliest ages had always been so keenly alive to the more sensuous and splendid manifestations of the devotional principle—owing to these and many other causes, the old religion, despite of all the outrages which had been committed in its name, still numbered a host of zealous adherents in the fifteen provinces. Attempts against its sanctity were regarded with jealous eyes. It was believed, and with reason, that there was a disposition on the part of the Reformers to destroy it root and branch. It was suspected that the same enginery of persecution would be employed in its extirpation, should the opposite party gain the supremacy, which the Papists had so long employed against the converts to the new religion.

As to political convictions, the fifteen provinces differed much less from their two sisters. There was a strong attachment to their old constitutions; a general inclination to make use of the present crisis to effect their restoration. At the same time, it had not come to be the general conviction, as in Holland and Zeeland, that the maintenance of those liberties was incompatible with the continuance of Philip's authority. There was, moreover, a strong aristocratic faction which was by no means disposed to take a liberal view of government in general, and regarded with apprehension the simultaneous advance of heretical notions both in church and state. Still there were, on the whole, the elements of a controlling constitutional party throughout the fifteen provinces. The great bond of sympathy, however, between all the seventeen was their common hatred to the foreign soldiery. Upon this deeply imbedded, immovable fulcrum of an ancient national hatred, the sudden mutiny of the whole Spanish army served

[1] "Datse liever willen sterven de dood, dan te sien eenige veranderinge in de Religie," etc.—Remonstrance, etc., in Bor, viii. 518b.

as a lever of incalculable power. The Prince seized it as from the hand of God. Thus armed, he proposed to himself the task of upturning the mass of oppression under which the old liberties of the country had so long been crushed. To effect this object, adroitness was as requisite as courage. Expulsion of the foreign soldiery, union of the seventeen provinces, a representative constitution, according to the old charters, by the states-general, under an hereditary chief, a large religious toleration, suppression of all inquisition into men's consciences—these were the great objects to which the Prince now devoted himself with renewed energy.

To bring about a general organization and a general union, much delicacy of handling was necessary. The sentiment of extreme Catholicism and Monarchism was not to be suddenly scared into opposition. The Prince, therefore, in all his addresses and documents was careful to disclaim any intention of disturbing the established religion, or of making any rash political changes. "Let no man think," said he, to the authorities of Brabant, "that, against the will of the estates, we desire to bring about any change in religion. Let no one suspect us capable of prejudicing the rights of any man. We have long since taken up arms to maintain a legal and constitutional freedom, founded upon law. God forbid that we should now attempt to introduce novelties, by which the face of liberty should be defiled."[1]

In a brief and very spirited letter to Count Lalain, a Catholic and a loyalist, but a friend of his country and fervent hater of foreign oppression, he thus appealed to his sense of chivalry and justice: "Although the honorable house from which you spring," he said, "and the virtue and courage of your ancestors have always impressed me with the conviction that you would follow in their footsteps, yet am I glad to have received proofs that my anticipations were correct. I cannot help, therefore, entreating you to maintain the same high heart, and to accomplish that which you have so worthily begun. Be not deluded by false masks, mumming faces, and borrowed titles, which people assume for their own profit, persuading others that the King's service consists in the destruction of his subjects."[2]

While thus careful to offend no man's religious convictions, to startle no man's loyalty, he made skilful use of the general

[1] Letter to States of Brabant, in Bor, ix. 695.
[2] The letter to Lalain is published by Bor, ix. 696.

indignation he felt at the atrocities of the mutinous army. This chord he struck boldly, powerfully, passionately, for he felt sure of the depth and strength of its vibrations. In his address to the estates of Gelderland,[1] he used vigorous language, inflaming and directing to a practical purpose the just wrath which was felt in that, as in every other province. "I write to warn you," he said, "to seize this present opportunity. Shake from your necks the yoke of the godless Spanish tyranny, join yourselves at once to the lovers of the fatherland, to the defenders of freedom. According to the example of your own ancestors and ours, redeem for the country its ancient laws, traditions, and privileges. Permit no longer, to your shame and ours, a band of Spanish landloupers and other foreigners, together with three or four self-seeking enemies of their own land, to keep their feet upon our necks. Let them no longer, in the very wantonness of tyranny, drive us about like a herd of cattle—like a gang of well-tamed slaves."

Thus, day after day, in almost countless addresses to public bodies and private individuals, he made use of the crisis to pile fresh fuel upon the flames. At the same time, while thus fanning the general indignation, he had the adroitness to point out that the people had already committed themselves. He represented to them that the edict, by which they had denounced his Majesty's veterans as outlaws, and had devoted them to the indiscriminate destruction which such brigands deserved, was likely to prove an unpardonable crime in the eyes of majesty. In short, they had entered the torrent. If they would avoid being dashed over the precipice, they must struggle manfully with the mad waves of civil war into which they had plunged. "I beg you, with all affection," he said to the states of Brabant,[2] "to consider the danger in which you have placed yourselves. You have to deal with the proudest and most overbearing race in the world. For these qualities they are hated by all other nations. They are even hateful to themselves. 'Tis a race which seeks to domineer wheresoever it comes. It particularly declares its intention to crush and to tyrannize you, my masters, and all the land. They have conquered you already, as they boast, for the crime of lese-majesty has placed you at their mercy. I tell you that your last act, by which you have declared this army to be rebels, is decisive. You have armed and excited the whole people

[1] Address to the Estates of Gelderland, apud Bor, ix. 702.
[2] In Bor, ix. 694–696.

against them, even to the peasants and the peasants' children, and the insults and injuries thus received, however richly deserved and dearly avenged, are all set down to your account. Therefore, 'tis necessary for you to decide now, whether to be utterly ruined, yourselves and your children, or to continue firmly the work which you have begun boldly, and rather to die a hundred thousand deaths than to make a treaty with them, which can only end in your ruin. Be assured that the measure dealt to you will be ignominy as well as destruction. Let not your leaders expect the honorable scaffolds of Counts Egmont and Horn. The whipping-post and then the gibbet will be their certain fate."[1]

Having by this and similar language, upon various occasions, sought to impress upon his countrymen the gravity of the position, he led them to seek the remedy in audacity and in union. He familiarized them with his theory, that the legal, historical government of the provinces belonged to the states-general, to a congress of nobles, clergy, and commons, appointed from each of the seventeen provinces.[2] He maintained, with reason, that the government of the Netherlands was a representative constitutional government, under the hereditary authority of the King.[3] To recover this constitution, to lift up these down-trodden rights, he set before them most vividly the necessity of union. "'Tis impossible," he said, "that a chariot should move evenly having its wheels unequally proportioned; and so must a confederation be broken to pieces, if there be not an equal obligation on all to tend to a common purpose."[4] Union, close, fraternal, such as became provinces of a common origin and with similar laws, could alone save them from their fate. Union against a common tyrant to save a common fatherland. Union, by which differences of opinion should be tolerated, in order that a million of hearts should beat for a common purpose, a million hands work out, invincibly, a common salvation. "'Tis hardly necessary," he said,[5] "to use many words in recommendation of union. Disunion has been the cause of all our woes. There is no remedy, no hope, save in the bonds of friendship. Let all particular disagreements be left to the decision of the

[1] "Aen de galge of kake," etc, Address to the Estates of Brabant, etc. Bor, ubi sup.
[2] Missive of Prince of Orange to States-general, in Bor, x. 747–749.
[3] Missive, etc., Bor, ubi sup.
[4] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 140–154.
[5] Address to Estates of Brabant, apud Bor, ix. 694–696.

states-general, in order that with one heart and one will we may seek the disenthralment of the fatherland from the tyranny of strangers."

The first step to a thorough union among all the provinces was the arrangement of a closer connection between the now isolated states of Holland and Zeeland on the one side, and their fifteen sisters on the other. The Prince professed the readiness of those states which he might be said to represent in his single person, to draw as closely as possible the bonds of fellowship. It was almost superfluous for him to promise his own ready co-operation. "Nothing remains to us," said he, "but to discard all jealousy and distrust. Let us, with a firm resolution and a common accord, liberate these lands from the stranger. Hand to hand let us accomplish a just and general peace. As for myself, I present to you, with very good affection, my person and all which I possess, assuring you that I shall regard all my labors and pains in times which are past, well bestowed, if God now grant me grace to see the desired end. That this end will be reached, if you hold fast your resolution and take to heart the means which God presents to you, I feel to be absolutely certain."[1]

Such were the tenor and the motives of the documents which he scattered broadcast at this crisis. They were addressed to the estates of nearly every province. Those bodies were urgently implored to appoint deputies to a general congress, at which a close and formal union between Holland and Zeeland with the other provinces might be effected. That important measure secured, a general effort might, at the same time, be made to expel the Spaniard from the soil. This done, the remaining matters could be disposed of by the assembly of the estates-general. His eloquence and energy were not without effect. In the course of the autumn, deputies were appointed from the greater number of the provinces, to confer with the representatives of Holland and Zeeland, in a general congress.[2] The place appointed for the deliberations was the city of Ghent. Here, by the middle of October, a large number of delegates were already assembled.[3]

Events were rapidly rolling together from every quarter, and accumulating to a crisis. A congress—a rebellious congress, as the King might deem it—was assembling at Ghent; the Spanish army, proscribed, lawless, and terrible, was

[1] Letter to Estates of Brabant, Bor, ix. 694–696.
[2] Bor, ix. 703, 718, 719. [3] Ibid., ix. 719, sqq, Meteren, vi. 111.

strengthening itself daily for some dark and mysterious achievement; Don John of Austria, the King's natural brother, was expected from Spain to assume the government, which the State Council was too timid to wield and too loyal to resign, while, meantime, the whole population of the Netherlands, with hardly an exception, was disposed to see the great question of the foreign soldiery settled, before the chaos then existing should be superseded by a more definite authority. Everywhere, men of all ranks and occupations—the artisan in the city, the peasant in the fields—were deserting their daily occupations to furbish helmets, handle muskets, and learn the trade of war.[1] Skirmishes, sometimes severe and bloody, were of almost daily occurrence. In these the Spaniards were invariably successful, for whatever may be said of their cruelty and licentiousness, it cannot be disputed that their prowess was worthy of their renown. Romantic valor, unflinching fortitude, consummate skill, characterized them always. What could half-armed artisans achieve in the open plain against such acomplished foes? At Tisnacq, between Louvain and Tirlemont, a battle was attempted by a large miscellaneous mass of students, peasantry, and burghers, led by country squires.[2] It soon changed to a carnage, in which the victims were all on one side. A small number of veterans, headed by Vargis, Mendoza, Tassis, and other chivalrous commanders, routed the undisciplined thousands at a single charge. The rude militia threw away their arms, and fled panic-struck in all directions, at the first sight of their terrible foe. Two Spaniards lost their lives and two thousand Netherlanders.[3] It was natural that these consummate warriors should despise such easily slaughtered victims. A single stroke of the iron flail, and the chaff was scattered to the four winds; a single sweep of the disciplined scythe, and

[1] Strada.

[2] Bor, ix. 715, 716. Hoofd, v. 450. Mendoza, xv, 305–308.

[3] Hoofd, x. 450.—"Bet dan twee duizent man, wil man dat er het leeven liet," etc., etc.—"Dit geluk hadden de Spangaerds zonder booven twee man te verliezen," etc. This is Dutch authority. Mendoza, one of the chief commanders in the affair, says no Spaniard was killed, and that but one was wounded, slightly, in the foot, but he does not give the number of the states' troops, students, and burghers slain.—Mendoza, xv. 308. Cabrera, xi. 856, states the number at two thousand. That bitter Walloon, Renom de France, who saw the states' force pass through Louvain, on their way to the encounter, exults, as usual, over the discomfiture of his own countrymen. "The Spaniards cut them all to pieces," he observes, "teaching these pedants and schoolboys that war was a game in which they had no skill."—Histoire des Causes des Révoltes, etc.—MS. iii. c. xii.

countless acres were in an instant mown. Nevertheless, although beaten constantly, the Netherlanders were not conquered. Holland and Zeeland had read the foe a lesson which he had not forgotten, and although on the open fields, and against the less vigorous population of the more central provinces, his triumphs had been easier, yet it was obvious that the spirit of resistance to foreign oppression was growing daily stronger, notwithstanding daily defeats.

Meantime, while these desultory but deadly combats were in daily progress, the Council of State was looked upon with suspicion by the mass of the population. That body, in which resided provisionally the powers of government, was believed to be desirous of establishing relations with the mutinous army. It was suspected of insidiously provoking the excesses which it seemed to denounce. It was supposed to be secretly intriguing with those whom its own edicts had outlawed. Its sympathies were considered Spanish. It was openly boasted by the Spanish army that, before long, they would descend from their fastnesses upon Brussels, and give the city to the sword. A shuddering sense of coming evil pervaded the population, but no man could say where the blow would first be struck. It was natural that the capital should be thought exposed to imminent danger. At the same time, while every man who had hands was disposed to bear arms to defend the city, the Council seemed paralyzed. The capital was insufficiently garrisoned, yet troops were not enrolling for its protection. The state councillors obviously omitted to provide for defence, and it was supposed that they were secretly assisting the attack. It was thought important, therefore, to disarm, or, at least, to control this body which was impotent for protection, and seemed powerful only for mischief. It was possible to make it as contemptible as it was believed to be malicious.

An unexpected stroke was therefore suddenly levelled against the Council in full session. On September 5th,[1] the Seigneur de Héze, a young gentleman of a bold, but unstable character, then entertaining close but secret relations with the Prince of Orange, appeared before the doors of the palace. He was attended by about five hundred troops, under the im-

[1] Bor, ix. 712, Meteren, vi. 197, fix the date of this important transaction at the 14th September. A letter of William of Orange to Count John of 9th September states that it occurred on the 5th September.—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., v. 408, and note 1. Tassis gives the same date, iii. 207, 208.

mediate command of the Seigneur de Glimes, bailiff of Walloon Brabant. He demanded admittance, in the name of the Brabant estates, to the presence of the State Council, and was refused. The doors were closed and bolted. Without further ceremony the soldiers produced iron bars brought with them for the purpose, forced all the gates from their hinges, entered the hall of session, and at a word from their commander, laid hands upon the councillors, and made every one a prisoner.[1] The Duke of Aerschot, President of the Council, who was then in close alliance with the Prince, was not present at the meeting, but lay, forewarned, at home, confined to his couch by a sickness assumed for the occasion. Viglius, who rarely participated in the deliberations of the board, being already afflicted with the chronic malady under which he was ere long to succumb, also escaped the fate of his fellow-senators.[2] The others were carried into confinement. Berlaymont and Mansfield were imprisoned in the Brood-Huys,[3] where the last mortal hours of Egmont and Horn had been passed. Others were kept strictly guarded in their own houses. After a few weeks, most of them were liberated. Councillor Del Rio was, however, retained in confinement, and sent to Holland, where

[1] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 106—note 1. Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, x. 448. Meteren, vi. 107. I. B. de Tassis, Comm. de Tum. Belg., l. iii. 207, 208.

[2] Ibid. There is, however, considerable doubt upon this point. Viglius was ill and confined to his bed at the time of the Grand Commander's death, in March. He ceased to write letters to Hopper in April. The arrest of the State Council took place in September, and Viglius died on the 8th of May of the following year (1577). It seems highly probable, therefore, that Tassis is correct in his statement, that Viglius was kept at home by the illness "quae erat ei contiuua." The historians, however, Meteren (vi. 107), Bor (ix. 712), Bentivoglio (lib. ix. 176), Strada (viii. 414), Hoofd (x. 448), De Thou (lib. 64, vii. 534), all mention the name of President Viglius among those of the councillors arrested. The Prince of Orange (Archives, etc., v. 408) also mentions him as having been arrested and imprisoned with the rest. De Thou (ubi sup.) gives an account of a visit which he paid to him in the following spring, at which time the aged president seems to have been under arrest, although "il n'étoit pas gardé fort étroitement."—Some writers mention him as among those who were detained, while others of the arrested were released, (Meteren, Hoofd, Bor, etc.),—others, as Cabrera, (who is, however, no authority in such matters), mention him as one of those who were immediately set at liberty, in order that the Council might have an appearance of power. (Don Felipe II., xi. 853. On the whole, it seems most probable that he was arrested after the seizure of the Council, but that he was kept confined in a nominal durance, which the infirmities of illness and age rendered quite superfluous. It is almost unquestionable that De Thou visited him at his own house in Brussels, and not at any state prison. Wagenaer, vii. 106, says that Viglius was released in October, and quotes Langueti, ep., lib. i. (ii.), ep. 93, p. 289.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 404, sqq., and Hoynk van Papendrecht, Not. ad Vit. Viglii., Analect. Belg., 192, 193, and Not. ad Comm., I. R. de Tassis, iii. 208.

[3] Van der Vynckt, ii. 188.

he was subjected to a severe examination by the Prince of Orange, touching his past career, particularly concerning the doings of the famous Blood-Council.[1] The others were set free, and even permitted to resume their functions, but their dignity was gone, their authority annihilated. Thenceforth the states of Brabant and the community of Brussels were to govern for an interval, for it was in their name that the daring blow against the Council had been struck. All individuals and bodies, however, although not displeased with the result, clamorously disclaimed responsibility for the deed. Men were appalled at the audacity of the transaction, and dreaded the vengeance of the King. The Abbot Van Perch, one of the secret instigators of the act, actually died of anxiety for its possible consequences.[2] There was a mystery concerning the affair. They in whose name it had been accomplished, denied having given any authority to the perpetrators. Men asked each other what unseen agency had been at work, what secret spring had been adroitly touched. There is but little doubt, however, that the veiled but skilful hand which directed the blow, was the same which had so long been guiding the destiny of the Netherlands.[3]

It had been settled that the congress was to hold its session in Ghent, although the citadel commanding that city was held by the Spaniards. The garrison was not very strong, and Mondragon, its commander, was absent in Zeeland,[4] but the wife of the veteran ably supplied his place, and stimulated the slender body of troops to hold out with heroism, under the orders of his lieutenant, Avilos Maldonado.[5] The mutineers, after having accomplished their victory at Tisnacq, had been earnestly solicited to come to the relief of this citadel. They had refused and returned to Alost.[6] Meantime, the siege was warmly pressed by the states. There being, however, a deficiency of troops, application for assistance was formally made to the Prince of Orange. Count Reulx, governor of Flanders, commissioned the Seigneur d'Haussy, brother of Count Bossu, who, to obtain the liberation of that long-im-

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[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 406. Extracts from the confessions of Del Rio have been given in the first volume of this history.

[2] Hoofd, x. 448. Ev. Reid. Ann., lib. ii. 20.

[3] Wagenaer, vii. 105. Langueti Epist., lib. i. (ii.) ep. 87, p. 230.—Declaration of the Brussels Deputies in 1584. Bor, xix. 20 (477).—Compare Groen v. Prinst. Archives, etc., v. 404–407.

[4] Bor, ix. 726, 727.

[5] Bor, ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470.—Compare Meteren, vi. 108.

[6] Hoofd, xi. 450, 451. Bor, ix. 716.

prisoned and distinguished nobleman, was about visiting the Prince in Zeeland, to make a request for an auxiliary force.[1] It was, however, stipulated that care should be taken lest any prejudice should be done to the Roman Catholic religion or the authority of the King. The Prince readily acceded to the request, and agreed to comply with the conditions under which only it could be accepted.[2] He promised to send twenty-eight companies. In his letter announcing this arrangement, he gave notice that his troops would receive strict orders to do no injury to person or property, Catholic or Protestant, ecclesiastical or lay, and to offer no obstruction to the Roman religion or the royal dignity.[3] He added, however, that it was not to be taken amiss, if his soldiers were permitted to exercise their own religious rites, and to sing their Protestant hymns within their own quarters.[4] He moreover, as security for the expense and trouble, demanded the city of Sluys.[5] The first detachment of troops, under command of Colonel Vander Tympel, was, however, hardly on its way, before an alarm was felt among the Catholic party at this practical alliance with the rebel Prince. An envoy, named Ottingen, was despatched to Zeeland, bearing a letter from the estates of Hainault, Brabant, and Flanders, countermanding the request for troops, and remonstrating categorically upon the subject of religion and loyalty.[6] Orange deemed such tergiversation paltry, but controlled his anger. He answered the letter in liberal terms, for he was determined that by no fault of his should the great cause be endangered. He reassured the estates as to the probable behavior of his troops. Moreover, they had been already admitted into the city, while the correspondence was proceeding. The matter of the psalm-singing was finally arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and it was agreed that Niewport, instead of Sluys, should be given to the Prince as security.[7]

The siege of the citadel was now pressed vigorously, and the deliberations of the congress were opened under the incesant roar of cannon. While the attack was thus earnestly maintained upon the important castle of Ghent, a courageous

[1] Bor, ix. 716.
[2] Bor, ix. 716.
[3] See the letter in Bor, ix. 716, 717.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 420, 421.
[4] Letter of Prince of Orange, in Bor, ix. 716, 717.
[5] Bor, ix. 717.
[6] Bor, ix. 717, 718.
[7] Bor, ubi sup.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 420, 421. Meteren, vi. 108.

effort was made by the citizens of Maestricht to wrest their city from the hands of the Spaniards. The German garrison having been gained by the burghers, the combined force rose upon the Spanish troops, and drove them from the city.[1] Montesdocca, the commander, was arrested and imprisoned, but the triumph was only temporary. Don Francis d'Ayala, Montesdocca's lieutenant, made a stand, with a few companies, in Wieck, a village on the opposite side of the Meuse, and connected with the city by a massive bridge of stone.[2] From this point he sent information to other commanders in the neighborhood. Don Ferdinand de Toledo soon arrived with several hundred troops from Dalem. The Spaniards, eager to wipe out the disgrace to their arms, loudly demanded to be led back to the city. The head of the bridge, however, over which they must pass, was defended by a strong battery, and the citizens were seen clustering in great numbers to defend their firesides against a foe whom they had once expelled. To advance across the bridge seemed certain destruction to their little force. Even Spanish bravery recoiled at so desperate an undertaking, but unscrupulous ferocity supplied an expedient where courage was at fault. There were few fighting men present among the population of Wieck, but there were many females. Each soldier was commanded to seize a woman, and, placing her before his own body, to advance across the bridge.[3] The column, thus bucklered, to the shame of Spanish chivalry, by female bosoms, moved in good order towards the battery. The soldiers levelled their muskets with steady aim over the shoulders or under the arms of the women whom they thus held before them.[4] On the other hand, the citizens dared not discharge their cannon at their own townswomen, among whose numbers many recognized mothers, sisters, or wives.[5] The battery was soon taken, while at the same time Alonzo Vargas, who had effected his entrance from the land side by burning down the Brussels gate, now entered the city at the head of a band of cavalry. Maestricht was recovered, and an indiscriminate slaughter instantly avenged its temporary loss. The plundering, stabbing, drowning, burning, ravishing, were so dreadful that, in the words of a contemporary historian, "the burghers who had escaped the fight had reason to think themselves less fortunate than those who had died with arms in their hands."[6]

[1] Strada, viii. 416. Hoofd, xi. 454. [2] Strada, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[3] Strada, viii. 416. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.
[6] Bor, ix. 725.—Compare Strada, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, vi. 109.

This was the lot of Maestricht on October 20th. It was instinctively felt to be the precursor of fresh disasters. Vague, incoherent, but widely disseminated rumors had long pointed to Antwerp and its dangerous situation. The Spaniards, foiled in their views upon Brussels, had recently avowed an intention of avenging themselves in the commercial capital. They had waited long enough, and accumulated strength enough. Such a trifling city as Alost could no longer content their cupidity, but in Antwerp there was gold enough for the gathering. There was reason for the fears of the inhabitants, for the greedy longing of their enemy. Probably no city in Christendom could at that day vie with Antwerp in wealth and splendor. Its merchants lived in regal pomp and luxury. In its numerous, massive warehouses were the treasures of every clime. Still serving as the main entrepôt of the world's traffic, the Brabantine capital was the centre of that commercial system which was soon to be superseded by a larger international life. In the midst of the miseries which had so long been raining upon the Netherlands, the stately and egotistical city seemed to have taken stronger root and to flourish more freshly than ever. It was not wonderful that its palaces and its magazines, glittering with splendor and bursting with treasure, should arouse the avidity of a reckless and famishing soldiery. Had not a handful of warriors of their own race rifled the golden Indies? Had not their fathers, few in number, strong in courage and discipline, revelled in the plunder of a new world? Here were the Indies in a single city.[1] Here were gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, ready and portable; the precious fruit dropping, ripened, from the bough. Was it to be tolerated that base, pacific burghers should monopolize the treasure by which a band of heroes might be enriched?

A sense of coming evil diffused itself through the atmosphere. The air seemed lurid with the impending storm, for the situation was one of peculiar horror. The wealthiest city in Christendom lay at the mercy of the strongest fastness in the world; a castle which had been built to curb, not to protect the town. It was now inhabited by a band of brigands, outlawed by government, strong in discipline, furious from penury, reckless by habit, desperate in circumstances—a crew which feared not God, nor man, nor Devil. The palpitating quarry

[1] "—— queste Indie d'una cittá".—Bentivoglio, ix. 181.

lay expecting hourly the swoop of its trained and pitiless enemy, for the rebellious soldiers were now in a thorough state of discipline. Sancho d'Avila, castellan of the citadel, was recognized as the chief of the whole mutiny, the army and the mutiny being now one. The band, entrenched at Alost, were upon the best possible understanding with their brethren in the citadel, and accepted without hesitation the arrangements of their superior. On the side of the Scheld, opposite Antwerp, a fortification had been thrown up by Don Sancho's orders, and held by Julian Romero. Lier, Breda, as well as Alost, were likewise ready to throw their reinforcements into the citadel at a moment's warning. At the signal of their chief, the united bands might sweep from their impregnable castle with a single impulse.[1]

The city cried aloud for help, for it had become obvious that an attack might be hourly expected. Meantime an attempt, made by Don Sancho d'Avila to tamper with the German troops stationed within the walls, was more than partially successful. The forces were commanded by Colonel Van Ende and Count Oberstein. Van Ende, a crafty traitor to his country, desired no better than to join the mutiny on so promising an occasion, and his soldiers shared his sentiments. Oberstein, a brave but blundering German, was drawn into the net of treachery[2] by the adroitness of the Spaniard and the effrontery of his comrade. On the night of October 29th, half-bewildered and half-drunk, he signed a treaty with Sancho d'Avila[3] and the three colonels—Fugger, Frondsberger, and Polwiller. By this unlucky document, which was of course subscribed also by Van Ende, it was agreed that the Antwerp burghers should be forthwith disarmed; that their weapons should be sent into the citadel; that Oberstein should hold the city at the disposition of Sancho d'Avila; that he should refuse admittance to all troops which might be sent into the city, excepting by command of Don Sancho, and that he should decline compliance with any orders which he might receive from individuals calling themselves the council of state, the states-general, or the estates of Brabant. This treaty was signed, moreover, by Don Jeronimo de Roda, then established in the citadel, and claiming to represent exclusively his Majesty's government.[4]

[1] Meteren, vi. 107. Bor, ix. 727, sqq. Mendoza, xv. 303, sqq.
[2] Bor, ix. 727, sqq. [3] Ibid. Hoofd, xi. 455, 456.
[4] See the Articles in Bor, ix. 728.—Compare Meteren, v. 109, 110; Hoofd, xi. 455, 456.

Hardly had this arrangement been concluded than the Count saw the trap into which he had fallen. Without intending to do so, he had laid the city at the mercy of its foe, but the only remedy which suggested itself to his mind was an internal resolution not to keep his promises. The burghers were suffered to retain their arms, while, on the other hand, Don Sancho lost no time in despatching messages to Alost, to Lier, to Breda, and even to Maestricht, that as large a force as possible might be[1] assembled for the purpose of breaking immediately the treaty of peace which he had just concluded. Never was a solemn document regarded with such perfectly bad faith by all the signers as the accord of October 29th.

Three days afterwards, a large force of Walloons and Germans were despatched from Brussels to the assistance of Antwerp. The command of these troops was entrusted to the Marquis of Havré, whose brother, the Duke of Aerschot, had been recently appointed chief superintendent of military affairs by the deputies assembled at Ghent.[2] The miscellaneous duties comprehended under this rather vague denomination did not permit the Duke to take charge of the expedition in person, and his younger brother, a still more incompetent and unsubstantial character, was accordingly appointed to the post. A number of young men, of high rank but of lamentably low capacity, were associated with him. Foremost among them was Philip, Count of Egmont, a youth who had inherited few of his celebrated father's qualities, save personal courage and a love of personal display. In character and general talents he was beneath mediocrity. Beside these were the reckless but unstable De Héze, who had executed the *coup d'état* against the State Council, De Berselen, De Capres, D'Oyngies, and others, all vaguely desirous of achieving distinction in those turbulent times, but few of them having any political or religious convictions, and none of them possessing experience or influence enough to render them useful at the impending crisis.[3]

On Friday morning, November 2d,[4] the troops appeared under the walls of Antwerp. They consisted of twenty-three

[1] Mendoza, xv. 303. Cabrera, xi. 862, 863, sqq. Strada, viii. 417.
[2] Bor, ix. 719.
[3] Bor, ix. 728, 729. Cabrera, xi. 863. Mendoza, xv. 313. Meteren, vi. 109.
[4] Bor, ix. 728. Meteren, vi. 109. Hoofd, xi. 457, and not the 3d of October as stated by Mendoza, xv. 313, and by Cabrera. xi. 863, following Mendoza.

companies of infantry and fourteen of cavalry, amounting to five thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. They were nearly all Walloons, soldiers who had already seen much active service, but unfortunately of a race warlike and fiery indeed, but upon whose steadiness not much more dependence could be placed at that day than in the age of Civilis. Champagny, brother of Granvelle, was Governor of the city. He was a sincere Catholic, but a still more sincere hater of the Spaniards. He saw in the mutiny a means of accomplishing their expulsion, and had already offered to the Prince of Orange his eager co-operation towards this result. In other matters there could be but small sympathy between William the Silent and the Cardinal's brother; but a common hatred united them, for a time at least, in a common purpose.

When the troops first made their appearance before the walls, Champagny was unwilling to grant them admittance. The addle-brained Oberstein had confessed to him the enormous blunder which he had committed in his midnight treaty, and at the same time ingeniously confessed his intention of sending it to the winds.[1] The enemy had extorted from his dullness or his drunkenness a promise, which his mature and sober reason could not consider binding. It is needless to say that Champagny rebuked him for signing, and applauded him for breaking the treaty. At the same time its ill effects were already seen in the dissensions which existed among the German troops. Where all had been tampered with, and where the commanders had set the example of infidelity, it would have been strange if all had held firm. On the whole, however, Oberstein thought he could answer for his own troops. Upon Van Ende's division, although the crafty colonel dissembled his real intentions, very little reliance was placed.[2] Thus there was distraction within the walls. Among those whom the burghers had been told to consider their defenders, there were probably many who were ready to join with their mortal foes at a moment's warning. Under these circumstances, Champagny hesitated about admitting the fresh troops from Brussels. He feared lest the Germans, who knew themselves doubted, might consider themselves doomed. He trembled, lest an irrepressible outbreak should occur within the walls, rendering the immediate destruction of the city by

[1] Bor, ix. 729. Hoofd, xi. 457.

[2] Bor, ix. 729, sqq. Hoofd, xi. 457, sqq.—Compare Strada, viii. 117; Mendoza, xv. 313. Cabrera, xi. 863, et al.

the Spaniards from without inevitable. Moreover, he thought it more desirable that this auxiliary force should be disposed at different points outside, in order to intercept the passage of the numerous bodies of Spaniards and other mutineers, who from various quarters would soon be on their way to the citadel. Havré, however, was so peremptory, and the burghers were so importunate, that Champagny was obliged to recede from his opposition before twenty-four hours had elapsed. Unwilling to take the responsibility of a farther refusal, he admitted the troops through the Burgherhout gate, on Saturday, November 3d, at ten o'clock in the morning.[1]

The Marquis of Havré, as commander-in-chief, called a council of war. It assembled at Count Oberstein's quarters, and consulted at first concerning a bundle of intercepted letters which Havré had brought with him. These constituted a correspondence between Sancho d'Avila with the heads of the mutiny at Alost, and many other places. The letters were all dated subsequently to Don Sancho's treaty with Oberstein, and contained arrangements for an immediate concentration of the whole available Spanish force at the citadel.[2]

The treachery was so manifest, that Oberstein felt all self-reproach for his own breach of faith to be superfluous. It was, however, evident that the attack was to be immediately expected. What was to be done? All the officers counselled the immediate erection of a bulwark on the side of the city exposed to the castle, but there were no miners nor engineers. Champagny, however, recommended a skilful and experienced engineer to superintend the work in the city; and pledged himself that burghers enough would volunteer as miners. In less than an hour, ten or twelve thousand persons, including multitudes of women of all ranks, were at work upon the lines marked out by the engineer. A ditch and breast-work extending from the gate of the Beguins to the street of the Abbey Saint Michael, were soon in rapid progress. Meantime, the newly-arrived troops, with military insolence, claimed the privilege of quartering themselves in the best houses which they could find. They already began to insult and annoy the citizens whom they had been sent to defend; nor were they destined to atone, by their subsequent conduct

[1] Bor, ix. 729. Hoofd, xi. 457. Meteren, vi. 110.
[2] Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 457, 458.

in the face of the enemy, for the brutality with which they treated their friends. Champagny, however, was ill-disposed to brook their licentiousness. They had been sent to protect the city and the homes of Antwerp from invasion. They were not to establish themselves at every fireside on their first arrival. There was work enough for them out of doors, and they were to do that work at once. He ordered them to prepare for a bivouac in the streets, and flew from house to house, sword in hand, driving forth the intruders at imminent peril of his life. Meantime, a number of Italian and Spanish merchants fled from the city, and took refuge in the castle. The Walloon soldiers were for immediately plundering their houses, as if plunder had been the object for which they had been sent to Antwerp. It was several hours before Champagny, with all his energy, was able to quell these disturbances.[1]

In the course of the day, Oberstein received a letter from Don Sancho d'Avila, calling solemnly upon him to fulfil his treaty of October 29th.[2] The German colonels from the citadel had, on the previous afternoon, held a personal interview with Oberstein beneath the walls, which had nearly ended in blows, and they had been obliged to save themselves by flight from the anger of the Count's soldiers, enraged at the deceit by which their leader had been so nearly entrapped.[3] This summons of ridiculous solemnity to keep a treaty which had already been torn to shreds by both parties, Oberstein answered with defiance and contempt. The reply was an immediate cannonade from the batteries of the citadel, which made the position of those erecting the ramparts excessively dangerous. The wall was strengthened with bales of merchandise, casks of earth, upturned wagons, and similar bulky objects, hastily piled together. In some places it was sixteen feet high; in others less than six. Night fell before the fortification was nearly completed. Unfortunately it was bright moonlight. The cannon from the fortress continued to play upon the half-finished works. The Walloons, and at last the citizens, feared to lift their heads above their frail rampart. The senators, whom Champagny had deputed to

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[1] Bor, iv. 730. Hoofd, xi. 458. Meteren, vi. 110. Cabrera, xi. 864. Strada, viii. 417.—A remarkable pamphlet, published by Champagny in 1578, entitled "Recueil d'Arétophile" (Lyon. Guerin, 1578), is the best authority for many striking details of this memorable affair.

[2] Bor. ix. 729.

[3] Hoofd, xi. 457, 458.

superintend the progress of the enterprise, finding the men so ill disposed, deserted their posts. They promised themselves that, in the darkest hour of the following night, the work should be thoroughly completed.[1] Alas! all hours of the coming night were destined to be dark enough, but in them was to be done no manner of work for defence. On Champagny alone seemed to devolve all the labor and all the responsibility. He did his duty well, but he was but one man. Alone, with a heart full of anxiety, he wandered up and down all the night.[2] With his own hands, assisted only by a few citizens and his own servants, he planted all the cannon with which they were provided, in the "Fencing Court," at a point where the battery might tell upon the castle. Unfortunately, the troops from Brussels had brought no artillery with them, and the means of defence against the strongest fortress in Europe were meagre indeed. The rampart had been left very weak at many vital points. A single upturned wagon was placed across the entrance to the important street of the Beguins. This negligence was to cost the city dear. At daybreak, there was a council held in Oberstein's quarters. Nearly all Champagny's directions had been neglected. He had desired that strong detachments should be posted during the night at various places of security on the outskirts of the town, for the troops which were expected to arrive in small bodies at the citadel from various parts might have thus been cut off before reaching their destination. Not even scouts had been stationed in sufficient numbers to obtain information of what was occurring outside. A thick mist hung over the city that eventful morning. Through its almost impenetrable veil, bodies of men had been seen moving into the castle, and the tramp of cavalry had been distinctly heard, and the troops of Romero, Vargas, Oliveira, and Valdez had already arrived from Lier, Breda, Maestricht, and from the forts on the Scheld.[3]

The whole available force in the city was mustered without delay. Havré had claimed for his post the defence of the lines opposite the citadel, the place of responsibility and honor. Here the whole body of Walloons were stationed, together with a few companies of Germans.[4] The ramparts, as

[1] Bor, ix. 729, sqq. Meteren, vi. 110. Hoofd, xi. 458–460.
[2] Recueil d'Arétophile.
[3] Meteren. vii. 110. Recueil d'Arétophile. Hoofd, xi. 460. Bor, ix. 730. Cabrera, xi. 864. Mendoza, xv. 315.
[4] Hoofd, xi. 458, 459. Recueil d'Arétophile.

stated, were far from impregnable, but it was hoped that this living rampart of six thousand men, standing on their own soil, and in front of the firesides and altars of their own countrymen, would prove a sufficient bulwark even against Spanish fury. Unhappily, the living barrier proved more frail than the feeble breastwork which the hands of burghers and women had constructed. Six thousand men were disposed along the side of the city opposite the fortress. The bulk of the German troops was stationed at different points on the more central streets and squares. The cavalry was posted on the opposite side of the city, along the Horse-market, and fronting the "New-town." The stars were still in the sky when Champagny got on horseback and rode through the streets, calling on the burghers to arm and assemble at different points. The principal places of rendezvous were the Cattle-market and the Exchange. He rode along the lines of the Walloon regiments, conversing with the officers, Egmont, De Héze, and others, and encouraging the men, and went again to the Fencing Court, where he pointed the cannon with his own hand, and ordered their first discharge at the fortress. Thence he rode to the end of the Beguin street, where he dismounted and walked out upon the edge of the esplanade which stretched between the city and the castle. On this battle-ground a combat was even then occurring between a band of burghers and a reconnoitering party from the citadel. Champagny saw with satisfaction that the Antwerpers were victorious. They were skirmishing well with their disciplined foe, whom they at last beat back to the citadel. His experienced eye saw, however, that the retreat was only the signal for a general onslaught, which was soon to follow; and he returned into the city to give the last directions.[1]

At ten o'clock a moving wood was descried, approaching the citadel from the southwest. The whole body of the mutineers from Alost, wearing green branches in their helmets,[2] had arrived under command of their Eletto, Navarrete. Nearly three thousand in number, they rushed into the castle, having accomplished their march of twenty-four miles since three o'clock in the morning.[3] They were received with open arms. Sancho d'Avila ordered food and refreshments to be

[1] Recueil d'Arétophile. Meteren, vi. 110b. Hoofd, xi. 458, 460, 461. Brantome, Hommes Illust., ii. 201 (Sanc. d'Av.).
[2] Ibid., 113.
[3] Mendoza, xv. 314, 315.

laid before them, but they refused everything but a draught of wine. They would dine in Paradise, they said, or sup in Antwerp.[1] Finding his allies in such spirit, Don Sancho would not balk their humor. Since early morning his own veterans had been eagerly awaiting his signal, "straining upon the start." The troops of Romero, Vargas, Valdez, were no less impatient. At about an hour before noon, nearly every living man in the citadel was mustered for the attack, hardly men enough being left behind to guard the gates. Five thousand veteran foot soldiers, besides six hundred cavalry, armed to the teeth, sallied forth from the portals of Alva's citadel.[2] In the counterscarp they fell upon their knees, to invoke, according to custom, the blessing of God[3] upon the devil's work, which they were about to commit. The Eletto bore a standard, one side of which was emblazoned with the crucified Saviour, and the other with the Virgin Mary.[4] The image of Him who said, "Love your enemies," and the gentle face of the Madonna, were to smile from heaven upon deeds which might cause a shudder in the depths of hell. Their brief orisons concluded, they swept forward to the city. Three thousand Spaniards, under their Eletto, were to enter by the street of Saint Michael; the Germans, and the remainder of the Spanish foot, commanded by Romero, through that of Saint George. Champagny saw them coming, and spoke a last word of encouragement to the Walloons. The next moment the compact mass struck the barrier, as the thunderbolt descends from the cloud. There was scarcely a struggle. The Walloons, not waiting to look their enemy in the face, abandoned the posts which they had themselves claimed. The Spaniards crashed through the bulwark, as though it had been a wall of glass. The Eletto was first to mount the rampart; the next instant he was shot dead, while his follow-

[1] Mendoza, xiv. 315.—"Respondieron el estar resueltos do comer en el Parayso ó cenar en la villa de Anvers."—Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 461. Cabrera, xi. 864, et al.

[2] Hoofd, gives the numbers as two thousand from Alost, five hundred under Romero, five huudred under Valdez, one thousand under the German colonels, and one thousand cavalry under Vargas, in all, five thousand.—xi. 461. Mendoza states the whole attacking force at two thousand two hundred Spanish infantry, eight hundred Germans, and five hundred cavalry, in all, three thousand five hundred.—xv. 315. Cabrera, following Mendoza as usual, estimates the number at a little more than three thousand.—xi. 864.

[3] Mendoza, xv. 315. Hoofd, xi. 461.

[4] "Con la figura de Jesu Cristo cruzificado en la una faz, i en la otra la de su Madre Santissima manifestando iban a vengar la magestad divina ofendida de la eregia depravada."—Cabrera, xi. 864. Mendoza, xv. 315. Hoofd, xi, 431.

ers, undismayed, sprang over his body, and poured into the streets. The fatal gaps, due to timidity and carelessness, let in the destructive tide. Champagny, seeing that the enemies had all crossed the barrier, leaped over a garden wall, passed through a house into a narrow lane, and thence to the nearest station of the German troops. Hastily collecting a small force, he led them in person to the rescue. The Germans fought well, died well, but they could not reanimate the courage of the Walloons, and all were now in full retreat, pursued by the ferocious Spaniards.[1] In vain Champagny stormed among them; in vain he strove to rally their broken ranks. With his own hand he seized a banner from a retreating ensign,[2] and called upon the nearest soldiers to make a stand against the foe. It was to bid the flying clouds to pause before the tempest. Torn, broken, aimless, the scattered troops whirled through the streets before the pursuing wrath. Champagny, not yet despairing, galloped hither and thither, calling upon the burghers everywhere to rise in defence of their homes, nor did he call in vain. They came forth from every place of rendezvous, from every alley, from every house. They fought as men fight to defend their hearths and altars, but what could individual devotion avail, against the compact, disciplined, resistless mass of their foes? The order of defence was broken, there was no system, no concert, no rallying point, no authority. So soon as it was known that the Spaniards had crossed the rampart, that its six thousand defenders were in full retreat, it was inevitable that a panic should seize the city.[3]

Their entrance once effected, the Spanish force had separated, according to previous arrangement, into two divisions, one half charging up the long street of Saint Michael, the other forcing its way through the street of Saint Joris.[4] "Santiago, Santiago! España, España! á sangre, á carne, á fuego, á sacco!" Saint James, Spain, blood, flesh, fire, sack!!—such were the hideous cries which rang through every quarter of the city, as the savage horde advanced.[5] Van Ende, with his German troops, had been stationed by the Marquis of Havré to defend the Saint Joris gate, but no sooner did the Spaniards under Vargas present themselves,

[1] Recueil d'Arétophile. Meteren, vi. 110c. Mendoza, xv. 316. Hoofd, xi. 461. Bor, ix. 731.
[2] Meteren, vi. 110c. Hoofd, 461.
[3] Hoofd, xi. 461.
[4] Hoofd, xi. 461. Mendoza, xv. 315.
[5] Brantome, Hommes Illustres, etc., ii. 203. Mendoza, xv. 315.

that he deserted to them instantly with his whole force.[1] United with the Spanish cavalry, these traitorous defenders of Antwerp dashed in pursuit of those who had only been faint-hearted. Thus the burghers saw themselves attacked by many of their friends, deserted by more. Whom were they to trust? Nevertheless, Oberstein's Germans were brave and faithful, resisting to the last, and dying every man in his harness.[2] The tide of battle flowed hither and thither, through every street and narrow lane. It poured along the magnificent Place de Meer, where there was an obstinate contest. In front of the famous Exchange, where in peaceful hours, five thousand merchants[3] met daily, to arrange the commercial affairs of Christendom, there was a determined rally, a savage slaughter. The citizens and faithful Germans, in this broader space, made a stand against their pursuers. The tesselated marble pavement, the graceful, cloister-like arcades, ran red with blood. The ill-armed burghers faced their enemies clad in complete panoply, but they could only die for their homes. The massacre at this point was enormous, the resistance at last overcome.[4]

Meantime, the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side farthest removed from the castle, along the Horse-market, opposite the New-town, the states dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagny was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked; they then turned and fled towards the Red-gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armor, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused mob of fugitives and conquerors, Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers, struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea. Along the spacious Horse-market, the fugitives fled onward towards the quays. Many fell beneath

[1] Hoofd, xi. 461. Mendoza, xv. 316.
[2] Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 465.
[3] Guicciardini, Belg. Descript.
[4] Hoofd, xi. 460–465. Bor, ix. 731. Mendoza, xv. 315. Meteren, vi. 110.

the swords of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the hoofs of horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Scheld. Champagny, who had thought it possible, even at the last moment, to make a stand in the New-town, and to fortify the Palace of the Hansa, saw himself deserted. With great daring and presence of mind, he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river.[1] The Marquis of Havré, of whom no deeds of valor on that eventful day have been recorded, was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and oppressed by the weight of his armor, was drowned.[2]

Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the *Grande Place*. Around this irregular, not very spacious square, stood the gorgeous Hotel de Ville, and the tall, many-storied, fantastically-gabled, richly-decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the streets of Saint Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the mêlée. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. A large number of sutlers and other varlets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches and kindling materials for the express purpose of firing the town. With great dexterity, these means were now applied, and in a brief interval, the City-hall, and other edifices on the square were in flames. The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them.[3] In the City-hall many were

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[1] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Rec. d'Arétophile. Mendoza, xv. 336 Cabrera, xi. 865.

[2] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Mendoza, xv. 316.

[3] Hoofd, xi. 462. Mendoza, xv. 316. Strada, viii. 419.—According to Meteren (vi. 110) the whole town was on fire, and five hundred houses entirely consumed.

consumed, while others leaped from the windows to renew the combat below. The many tortuous streets which led down a slight descent from the rear of the Town-house to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the *Grande Place* by a single row of buildings, was lighted up, but not attacked by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the street called the *Canal au Sucre*, immediately behind the Town-house, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards. There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster, Van der Meere, lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheld.[1] Women, children, old men, were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that, in the course of this and the two following days, not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered.[2] The

According to the contemporary manuscript of De Weerdt, who was a citizen of Antwerp, one thousand houses were burned to the ground.—Chronyke oft Journael, MS., p. 83.

[1] Mendoza, xv. 316. Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 463.

[2] This is the estimate of Mendoza; viz, two thousand five hnndred slain with the sword, and double that number burned and drowned.—xv. 317. Cabrera puts the figures at seven thousand and upwards.—xi. 865[b]. Bor and Hoofd give the same number of dead bodies, actually found in the streets, viz, two thousand five hundred; and estimating the drowned at as many more, leave the number of the burned to conjecture. Meteren (vi. 110), who on all occasions seeks to diminish the number of his countrymen slain in battle or massacre, while he magnifies the loss of his opponents, admits that from four to five thousand were slain; adding, however, that but fifteen hundred bodies were found, which were all buried together in two great pits. He thus deducts exactly one thousand from the number of counted corpses, as given by every other authority, Spanish or Flemish. Strada (viii. 422) gives three thousand as the number of those slain with the sword.—Compare De Thou, vii. 383–390 (l. 62). The letter of Jerome de Roda to the King, written from the citadel

Spaniards seemed to cast off even the vizard of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite, practical purpose, for it was not blood-thirst, nor lust, nor revenge, which had impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold. For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its golden mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. Riot and rape might be deferred; even murder, though congenial to their taste, was only subsidiary to their business. They had come to take possession of the city's wealth, and they set themselves faithfully to accomplish their task. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes.[1] Wherever treasure was suspected, every expedient which ingenuity, sharpened by greediness, could suggest, was employed to extort it from its possessors. The fire, spreading more extensively and more rapidly than had been desired through the wealthiest quarter of the city, had unfortunately devoured a vast amount of property. Six millions,[2] at least, had thus been swallowed; a destruction by which no one had profited. There was, however, much left. The strong boxes of the merchants, the gold, silver, and precious jewelry, the velvets, satins, brocades, laces, and similar well-concentrated and portable plunder, were rapidly appropriated. So far the course was plain and easy, but in private houses it was more difficult. The cash, plate, and other valuables of individuals were not so easily discovered. Torture was, therefore, at once employed to discover the hidden treasures. After all had been given, if the sum seemed too little, the proprietors were brutally punished for their poverty or their supposed dissimu-

of Antwerp upon the 6th November, when the carnage was hardly over, estimates the number of the slain at eight thousand, and one thousand horses. This authority, coming from the very hour and spot, and from a man so deeply implicated, may be considered conclusive.—See the Letter of Roda, in Bor, ix. 737, 738.

[1] Bor, ix. 731 sqq. Hoofd, xi. 462, sqq.

[2] Hoofd, xi. 462. Bor's estimate is three millions, ix. 731. The property consumed, says Meteren, was equal in value to that which was obtained in the plundering afterwards by the soldiery. This he estimates at more than four millions in cash, not counting jewelry and other merchandise, vi. 110.

lation.[1] A gentlewoman, named Fabry,[2] with her aged mother and other females of the family, had taken refuge in the cellar of her mansion. As the day was drawing to a close, a band of plunderers entered, who, after ransacking the house, descended to the cellarage. Finding the door barred, they forced it open with gunpowder. The mother, who was nearest the entrance, fell dead on the threshold. Stepping across her mangled body, the brigands sprang upon her daughter, loudly demanding the property which they believed to be concealed. They likewise insisted on being informed where the master of the house had taken refuge. Protestations of ignorance as to hidden treasure, or the whereabouts of her husband, who, for aught she knew, was lying dead in the streets, were of no avail. To make her more communicative, they hanged her on a beam in the cellar, and after a few moments cut her down before life was extinct. Still receiving no satisfactory reply, where a satisfactory reply was impossible, they hanged her again. Again, after another brief interval, they gave her a second release, and a fresh interrogatory. This barbarity they repeated several times, till they were satisfied that there was nothing to be gained by it, while, on the other hand, they were losing much valuable time. Hoping to be more successful elsewhere, they left her hanging for the last time, and trooped off to fresher fields. Strange to relate, the person thus horribly tortured, survived. A servant in her family, married to a Spanish soldier, providentially entered the house in time to rescue her perishing mistress. She was restored to existence, but never to reason. Her brain was hopelessly crazed, and she passed the remainder of her life wandering about her house, or feebly digging in her garden for the buried treasure which she had been thus fiercely solicited to reveal.[3]

A wedding-feast was rudely interrupted. Two young persons, neighbors of opulent families, had been long betrothed, and the marriage day had been fixed for Sunday, the fatal 4th of November. The guests were assembled, the ceremony concluded, the nuptial banquet in progress, when the horrible outcries in the streets proclaimed that the Spaniards had broken loose. Hour after hour of trembling expectation succeeded. At last, a thundering at the gate proclaimed the

[1] Hoofd, xi. 463.
[2] Ibid, xi. 463.—The lady was grandmother of the historian's wife.
[3] Hoofd, xi. 463, 464.

arrival of a band of brigands. Preceded by their captain, a large number of soldiers forced their way into the house, ransacking every chamber, no opposition being offered by the family and friends, too few and powerless to cope with this band of well-armed ruffians. Plate chests, wardrobes, desks, caskets of jewelry, were freely offered, eagerly accepted, but not found sufficient, and to make the luckless wretches furnish more than they possessed, the usual brutalities were employed. The soldiers began by striking the bridegroom dead. The bride fell shrieking into her mother's arms, whence she was torn by the murderers, who immediately put the mother to death, and an indiscriminate massacre then followed the fruitless attempts to obtain by threats and torture treasure which did not exist. The bride, who was of remarkable beauty, was carried off to the citadel.[1] Maddened by this last outrage, the father, who was the only man of the party left alive, rushed upon the Spaniards. Wresting a sword from one of the crew, the old man dealt with it so fiercely, that he stretched more than one enemy dead at his feet, but it is needless to add that he was soon despatched. Meantime, while the party were concluding the plunder of the mansion, the bride was left in a lonely apartment of the fortress. Without wasting time in fruitless lamentation, she resolved to quit the life which a few hours had made so desolate. She had almost succeeded in hanging herself with a massive gold chain which she wore, when her captor entered the apartment. Inflamed, not with lust, but with avarice, excited, not by her charms, but by her jewelry, he rescued her from her perilous position. He then took possession of her chain and the other trinkets with which her wedding-dress was adorned, and caused her to be entirely stripped of her clothing. She was then scourged with rods till her beautiful body was bathed in blood, and at last, alone, naked, nearly mad, was sent back into the city. Here the forlorn creature wandered up and down through the blazing streets, among the heaps of dead and dying, till she was at last put out of her misery by a gang of soldiers.[2]

Such are a few isolated instances, accidentally preserved in their details, of the general horrors inflicted on this occasion. Others innumerable have sunk into oblivion. On the morning of November 5th, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight.

[1] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 464.

[2] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 465.

The magnificent marble Town-house, celebrated as a "world's wonder,"[1] even in that age and country, in which so much splendor was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents, had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed; at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smouldering mass of destruction.[2] The dead bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the Gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the Town-house. The German soldiers lay in their armor, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with legs and arms consumed by the flames through which they had fought.[3] The Margrave Goswyn Verreyck, the burgomaster Van der Meere, the magistrates Lancelot Van Urselen, Nicholas Van Boekholt, and other leading citizens, lay among piles of less distinguished slain.[4] They remained unburied until the overseers of the poor, on whom the living had then more importunate claims than the dead, were compelled by Roda to bury them out of the pauper fund.[5] The murderers were too thrifty to be at funeral charges for their victims. The ceremony was not hastily performed, for the number of corpses had not been completed. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted, for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, were now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities.[6] History has recorded the account indelibly on her brazen tablet; it can be adjusted only at the judgment-seat above.

Of all the deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was the worst. It was called the Spanish Fury,[7] by which dread name it has been known for ages. The city, which had been a world of wealth and splendor, was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial pros-

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[1] "Het welk man mocht tellen onder de wonderen der wereld."—Address of the States of Brabant to the States-General, in Bor, ix. 734.

[2] Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 110a.

[3] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 465.

[4] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 463.

[5] Hoofd, xi. 466.

[6] Remonstrance of the States of Brabant to the States-General.—Bor, ix. 733, 734.

[7] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 111. Wagenaer, vii. 115, et mult al.

perity was blasted. Other causes had silently girdled the yet green and flourishing tree, but the Spanish Fury was the fire which consumed it to ashes. Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheld, and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards.[1] In this enormous robbery no class of people were respected. Foreign merchants, living under the express sanction and protection of the Spanish monarch, were plundered with as little reserve as Flemings. Ecclesiastics of the Roman Church were compelled to disgorge their wealth as freely as Calvinists. The rich were made to contribute all their abundance, and the poor what could be wrung from their poverty. Neither paupers or criminals were safe. Captain Caspar Ortis made a brilliant speculation by taking possession of the *Stein*, or city prison, whence he ransomed all the inmates who could find means to pay for their liberty. Robbers, murderers, even Anabaptists, were thus again let loose.[2] Rarely has so small a band obtained in three days' robbery so large an amount of wealth. Four or five millions divided among five thousand soldiers made up for long arrearages, and the Spaniards had reason to congratulate themselves upon thus having taken the duty of payment into their own hands. It is true that the wages of iniquity were somewhat unequally distributed, somewhat foolishly squandered. A private trooper was known to lose ten thousand crowns in one day in a gambling transaction at the Bourse,[3] for the soldiers, being thus handsomely in funds, became desirous of aping the despised and plundered merchants, and resorted daily to the Exchange, like men accustomed to affairs. The dearly purchased gold was thus lightly squandered by many, while others, more prudent, melted their portion into sword-hilts, into scabbards, even into whole suits of armor, darkened, by precaution, to appear made entirely of iron. The brocades, laces, and jewelry of Antwerp merchants were converted into

[1] The estimate of Meteren is, that four millions, in hard cash alone, were obtained by the soldiery, exclusively of precious stones, other articles of jewelry, laces, brocades, embroidery, and similar property of a portable and convertible character.—Meteren, vi. 111a. The estimates of Hoofd and Bor do not materially differ. In single houses as much as 300,000 guldens were found; over 90,000 in the dwelling of a widow.—Meteren, ubi suo.

[2] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 465. Meteren, vi. 111.

[3] Hoofd, xi. 466. Bor, ix. 732. Meteren, vi. 111.

coats of mail for their destroyers. The goldsmiths, however, thus obtained an opportunity to outwit their plunderers, and mingled in the golden armor which they were forced to furnish much more alloy than their employers knew. A portion of the captured booty was thus surreptitiously redeemed.[1]

In the Spanish Fury many more were massacred in Antwerp than in the Saint Bartholomew at Paris.[2] Almost as many living human beings were dashed out of existence now as there had been statues destroyed in the memorable image-breaking of Antwerp, ten years before, an event which had sent such a thrill of horror through the heart of Catholic Christendom. Yet the Netherlanders and the Protestants of Europe may be forgiven, if they regarded this massacre of their brethren with as much execration as had been bestowed upon that fury against stocks and stones At least, the image-breakers had been actuated by an idea, and their hands were polluted neither with blood nor rapine. Perhaps the Spaniards had been governed equally by religious fanaticism. Might not they believe that they were meriting well of their Church while they were thus disencumbering infidels of their wealth and earth of its infidels? Had not the Pope and his cardinals gone to church in solemn procession, to render thanks unto God for the massacre of Paris?[3] Had not cannon thundered and beacons blazed to commemorate that auspicious event? Why should not the Antwerp executioners claim equal commendation? Even if in their delirium they had confounded friend with foe, Catholic with Calvinist, and church property with lay, could they not point to an equal number of dead bodies, and to an incredibly superior amount of plunder?

Marvellously few Spaniards were slain in these eventful days. Two hundred killed is the largest number stated.[4]

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[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Strada, viii. 421.

[2] Nearly three times as many, if the estimate of De Thou, as to the number of Huguenots slain, three thousand, be correct.—De Thou, liv. 53, vi. 443. Many contemporary writers have, however, placed the number of the Paris victims as high as ten thousand.

[3] De Thou, vi. 442.

[4] Bor's estimate is two hundred Spanish killed and four hundred wounded, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 463, gives the same. Mendoza allows only fourteen Spaniards to have been killed, and rather more than twenty wounded. Meteren, as usual, considering the honor of his countrymen at stake, finds a grim consolation in adding a few to the number of the enemies slain, and gives a total of three hundred Spaniards killed.—vi. 110. Strada (viii. 422) gives the two extremes; so that it is almost certain that the number was not less than fourteen nor more than two hundred. These statistics are certainly curious, for it would seem almost impossible that a force numbering between thirty-five

The discrepancy seems monstrous, but it is hardly more than often existed between the losses inflicted and sustained by the Spaniards in such combats. Their prowess was equal to their ferocity, and this was enough to make them seem endowed with preterhuman powers. When it is remembered, also, that the burghers were insufficiently armed, that many of their defenders turned against them, that many thousands fled in the first moments of the encounter—and when the effect of a sudden and awful panic is duly considered, the discrepancy between the number of killed on the two sides will not seem so astonishing.

A few officers of distinction were taken alive and carried to the castle. Among these was the Seigneur de Capres and young Count Egmont. The councillor Jerome de Roda was lounging on a chair in an open gallery when these two gentlemen were brought before him, and Capres was base enough to make a low obeisance to the man who claimed to represent

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hundred and five thousand men (there is this amount of discrepancy in the different estimates) should capture and plunder, with so little loss to themselves, a city of two hundred thousand souls, defended by an army of at least twelve thousand, besides a large proportion of burghers bearing weapons. No wonder that the chivalrous Brantome was in an ecstasy of delight at the achievement (Hom. Illust., etc., ii. 204), and that the Netherlanders, seeing the prowess and the cruelty of their foes, should come to doubt whether they were men or devils. This disproportion between the number of Spaniards and States' soldiers slain was the same in all the great encounters, particularly in those of the period which now occupies us. In the six months between the end of August, 1576, and the signing of the perpetual edict on the 17th of February, 1577, the Spaniards killed twenty thousand, by the admission of the Netherlanders themselves, and acknowledged less than six slain on their own side! Mendoza, xvi. 335.—Compare Cabrera, xi. 866; Meteren, vi. 120. So much for the blood expended annually or monthly by the Netherlanders in defence of liberty and religion. As for the money consumed, the usual estimate of the expense of the States' army was from 800,000 to one million guldens monthly. (Meteren, viii. 138d and 144.) The same historian calculates the expense of Philip's army at forty-two millions of crowns for the nine years from 1567 to 1576, which would give nearly 400,000 dollars monthly, half of which, he says, came from Spain. The Netherlanders, therefore, furnished the other half, so that 200,000 dollars, equal to 500,000 guldens, monthly, were to be added to the million required for their own war department. Here then was a tax of one and a half millions monthly, or eighteen millions yearly, simply for the keeping of the two armies on foot to destroy the Netherlanders and consume their substance. The frightful loss by confiscations, plunderings, brandschettings, and the sackings of cities and villages innumerable, was all in addition, of course, but that enormous amount defies calculation. The regular expense in money which they were to meet, if they could, for the mere pay and provision of the armies, was as above, and equal to at least sixty millions yearly, to-day, making the common allowance for the difference in the value of money. This was certainly sufficient for a population of three millions. Their frequent promise to maintain their liberty with their "goods and their blood" was no idle boast; three thousand men and one and a half million florins being consumed monthly.

the whole government of his Majesty.[1] The worthy successor of Vargas replied to his captive's greeting by a "kick in his stomach," adding, with a brutality which his prototype might have envied, "*Ah puto tradidor*,"—whoreson traitor—"let me have no salutations from such as you."[2] Young Egmont, who had been captured, fighting bravely at the head of coward troops, by Julian Romero, who nine years before had stood on his father's scaffold, regarded this brutal scene with haughty indignation. This behavior had more effect upon Roda than the suppleness of Capres. "I am sorry for your misfortune, Count," said the councillor, without, however, rising from his chair; "such is the lot of those who take arms against their King."[3] This was the unfortunate commencement of Philip Egmont's career, which was destined to be inglorious, vacillating, base, and on more than one occasion unlucky.

A shiver ran through the country as the news of the horrible crime was spread, but it was a shiver of indignation, not of fear. Already the negotiations at Ghent between the representatives of the Prince and of Holland and Zeeland with the deputies of the other provinces were in favorable train, and the effect of this event upon their counsels was rather quickening than appalling. A letter from Jerome de Roda to the King was intercepted, giving an account of the transaction. In that document the senator gave the warmest praise to Sancho d'Avila, Julian Romero, Alonzo de Vargas, Francis Verdugo, as well as to the German colonels Fugger, Frondsberger, Polwiller, and others who had most exerted themselves in the massacre. "I wish your Majesty much good of this victory," concluded the councillor, "'tis a very great one, and the damage to the city is enormous."[4] This cynical view was not calculated to produce a soothing effect on the exasperated minds of the people. On the other hand, the estates of Brabant addressed an eloquent appeal to the states-general, reciting their wrongs, and urging immediate action. "'Tis notorious," said the remonstrants, "that Antwerp was but yes-

[1] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 412. Meteren, vi. 110. "—— pour certaines bonnes considérations j'ay prins mon logis en ce chasteau, qu'est la maison royalle de sa Majte, pour d'icy pourveoir et ordonner toutes les choses de son service, jusques les seigneurs du conseil soyent remis en leur entière liberté," etc."—Letter of Jerome de Roda to the authorities of Antwerp, Sept. 8, 1576. III. Register der Dolianten van Brabant, Ao. 1576, f. 203. MS., Hague Archives.

[2] Bor. ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 110.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Strada, viii. 418.

[4] Letter of Roda, apud Bor, ix. 737, 738.

terday the first and principal ornament of all Europe; the refuge of all the nations of the world; the source and supply of countless treasure; the nurse of all arts and industry; the protectress of the Roman Catholic religion; the guardian of science and virtue; and, above all these pre-eminences, more than faithful and obedient to her sovereign prince and lord. The city is now changed to a gloomy cavern, filed with robbers and murderers, enemies of God, the King, and all good subjects."[1] They then proceeded to recite the story of the massacre, "whereof the memory shall be abominable so long as the world stands,"[2] and concluded with an urgent appeal for redress. They particularly suggested that an edict should forthwith be passed, forbidding the alienation of property and the exportation of goods in any form from Antwerp, together with concession of the right to the proprietors of reclaiming their stolen property summarily, whenever and wheresoever it might be found. In accordance with these instructions, an edict was passed, but somewhat tardily, in the hope of relieving some few of the evil consequences by which the Antwerp Fury had been attended.[3]

At about the same time the Prince of Orange addressed a remarkable letters[4] to the states-general then assembled at Ghent, urging them to hasten the conclusion of the treaty. The news of the massacre, which furnished an additional and most vivid illustration of the truth of his letter, had not then reached him at Middelburg, but the earnestness of his views, taken in connection with this last dark deed, exerted a powerful and indelible effect. The letter was a masterpiece, because it was necessary, in his position, to inflame without alarming; to stimulate the feelings which were in unison, without shocking those which, if aroused, might prove discordant. Without, therefore, alluding in terms to the religious question, he dwelt upon the necessity of union, firmness, and wariness. If so much had been done by Holland and Zeeland, how much more might be hoped when all the provinces were united? "The principal flower of the Spanish army has fallen," he said, "without having been able to conquer one of those provinces from those whom they call, in

[1] Remonstrance of the States of Brabant, in Bor, ix. 733.

[2] "Waer van de memorie is en sal abominabel wesen so lang als de wereld staet," etc.—Remonstrance, etc. Bor, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, ix. 736, 737.

[4] The letter is published by Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 140–154.

mockery, poor beggars; yet what is that handful of cities compared to all the provinces which might join us in the quarrel?"[1] He warned the states of the necessity of showing a strong and united front; the King having been ever led to consider the movement in the Netherlands a mere conspiracy of individuals. "The King told me himself, in 1559," said Orange, "that if the estates had no pillars to lean upon, they would not talk so loud." It was, therefore, necessary to show that prelates, abbots, monks, seigniors, gentlemen, burghers, and peasants, the whole people in short, now cried with one voice, and desired with one will. To such a demonstration the King would not dare oppose himself. By thus preserving a firm and united front, sinking all minor differences, they would, moreover, inspire their friends and foreign princes with confidence. The princes of Germany, the lords and gentlemen of France, the Queen of England, although sympathizing with the misfortunes of the Netherlanders, had been unable effectually to help them, so long as their disunion prevented them from helping themselves; so long as even their appeal to arms seemed merely "a levy of bucklers, an emotion of the populace, which, like a wave of the sea, rises and sinks again as soon as risen."[2]

While thus exciting to union and firmness, he also took great pains to instill the necessity of wariness. They were dealing with an artful foe. Intercepted letters had already proved that the old dissimulation was still to be employed; that while Don John of Austria was on his way, the Netherlanders were to be lulled into confidence by glozing speeches. Roda was provided by the King with a secret programme of instructions for the new Governor's guidance, and Don Sancho d'Avila, for his countenance to the mutineers of Alost, had been applauded to the echo in Spain.[3] Was not this applause a frequent indication of the policy to be adopted by Don John, and a thousand times more significative one than the unmeaning phrases of barren benignity with which public documents might be crammed? "The old tricks are again brought into service," said the Prince; "therefore 'tis necessary to ascertain your veritable friends, to tear off the painted masks from those who, under the pretence of not daring to displease the King, are seeking to swim between two waters. 'Tis necessary to have a touchstone; to sign a declaration in

[1] Gachard, Corresp., etc., iii. 147, 148.
[2] Gachard, Corresp. etc., iii. 152.
[3] Ibid., iii. 129.

such wise that you may know whom to trust, and whom to suspect."

The massacre at Antwerp and the eloquence of the Prince produced a most quickening effect upon the Congress at Ghent. Their deliberations had proceeded with decorum and earnestness in the midst of the cannonading against the citadel, and the fortress fell on the same day which saw the conclusion of the treaty.[1]

This important instrument, by which the sacrifices and exertions of the Prince were, for a brief season, at least, rewarded, contained twenty-five articles.[2] The Prince of Orange, with the estates of Holland and Zeeland, on the one side, and the provinces signing, or thereafter to sign the treaty, on the other, agreed that there should be a mutual forgiving and forgetting, as regarded the past. They vowed a close and faithful friendship for the future. They plighted a mutual promise to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands without delay. As soon as this great deed should be done, there was to be a convocation of the states-general, on the basis of that assembly before which the abdication of the Emperor had taken place. By this congress, the affairs of religion in Holland and Zeeland should be regulated, as well as the surrender of fortresses and other places belonging to his Majesty. There was to be full liberty of communication and traffic between the citizens of the one side and the other. It should not be legal, however, for those of Holland and Zeeland to attempt anything outside their own territory against the Roman Catholic religion, nor for cause thereof to injure or irritate any one, by deed or word. All the placards and edicts on the subject of heresy, together with the criminal ordinances made by the Duke of Alva, were suspended, until the states general should otherwise ordain. The Prince was to remain lieutenant, admiral, and general for his Majesty in Holland, Zeeland, and the associated places, till otherwise provided by the states-general, after the departure of the Spaniards. The cities and places included in the Prince's commission, but not yet acknowledging his authority, should receive satisfaction from him, as to the point of religion and other matters, before sub-

[1] Bor, ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470.—The final and decisive assault was made upon the 8th; the articles of surrender were arranged, and the castle was evacuated upon the 11th of November,—Meteren, vi. 113. Mendoza, xvi. 326. Archives, etc., v. 525.

[2] See them in Bor, ix. 738–741; Hoofd, ix. 467 and 470; Mendoza, xvi. 320–326; Meteren, vi. 112, sqq. et al.

scribing to the union. All prisoners, and particularly the Comte de Bossu, should be released without ransom. All estates and other property not already alienated should be restored, all confiscations since 1566 being declared null and void. The Countess Palatine, widow of Brederode, and Count de Buren, son of the Prince of Orange, were expressly named in this provision. Prelates and ecclesiastical persons, having property in Holland and Zeeland, should be reinstated, if possible; but in case of alienation, which was likely to be generally the case, there should be reasonable compensation. It was to be decided by the states-general whether the provinces should discharge the debts incurred by the Prince of Orange in his two campaigns. Provinces and cities should not have the benefit of this union until they had signed the treaty, but they should be permitted to sign it when they chose.[1]

This memorable document was subscribed at Ghent, on November 8th, by Saint Aldegonde, with eight other commissioners appointed by the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland on the one side, and by Elbertus Leoninus and other deputies appointed by Brabant, Flanders, Artois, Hainault, Valenciennes, Lille, Douay, Orchies, Namur, Tournay, Utrecht, and Mechlin on the other side.[2]

The arrangement was a masterpiece of diplomacy on the part of the Prince, for it was as effectual a provision for the safety for the Reformed religion as could be expected under the circumstances. It was much, considering the change which had been wrought of late years in the fifteen provinces, that they should consent to any treaty with their two heretic sisters. It was much more that the Pacification should recognize the new religion as the established creed of Holland and Zeeland, while at the same time the infamous edicts of Charles were formally abolished. In the fifteen Catholic provinces, there was to be no prohibition of private Reformed worship, and it might be naturally expected that with time and the arrival of the banished religionists, a firmer stand would be taken in favor of the Reformation. Meantime, the new religion was formally established in two provinces, and tolerated, in secret, in the other fifteen; the Inquisition was for ever abolished, and the whole strength of the nation enlisted to expel the foreign soldiery from the soil. This was

[1] See particularly Arts. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, and 25.

[2] Bor, ix. 741.

the work of William the Silent,[1] and the great Prince thus saw the labor of years crowned with, at least, a momentary success. His satisfaction was very great when it was announced to him, many days before the exchange of the signatures, that the treaty had been concluded. He was desirous that the Pacification should be referred for approval, not to the municipal magistrates only, but to the people itself.[2] In all great emergencies, the man who, in his whole character, least resembled a demagogue, either of antiquity or of modern times, was eager for a fresh expression of the popular will. On this occasion, however, the demand for approbation was superfluous. The whole country thought with his thoughts, and spoke with his words, and the Pacification, as soon as published, was received with a shout of joy.[3] Proclaimed in the market-place of every city and village, it was ratified, not by votes, but by hymns of thanksgiving, by triumphal music, by thundering of cannon and by the blaze of beacons, throughout the Netherlands. Another event added to the satisfaction of the hour. The country so recently, and by deeds of such remarkable audacity, conquered by the Spaniards in the north, was recovered almost simultaneously with the conclusion of the Ghent treaty. It was a natural consequence of the great mutiny. The troops having entirely deserted Mondragon, it became necessary for that officer to abandon Zierickzee, the city which had been won with so much valor. In the beginning of November, the capital, and with it the whole island of Schouwen, together with the rest of Zeeland, excepting Tholen, was recovered by Count Hohenlo, lieutenant-general of the Prince of Orange, and acting according to his instructions.[4]

Thus, on this particular point of time, many great events had been crowded. At the very same moment Zeeland had

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[1] There is no mention in the Resolutions of Holland, from the 25th of April to the 8th of November, 1576, of any draughts for a treaty, or of any preparations for, or deliberations concerning, such a document. The inference of Kluit (i. 146, 147) is that the Prince, with his council and nine commissioners, managed the whole negotiation; such was the confideace reposed in him by the two provinces.

[2] Two commissioners were, in fact, despatched to each city of Holland, to lay the treaty before the respective governments, and obtain their signatures.—Kluit, Holl., Staatsreg., i. 148.

[3] Bor, ix. 740. Wagenaer, vii. 117.—"—— avecq une si grande joie et contentement du peuple, de toutes les provinces en général et en particulier, qu,il n'est mémoire d'homme qui puisse se souvenir d'une pareille. Un chascun se peult souvenir des promesses mutuelles d'amitié qui y sont compris," etc.—Apologie du P. d'Orange, p. 95.

[4] Bor, ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470.

been redeemed, Antwerp ruined, and the league of all the Netherlands against the Spaniards concluded. It now became known that another and most important event had occurred at the same instant. On the day before the Antwerp massacre, four days before the publication of the Ghent treaty, a foreign cavalier, attended by a Moorish slave and by six men-at-arms, rode into the streets of Luxemburg.[1] The cavalier was Don Ottavio Gonzaga, brother of the Prince of Melfi. The Moorish slave was Don John of Austria, the son of the Emperor, the conqueror of Granada, the hero of Lepanto.[2] The new Governor-general had traversed Spain and France in disguise with great celerity, and in the romantic manner which belonged to his character. He stood at last on the threshold of the Netherlands, but with all his speed he had arrived a few days too late.

[1] Bor, ix. 742. Hoofd, xi. 472. [2] Strada, ix. 423. Cabrera, xi. 874.

# PART V.

# DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

## 1567—1578.

## CHAPTER I.

### LEPANTO'S HERO.

Birth and parentage of Don John—Barbara Blomberg—Early education and recognition by Philip—Brilliant military career—Campaign against the Moors—Battle of Lepanto—Extravagant ambition—Secret and rapid journey of the new Governor to the Netherlands—Contrast between Don John and William of Orange—Secret instructions of Philip and private purposes of the Governor—Cautious policy and correspondence of the Prince—Preliminary negotiations with Don John at Luxemburg characterized—Union of Brussels—Resumption of negotiations with the Governor at Huy—The discussions analyzed and characterized—Influence of the new Emperor Rudolph II. and of his envoys—Treaty of Marche en Famine, or the Perpetual Edict, signed—Remarks upon that transaction—Views and efforts of Orange in opposition to the treaty—His letter, in name of Holland and Zeeland, to the States-General—Anxiety of the royal government to gain over the prince—Secret mission of Leoninus—His instructions from Don John—Fruitless attempts to corrupt the Prince—Secret correspondence between Don John and Orange—Don John at Louvain—His efforts to ingratiate himself with the Netherlanders—His incipient popularity—Departure of the Spanish troops—Duke of Aerschot appointed Governor of Antwerp—His insincere character.

Don John of Austria was now in his thirty-second year, having been born in Ratisbon on February 24th, 1545.[1] His father was Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America; his mother was Barbara Blomberg, washerwoman of Ratisbon. Introduced to the Emperor, originally, that she might alleviate his melancholy by her singing,[2] she soon exhausted all that was harmonious in her nature, for never was a more uncomfortable, unmanageable personage than Barbara in her after life. Married to one Pyramus Kegell, who was made a military commissary in the Netherlands, she was left a widow in the beginning of Alva's administration. Placed under the especial superintendence of the Duke, she became the torment of that warrior's life. The terrible Governor, who could almost crush the heart out of a nation of three millions, was unable to curb this single termagant. Philip had expressly forbid-

[1] Strada, x. 506.

[2] Ibid.—Compare Brantome, ii. 149.

den her to marry again, but Alva informed him that she was surrounded by suitors. Philip had insisted that she should go into a convent, but Alva, who, with great difficulty, had established her quietly at Ghent, assured his master that she would break loose again at the bare suggestion of a convent. Philip wished her to go to Spain, sending her word that Don John was mortified by the life his mother was leading, but she informed the Governor that she would be cut to pieces before she would go to Spain. She had no objection to see her son, but she knew too well how women were treated in that country. The Duke complained most pathetically to his Majesty of the life they all led with the ex-mistress of the Emperor. Never, he frequently observed, had woman so terrible a head.[1] She was obstinate, reckless, abominably extravagant. She had been provided in Ghent with a handsome establishment; "with a duenna, six other women, a major domo, two pages, one chaplain, an almoner, and four men-servants, and this seemed a sufficiently liberal scheme of life for the widow of a commissary. Moreover, a very ample allowance had been made for the education of her only legitimate son, Conrad, the other having perished by an accident on the day of his father's death. While Don John of Austria was gathering laurels in Granada, his half-brother, Pyramus junior, had been ingloriously drowned in a cistern at Ghent.

Barbara's expenses were exorbitant; her way of life scandalous. To send her money, said Alva, was to throw it into the sea. In two days she would have spent in dissipation and feasting any sums which the King might choose to supply. The Duke, who feared nothing else in the world, stood in mortal awe of the widow Kegell. "A terrible animal, indeed, is an unbridled woman," wrote secretary Cayas, from Madrid, at the close of Alva's administration, for, notwithstanding every effort to entice, to intimidate, and to kidnap her from the Netherlands, there she remained, through all vicissitudes, even till the arrival of Don John. By his persuasions or commands she was, at last, induced to accept an exile for the remainder of her days in Spain, but revenged herself by asserting that he was quite mistaken in supposing himself the Emperor's child; a point, certainly, upon which her authority might be thought conclusive. Thus there was a double mys-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., 884, 912, 960, 969, 984, 987, 1025, 1054.

tery about Don John. He might be the issue of august parentage on one side; he was, possibly, sprung of most ignoble blood. Base-born at best, he was not sure whether to look for the author of his being in the halls of the Caesars or the booths of Ratisbon mechanics.[1]

Whatever might be the heart of the mystery, it is certain that it was allowed to enwrap all the early life of Don John. The Emperor, who certainly never doubted his responsibility for the infant's existence, had him conveyed instantly to Spain, where he was delivered to Louis Quixada, of the Imperial household, by whom he was brought up in great retirement at Villa-garcia. Magdalen Ulloa, wife of Quixada, watched over his infancy with maternal and magnanimous care, for her husband's extreme solicitude for the infant's welfare had convinced her that he was its father. On one occasion, when their house was in flames, Quixada rescued the infant before he saved his wife, "although Magdalen knew herself to be dearer to him than the apple of his eye." From that time forth she altered her opinion, and believed the mysterious child to be of lofty origin. The boy grew up full of beauty, grace, and agility, the leader of all his companions in every hardy sport. Through the country round there were

[1] Corresp. de Philippe II., 1025. "Lo tiene banqueteado"——"Quan terribile animal es una muger des énfrenada."—Ibid., ii. 1255. Meteren, vi. 119[4]. —Compare Van der Hammen y Leon: Don Juan de Austria; Historia, Madrid, 1627, vi. 294. Strada, Brantome.—Compare V. d. Vynckt, ii. 218.—"Wie Zijne ware moeder geweest zii, is een raadsal gebleeven, dat nooit volkomen opgelost is," etc. etc.—Cabrera, xii. 1009. An absurd rumor had existed that Barbara Blomberg had only been employed to personate Don John's mother. She died at an estate called Arronjo de Molinos, four leagues from Madrid, some years after the death of Don John.—Cabrera, xii. 1009. The following squib, taken from a MS. collection of pasquilles of the day, shows what was a very general opinion in the Netherlands concerning the parentage of Don John and the position of Barbara Blomberg. The verses are not without ingenuity:

"Echo.

'——sed at Austriacum nostrum redeamus—eamus
Hunc Cesaris filium esse satis est notum—nothum
Multi tamen de ejus patre dubitavere—*vere*
Cujus ergo filium eum dicunt Itali—*Itali*
Verum mater satis est nota in nostra republica—*publica*
Imo hactenus egit in Brabantiâ ter voere—hoere
Crimen est ne frui amplexu unius Cesaris tam generosi—osi
Pluribus ergo usa in vitâ est—ita est
Seu post Cesaris congressum non vere ante—ante
Tace garrula ne tale quippiam loquare—quare?
Nescis quâ pœna afficiendum dixerit Belgium insigne—igne,"
etc., etc., etc.

Vers Satiriques contra Dom Jean d'Autriche, MS., Bibl. de Bourg., 17,524.

none who could throw the javelin, break a lance, or ride at the ring like little Juan Quixada. In taming unmanageable horses he was celebrated for his audacity and skill. These accomplishments, however, were likely to prove of but slender advantage in the ecclesiastical profession, to which he had been destined by his Imperial father. The death of Charles occurred before clerical studies had been commenced, and Philip, to whom the secret had been confided at the close of the Emperor's life, prolonged the delay thus interposed.[1] Juan had already reached his fourteenth year, when one day his supposed father Quixada invited him to ride towards Valladolid to see the royal hunt. Two horses stood at the door—a splendidly caparisoned charger and a common hackney. The boy naturally mounted the humbler steed, and they set forth for the mountains of Toro, but on hearing the bugles of the approaching huntsmen, Quixada suddenly halted, and bade his youthful companion exchange horses with himself. When this had been done, he seized the hand of the wondering boy and kissing it respectfully, exclaimed, "Your Highness will be informed as to the meaning of my conduct by his Majesty, who is even now approaching." They had proceeded but a short distance before they encountered the royal hunting party, when both Quixada and young Juan dismounted, and bent the knee to their monarch. Philip, commanding the boy to rise, asked him if he knew his father's name. Juan replied, with a sigh, that he had at that moment lost the only father whom he had known, for Quixada had just disowned him. "You have the same father as myself," cried the King; "the Emperor Charles was the august parent of us both." Then tenderly embracing him, he commanded him to remount his horse, and all returned together to Valladolid, Philip observing with a sentimentality that seems highly apocryphal, that he had never brought home such precious game from any hunt before.[2]

This theatrical recognition of imperial descent was one among the many romantic incidents of Don John's picturesque career, for his life was never destined to know the com-

[1] Strada, x. 506, 507. Cabrera, xi. 874.

[2] "Nunquan se jucundiorem venando prædam quam eo die retulisse domum." Strada, x. 508. It must be borne in mind that the legends of Don John's boyhood have passed through the busy and inventive brain of Father Strada. Placed in a severe crucible, much of the romantic filigree would perhaps disappear, but the substance of his narrative is genuine.—Compare V. d. Vynckt, ii. 219.

monplace. He now commenced his education, in company with his two nephews, the Duchess Margaret's son, and Don Carlos, Prince Royal of Spain. They were all of the same age, but the superiority of Don John was soon recognized. It was not difficult to surpass the limping, malicious Carlos, either in physical graces or intellectual accomplishments; but the graceful, urbane, and chivalrous Alexander, destined afterwards to such wide celebrity, was a more formidable rival, yet even the professed panegyrist of the Farnese family exalts the son of Barbara Blomberg over the grandson of Margaret Van Geest.[1]

Still destined for the clerical profession, Don John, at the age of eighteen, to avoid compliance with Philip's commands, made his escape to Barcelona. It was his intention to join the Maltese expedition. Recalled peremptorily by Philip, he was for a short time in disgrace, but afterwards made his peace with the monarch by denouncing some of the mischievous schemes of Don Carlos. Between the Prince Royal and the imperial bastard, there had always been a deep animosity, the Infante having on one occasion saluted him with the most vigorous and offensive appellation which his illegitimate birth could suggest. "Base-born or not," returned Don John, "at any rate I had a better father than yours."[2] The words were probably reported to Philip and doubtless rankled in his breast, but nothing appeared on the surface, and the youth rose rapidly in favor. In his twenty-third year, he was appointed to the command of the famous campaign against the insurgent Moors of Granada. Here he reaped his first laurels, and acquired great military celebrity. It is difficult to be dazzled by such glory. He commenced his operations by the expulsion of nearly all the Moorish inhabitants of Granada, bed-ridden men, women, and children, together, and the cruelty inflicted, the sufferings patiently endured in that memorable deportation, were enormous.[3] But few of the many thousand exiles survived the horrid march, those who were so unfortunate as to do so being sold into slavery by their captors.[4] Still a few Moors held out in their mountain fastnesses, and two years long the rebellion of

[1] Strada, x. 509.

[2] "Hijo de puta." The anecdote is related by V. der Vynckt (ii. 220) on the authority of Amelot de la Houssaie. "Yo soy hijo de mejor padre."—Ibid.

[3] Strada, 509. De Thou, liv. vi. 72, sqq. (tom. vi.)

[4] De Thou, liv. xlviii. vi. 212–215, (liv. xlix).—Compare Cabrera, liv. vii. c 21, seq.

this handful made head against the power of Spain. Had their envoys to the Porte succeeded in their negotiation, the throne of Philip might have trembled; but Selim hated the Republic of Venice as much as he loved the wine of Cyprus. While the Moors were gasping out their last breath in Granada and Ronda, the Turks had wrested the island of Venus from the grasp of the haughty Republic. Famagosta had fallen; thousands of Venetians had been butchered with a ferocity which even Christians could not have surpassed; the famous General Bragadino had been flayed, stuffed, and sent hanging on the yard-arm of a frigate, to Constantinople, as a present to the Commander of the Faithful; and the mortgage of Catherine Cornaro, to the exclusion of her husband's bastards, had been thus definitely cancelled. With such practical enjoyments, Selim was indifferent to the splendid but shadowy vision of the Occidental caliphate—yet the revolt of the Moors was only terminated, after the departure of Don John, by the Duke of Arcos.

The war which the Sultan had avoided in the West, came to seek him in the East. To lift the Crucifix against the Crescent, at the head of the powerful but quarrelsome alliance between Venice, Spain, and Rome, Don John arrived at Naples.[1] He brought with him more than a hundred ships and twenty-three thousand men, as the Spanish contingent. Three months long the hostile fleets had been cruising in the same waters without an encounter; three more were wasted in barren maneuvres. Neither Mussulman nor Christian had much inclination for the conflict, the Turk fearing the consequences of a defeat, by which gains already secured might be forfeited; the allies being appalled at the possibility of their own triumph. Nevertheless, the Ottomans maneuvred themselves at last into the gulf of Lepanto, the Christians maneuvred themselves towards its mouth as the foe was coming forth again. The conflict thus rendered inevitable, both Turk and Christian became equally eager for the fray, equally confident of victory. Six hundred vessels of war met face to face. Rarely in history had so gorgeous a scene of martial array been witnessed. An October sun gilded the thousand beauties of an Ionian landscape. Athens and Corinth were behind the combatants, the mountains of Alexander's Macedon rose in the distance; the rock of Sappho and the

[1] Cabrera, ix. 675a. De Thou, vi. 226.

heights of Actium were before their eyes. Since the day when the world had been lost and won beneath that famous promontory, no such combat as the one now approaching had been fought upon the waves. The chivalrous young commander despatched energetic messages to his fellow chieftains, and now that it was no longer possible to elude the encounter, the martial ardor of the allies was kindled. The Venetian High-Admiral replied with words of enthusiasm. Colonna, lieutenant of the league, answered his chief in the language of St. Peter, "Though I die, yet will I not deny thee."[1]

The fleet was arranged in three divisions. The Ottomans, not drawn up in crescent form, as usual, had the same triple disposition. Barbarigo and the other Venetians commanded on the left, John Andrew Doria on the right, while Don John himself and Colonna were in the centre. Crucifix in hand, the High-Admiral rowed from ship to ship, exhorting generals and soldiers to show themselves worthy of a cause which he had persuaded himself was holy.[2] Fired by his eloquence and by the sight of the enemy, his hearers answered with eager shouts, while Don John returned to his ship, knelt upon the quarter-deck, and offered a prayer. He then ordered the trumpets to sound the assault, commanded his sailing-master to lay him alongside the Turkish Admiral, and the battle began. The Venetians, who were first attacked, destroyed ship after ship of their assailants after a close and obstinate contest, but Barbarigo fell dead ere the sunset, with an arrow through his brain. Meantime, the action, immediately after the first onset, had become general. From noon till evening the battle raged, with a carnage rarely recorded in history. Don John's own ship lay yard-arm and yard-arm with the Turkish Admiral, and exposed to the fire of seven large vessels besides. It was a day when personal audacity, not skilful tactics, was demanded, and the imperial bastard showed the metal he was made of. The Turkish Admiral's ship was destroyed, his head exposed from Don John's deck upon a pike, and the trophy became the signal for a general

[1] De Thou, vi. liv. l. 226, et seq. Cabrera, ix. cap. 24, 25. Brantome, ii. 119, et seq. See the statements of Al-Hamet, after the battle, to the Conquerer.—Navarrete, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 249–251. Total number of Christian ships, three hundred and thirty-six; of Turkish, two hundred and eighty-three.—Relacion cierta y verdadera, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 255–256. "Etiamsi oporteat me mori, non te negabo."—Brantome, Hommes Illust., ii. 122.

[2] Relacion cierta y verdadera, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 243. Ibid.—Compare de Thou, vi 239–243. Brantome, ii. 124.

panic and a complete victory. By sunset the battle had been won.[1]

Of nearly three hundred Turkish galleys, but fifty made their escape. From twenty-five to thirty thousand Turks were slain, and perhaps ten thousand Christians. The galley-slaves on both sides fought well, and the only beneficial result of the victory was the liberation of several thousand Christian captives. It is true that their liberty was purchased with the lives of a nearly equal number of Christian soldiers, and by the reduction to slavery of almost as many thousand Mussulmans,[2] duly distributed among the Christian victors. Many causes contributed to this splendid triumph. The Turkish ships, inferior in number, were also worse manned than those of their adversaries, and their men were worse armed. Every bullet of the Christians told on muslin turbans and embroidered tunics, while the arrows of the Moslems fell harmless on the casques and corselets of their foes. The Turks, too, had

[1] Relacion cierta y verdadera, 244. Cabrera, ix., cap. 25. De Thou, vi. 242, sqq. Brentome, ii. 126, sqq.

[2] Cabrera says that thirty thousand Turks were slain, ten thousand made prisoners, ten thousand Christians killed, and fifteen thousand Christian prisoners liberated, ix. 693. De Thou's estimate is twenty-five thousand Turks killed, three thousand prisoners, and ten thousand Christians killed, vi. 247. Brantome states the number of Turks killed at thirty thousand, *without counting* those who were drowned or who died afterwards of their wounds; six thousand prisoners, twelve thousand Christian prisoners liberated, and ten thousand Christians killed. Hoofd, vi. 214, gives the figures at twenty-five thousand Turks and ten thousand Christians slain. Bor, v. 354a (t. i.), makes a minute estimate, on the authority of Pietro Contareno, stating the number of Christians killed at seven thousand six hundred and fifty, that of Turks at twenty-five thousand one hundred and fifty, Turkish prisoners at three thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and Christians liberated at twelve thousand; giving the number of Turkish ships destroyed at eighty, captured fifty. According to the "Relacion cierta y verdadera," (which was drawn up a few days after the action), the number of Turks slain was "thirty thousand and upwards, besides many prisoners," that of Christians killed was seven thousand, of Christian slaves liberated twelve thousand, of Ottoman ships taken or destroyed two hundred and thirty. Documentos Inéditos, iii. 249. Philip sent an express order, forbidding the ransoming of even the captive officers (Carta de F. II. á D. I. de Zuñiga. Documentos Inéditos, iii. 236). The Turkish slaves were divided among the victors in the proportion of one-half to Philip and one-half to the Pope and Venice. The other booty was distributed on the same principle. Out of the Pope's share Don John received, as a present, one hundred and seventy-four slaves (Documentos Inéditos, iii. 229). Alexander of Parma received thirty slaves; Requesens thirty. To each general of infantry was assigned six slaves; to each colonel four; to each ship's captain one. The number of "slaves in chains" (esclavos de cadena) allotted to Philip was thirty-six hundred (Documentos Inéditos, 257). Seven thousand two hundred Turkish slaves, therefore, at least, were divided among Christians. This number of wretches, who were not fortunate enough to die with their twenty-five thousand comrades, must be set off against the twelve thousand Christian slaves liberated, in the general settlement of the account with Humanity.

committed the fatal error of fighting upon a lee shore. Having no sea room, and being repelled in their first onset, many galleys were driven upon the rocks, to be destroyed with all their crews.[1]

But whatever the cause of the victory, its consequence was to spread the name and fame of Don John of Austria throughout the world. Alva wrote, with enthusiasm, to congratulate him; pronouncing the victory the most brilliant one ever achieved by Christians, and Don John the greatest general since the death of Julius Caesar. At the same time, with a sarcastic fling at the erection of the Escorial, he advised Philip to improve this new success in some more practical way than by building a house for the Lord and a sepulchre for the dead. "If," said the Duke, "the conquests of Spain be extended in consequence of this triumph, then, indeed, will the Cherubim and Seraphim sing glory to God."[2] A courier, despatched post haste to Spain, bore the glorious news, together with the sacred standard of the Prophet, the holy of holies, inscribed with the name of Allah twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times, always kept in Mecca during peace, and never since the conquest of Constantinople lost in battle before. The King was at vespers in the Escorial. Entering the sacred precincts, breathless, travel-stained, excited, the messenger found Philip impassible as marble to the wondrous news. Not a muscle of the royal visage was moved, not a syllable escaped the royal lips, save a brief order to the clergy to continue the interrupted vespers. When the service had been methodically concluded, the King made known the intelligence and requested a Te Deum.[3]

The youthful commander-in-chief obtained more than his full meed of glory. No doubt he had fought with brilliant courage, yet in so close and murderous a conflict, the valor of no single individual could decide the day, and the result was due to the combined determination of all. Had Don John remained at Naples, the issue might have easily been the same. Barbarigo, who sealed the victory with his blood; Colonna, who celebrated a solemn triumph on his return to Rome; Parma, Doria, Giustiniani, Venieri, might each as well have claimed a monopoly of the glory, had not the Pope, at Philip's entreaty, conferred the baton of command upon Don

[1] De Thou, vi. 245, 246, 247.
[2] Parabien del Duque de Alba, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 270–287.
[3] Relacion por Luis del Marmol, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 270–573.

John.[1] The meagre result of the contest is as notorious as the victory. While Constantinople was quivering with apprehension, the rival generals were already wrangling with animosity. Had the Christian fleet advanced, every soul would have fled from the capital, but Providence had ordained otherwise, and Don John sailed westwardly with his ships. He made a descent on the Barbary coast, captured Tunis, destroyed Biserta, and brought King Amidas and his two sons prisoners to Italy. Ordered by Philip to dismantle the fortifications of Tunis, he replied by repairing them thoroughly, and by placing a strong garrison within the citadel. Intoxicated with his glory, the young adventurer already demanded a crown, and the Pope was disposed to proclaim him King of Tunis, for the Queen of the Lybian seas was to be the capital of his Empire, the new Carthage which he already dreamed.

Philip thought it time to interfere, for he felt that his own crown might be insecure, with such a restless and ambitious spirit indulging in possible and impossible chimeras. He removed John de Soto, who had been Don John's chief councillor and emissary to the Pope, and substituted in his place the celebrated and ill-starred Escovedo.[2] The new secretary, however, entered as heartily but secretly into all these romantic schemes. Disappointed of the Empire which he had contemplated on the edge of the African desert, the champion of the Cross turned to the cold islands of the northern seas. There sighed, in captivity, the beauteous Mary of Scotland, victim of the heretic Elizabeth. His susceptibility to the charms of beauty—a characteristic as celebrated as his courage—was excited, his chivalry aroused. What holier triumph for the conqueror of the Saracens than the subjugation of these northern infidels? He would dethrone the proud Elizabeth; he would liberate and espouse the Queen of Scots, and together they would reign over the two united realms. All that the Pope could do with bulls and blessings, letters of excommunication, and patents of investiture, he did with his

[1] De Thou, vi. 243.—Compare Cabrera, ix. 689[b]. Brantome, ii. 133. Even Don John's favorite monkey distinguished himself in the action. The creature is reported to have picked up a shell, which had fallen upon a holy shrine, close at his master's feet, and to have thrown it overboard.—Van der Hammon y Leon, iii. 180.

[2] De Thou, Brantome, Cabrera in locis citatis. Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 112. Van der Vynckt, ii. 221. Bor, xi. 840, 841. Memorial de Ant. Perez Obras y Relaciones, Geneva, 1644, p. 297.

[3] Bor, xi, 840, 841. Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 112. Memorial de Antonio Perez, Obras y Relaciones, p. 298, 299.

whole heart. Don John was at liberty to be King of England and Scotland as soon as he liked;[1] all that was left to do was to conquer the kingdoms.

Meantime, while these schemes were flitting through his brain, and were yet kept comparatively secret by the Pope, Escovedo, and himself, the news reached him in Italy that he had been appointed Governor-General of the Netherlands.[2] Nothing could be more opportune. In the provinces were ten thousand veteran Spaniards, ripe for adventure, hardened by years of warfare, greedy for gold, audacious almost beyond humanity, the very instruments for his scheme. The times were critical in the Netherlands, it was true; yet he would soon pacify those paltry troubles, and then sweep forward to his prize. Yet events were rushing forward with such feverish rapidity, that he might be too late for his adventure. Many days were lost in the necessary journey from Italy into Spain to receive the final instructions of the King. The news from the provinces grew more and more threatening. With the impetuosity and romance of his temperament, he selected his confidential friend Ottavio Gonzaga, six men-at-arms, and an adroit and well-experienced Swiss courier, who knew every road to France.[3] It was no light adventure for the Catholic Governor-General of the Netherlands to traverse the kingdom at that particular juncture. Staining his bright locks and fair face to the complexion of a Moor, he started on his journey, attired as the servant of Gonzaga. Arriving at Paris, after a rapid journey, he descended at a hostelry opposite the residence of the Spanish ambassador, Don Diego de Cuñiga. After nightfall he had a secret interview with that functionary, and learning, among other matters, that there was to be a great ball that night at the Louvre, he determined to go thither in disguise. There, notwithstanding his hurry, he had time to see and to become desperately enamored of "that wonder of beauty," the fair and frail Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. Her subsequent visit to her young adorer

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[1] Strada, x. 511. Bor, xi. 840, 841. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 221. De Thou, vi. 549. "Y dixo le el nuncio que havia tenido un despacho de Roma en que avisa haver llegado alta otro, del Senor Don Juan en çifra sobre lo de Inglaterra pidiendo á su sanctidad favor para alto de persona (y aun con la investidura del Reyno en la persona de Don Juan como se entondió despues), bellas breves, dinero, y que assy se le havia embiado persona con todo ello."—Memorial de Antonio Perez. Obras y Relaciones, p. 303.

[2] Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 391.

[3] Brantome, ii. 137. Strada, ix. 423. Cabrera, xi. 874.

at Namur, to be recorded in a future page of this history, was destined to mark the last turning point in his picturesque career. On his way to the Netherlands he held a rapid interview with the Duke of Guise, to arrange his schemes for the liberation and espousal of that noble's kinswoman, the Scottish Queen; and November 3d he arrived at Luxemburg.[1]

There stood the young conqueror of Lepanto, his brain full of schemes, his heart full of hopes, on the threshold of the Netherlands, at the entrance to what he believed the most brilliant chapter of his life—schemes, hopes, and visions, doomed speedily to fade before the cold reality with which he was to be confronted. Throwing off his disguise after reaching Luxemburg, the youthful paladin stood confessed. His appearance was as romantic as his origin and his exploits. Every contemporary chronicler, French, Spanish, Italiian, Flemish, Roman, have dwelt upon his personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manner.[2] Symmetrical features, blue eyes of great vivacity, and a profusion of bright curling hair, were combined with a person not much above middle height, but perfectly well proportioned. Owing to a natural peculiarity of his head, the hair fell backward from the temples, and he had acquired the habit of pushing it from his brows. The custom became a fashion among the host of courtiers, who were but too happy to glass themselves in so brilliant a mirror. As Charles the Fifth, on his journey to Italy to assume the iron crown, had caused his hair to be clipped close, as a remedy for the headaches with which, at that momentous epoch, he was tormented, bringing thereby close-shaven polls into extreme fashion, so a mass of hair pushed backward from the temples, in the style to which the name of John of Austria was appropriated, became the prevailing mode wherever the favorite son of the Emperor appeared.

Such was the last crusader whom the annals of chivalry were to know; that man who humbled the crescent as it had not been humbled since the days of the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Plantagenets—yet, after all, what was this brilliant adventurer when weighed against the tranquil Christian champion whom he was to meet face to face? The contrast

[1] Cabrera, xi. 874. Strada, ix. 423. V. de Vynckt, ii. 222. Bor, ix. 742. Brantome, ii. 137, 138. Hoofd, xi. 472

[2] Meteren, vi. 119. Bentivoglio, etc., 218. Brantome, ii. 150. Strada, x. 509. J. R. Tassis, iv. 326.

[3] Strada, x. 513, 514.

was striking between the real and the romantic hero. Don John had pursued and achieved glory through victories with which the world was ringing; William was slowly compassing a country's emancipation through a series of defeats. He moulded a commonwealth and united hearts with as much contempt for danger as Don John had exhibited in scenes of slave driving and carnage. Amid fields of blood, and through webs of tortuous intrigue, the brave and subtle son of the Emperor pursued only his own objects. Tawdry schemes of personal ambition, conquests for his own benefit, impossible crowns for his own wearing, were the motives which impelled him, and the prizes which he sought. His existence was feverish, fitful, and passionate. "Tranquil amid the raging billows," acording to his favorite device, the father of his country waved aside the diadem which for him had neither charms nor meaning. Their characters were as contrasted as their persons. The curled darling of chivalry seemed a youth at thirty-one. Spare of figure, plain in apparel, benignant, but haggard of countenance, with temples bared by anxiety as much as by his helmet, earnest, almost devout in manner, in his own words, "Calvus et Calvinista,"[1] William of Orange was an old man at forty-three.

Perhaps there was as much good faith on the part of Don John, when he arrived in Luxemburg, as could be expected of a man coming directly from the cabinet of Philip. The King had secretly instructed him to conciliate the provinces, but to concede nothing,[2] for the Governor was only a new incarnation of the insane paradox that benignity and the system of Charles the Fifth were one. He was directed to restore the government to its state during the imperial epoch.[3] Seventeen provinces, in two of which the population were all dissenters, in all of which the principle of mutual toleration had just been accepted by Catholics and Protestants, were now to be brought back to the condition according to which all Protestants were beheaded, burned, or buried alive. So that the Inquisition, the absolute authority of the monarch, and the

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[1] Gachard, Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., iii., pref. lxiii. and note.—Compare Strada, ix. 44.—"Areschoti Duci —— nudato capite subridens, Vides inquit hoc calvitum, scito me non magis capite quam corde calvum esse."—Strada, ix. 434, 435.

[2] Instruccion Secreta qu' el Rey D. Felipe II., diò al Son. D. J. de Austria, escrivio la de mano propria. Bibl. de Bourgogne, MS., No. xvii. 385.

[3] "Que se quelvan las cosas al govierno y pie antiguo del tiempo del Emperador," etc.—Instruccion Secreta, MS.

exclusive worship of the Roman Church were preserved intact, the King professed himself desirous of "extinguishing the fires of rebellion, and of saving the people from the last desperation." With these slight exceptions, Philip was willing to be very benignant. "More than this," said he, "cannot and ought not to be conceded."[1] To these brief but pregnant instructions was added a morsel of advice, personal in its nature, but very characteristic of the writer. Don John was recommended to take great care of his soul, and also to be very cautious in the management of his amours.[2]

Thus counselled and secretly directed, the new Captain-General had been dismissed to the unhappy Netherlands. The position, however, was necessarily false. The man who was renowned for martial exploits, and notoriously devoured by ambition, could hardly inspire deep confidence in the pacific dispositions of the government. The crusader of Granada and Lepanto, the champion of the ancient Church, was not likely to please the rugged Zeelanders who had let themselves be hacked to pieces rather than say one Paternoster, and who had worn crescents in their caps at Leyden, to prove their deeper hostility to the Pope than to the Turk. The imperial bastard would derive but slight consideration from his paternal blood, in a country where illegitimate birth was more unfavorably regarded than in most other countries, and where a Brabantine edict, recently issued in the name of the King, deprived all political or civil functionaries not born in wedlock, of their offices.[3] Yet he had received instructions at his departure, to bring about a pacification, if possible, always maintaining, however, the absolute authority of the crown and the exclusive exercise of the Catholic religion. How the two great points of his instructions were to be made entirely palatable, was left to time and chance. There was a vague notion that with the new Governor's fame, fascinating manners, and imperial parentage, he might accomplish a result which neither fraud nor force—not the arts of Granvelle, nor the atrocity of Alva, nor the licentiousness of a buccaneering soldiery had been able to effect. As for Don John himself, he

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[1] "—— Salvando la Religion y mi obedienca, quanto se puede llegando las cosas a estos terminos presupuestos que conviene atajar este fuego y no dexar llegar aquella gente a la ultima desperacion. Y con ello se cierre todo que se deve conceder," etc.—Instruccion Secreta, MS.

[2] "—— Lo de la quenta con su alma —— Andar con tiento en los amores," etc., etc.—Instruccion Secreta, MS.

[3] Bor, ix. 673. The edict was dated 26th of March, 1576.

came with no definite plans for the Netherlanders, but with very daring projects of his own, and to pursue these misty visions was his main business on arriving in the provinces. In the meantime he was disposed to settle the Netherland difficulty in some showy, off-hand fashion, which should cost him but little trouble, and occasion no detriment to the cause of Papacy or absolutism. Unfortunately for these rapid arrangements, William of Orange was in Zeeland, and the Pacification had just been signed at Ghent.

It was, naturally, with very little satisfaction that the Prince beheld the arrival of Don John. His sagacious combinations would henceforth be impeded, if not wholly frustrated. This he foresaw. He knew that there could be no intention of making any arrangement in which Holland and Zeeland could be included. He was confident that any recognition of the Reformed religion was as much out of the question now as ever. He doubted not that there were many Catholic magnates, wavering politicians, aspirants for royal favor, who would soon be ready to desert the cause which had so recently been made a general cause, and who would soon be undermining the work of their own hands The Pacification of Ghent would never be maintained in letter and spirit by the vicegerent of Philip; for however its sense might be commented upon or perverted, the treaty, while it recognized Catholicism as the state religion, conceded, to a certain extent, liberty of conscience. An immense stride had been taken, by abolishing the edicts, and prohibiting persecution. If that step were now retraced, the new religion was doomed, and the liberties of Holland and Zeeland destroyed. "If they make an arrangement with Don John, it will be for us of the religion to run," wrote the Prince to his brother, "for their intention is to suffer no person of that faith to have a fixed domicile in the Netherlands."[1] It was, therefore, with a calm determination to counteract and crush the policy of the youthful Governor that William the Silent awaited his antagonist. Were Don John admitted to confidence, the peace of Holland and Zeeland was gone. Therefore it was necessary to combat him both openly and secretly—by loud remonstrance and by invisible stratagem. What chance had the impetuous and impatient young hero in such an encounter with the foremost statesman of the age? He had arrived, with all the self-confidence of a conqueror; he did not know that he

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 544.

was to be played upon like a pipe—to be caught in meshes spread by his own hands—to struggle blindly—to rage impotently—to die ingloriously.

The Prince had lost no time in admonishing the states-general as to the course which should now be pursued. He was of opinion that, upon their conduct at this crisis depended the future destinies of the Netherlands. "If we understand how to make proper use of the new Governor's arrival," said he, "it may prove very advantageous to us; if not, it will be the commencement of our total ruin."[1] The spirit of all his communications was to infuse the distrust which he honestly felt, and which he certainly took no pains to disguise; to impress upon his countrymen the importance of improving the present emergency by the enlargement, instead of the threatened contraction of their liberties, and to enforce with all his energy the necessity of a firm union. He assured the estates that Don John had been sent, in this simple manner, to the country, because the King and cabinet had begun to despair of carrying their point by force. At the same time he warned them that force would doubtless be replaced by fraud. He expressed his conviction that so soon as Don John should attain the ascendency which he had been sent to secure, the gentleness which now smiled upon the surface would give place to the deadlier purposes which lurked below. He went so far as distinctly to recommend the seizure of Don John's person. By so doing, much bloodshed might be saved; for such was the King's respect for the Emperor's son that their demands would be granted rather than that his liberty should be permanently endangered.[2] In a very striking and elaborate letter which he addressed from Middelburg to the estates-general, he insisted on the expediency of seizing the present opportunity in order to secure and to expand their liberties, and urged them to assert broadly the principle that the true historical polity of the Netherlands was a representative, constitutional government. Don John, on arriving at Luxemburg, had demanded hostages for his own security, a measure which could not but strike the calmest spectator as an infraction of all provincial rights. "He asks you to disarm," continued William of Orange; "he invites you to furnish hostages, but the time has been when the lord of the land came unarmed and uncovered, before the estates-general, and swore to support the constitutions before his own sovereignty could be recognized."

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 495. [2] Ibid, v. 496.

He reiterated his suspicions as to the honest intentions of the government, and sought, as forcibly as possible, to infuse an equal distrust into the minds of those he addressed. "Antwerp," said he, "once the powerful and blooming, now the most forlorn and desolate city of Christendom, suffered because she dared to exclude the King's troops. You may be sure that you are all to have a place at the same banquet. We may forget the past, but princes never forget, when the means of vengeance are placed within their hands. Nature teaches them to arrive at their end by fraud, when violence will not avail them. Like little children, they whistle to the birds they would catch. Promises and pretences they will furnish in plenty."[1]

He urged them on no account to begin any negotiations with the Governor, except on the basis of the immeiate departure of the soldiery. "Make no agrement with him, unless the Spanish and other foreign troops have been sent away beforehand; beware, meantime, of disbanding your own, for that were to put the knife into his hands to cut your own throats withal."[2] He then proceeded to sketch the outlines of a negotiation, such as he could recommend. The plan was certainly sufficiently bold, and it could hardly cause astonishment, if it were not immediately accepted by Don John as the basis of an arrangement. "Remember *this is not play*," said the Prince, "and that you have to choose between the two, either total ruin or manly self-defence. Don John must command the immediate departure of the Spaniards. All our privileges must be revised, and an oath to maintain them required. New councils of state and finance must be appointed by the estates. The general assembly ought to have power to come together twice or thrice yearly, and, indeed, as often as they choose. The states-general must administer and regulate all affairs. The citadels must be demolished everywhere. No troops ought to be enlisted, nor garrisons established, without the consent of the estates.[3]

In all the documents, whether public memorials or private letters, which came at this period from the hands of the Prince, he assumed, as a matter of course, that in any arrangement with the new Governor the Pacification of Ghent was to be maintained. This, too, was the determination of almost every

[1] Letter to the states-general, 30th of November, 1576, in Bor, 747, 748, 749.

[2] "Het ware hem het mes in de hand gegeven daer mede hy u den hals soude afsnyden," etc.—Ibid., p. 748.

[3] Letter to states-general, etc.

man in the country. Don John, soon after his arrival at Luxemburg, had despatched messengers to the states-general, informing them of his arrival. It was not before the close of the month of November that the negotiations seriously began. Provost Fonck, on the part of the Governor, then informed them of Don John's intention to enter Namur, attended by fifty mounted troopers.[1] Permission, however, was resolutely refused, and the burghers of Namur were forbidden to render oaths of fidelity until the Governor should have complied with the preliminary demands of the estates.[2] To enunciate these demands categorically, a deputation of the estates-general came to Luxemburg.[3] These gentlemen were received with courtesy by Don John, but their own demeanor was not conciliatory. A dislike to the Spanish government; a disloyalty to the monarch with whose brother and representative they were dealing, pierced through all their language. On the other hand, the ardent temper of Don John was never slow to take offence. One of the deputies proposed to the Governor, with great coolness, that he should assume the government in his own name, and renounce the authority of Philip. Were he willing to do so, the patriotic gentleman pledged himself that the provinces would at once acknowledge him as sovereign, and sustain his government. Don John, enraged at the insult to his own loyalty which the proposition implied, drew his dagger and rushed towards the offender. The deputy would, probably, have paid for his audacity with his life had there not been by-standers enough to prevent the catastrophe. This scene was an unsatisfactory prelude to the opening negotiations.[4]

On December 6th the deputies presented to the Governor at Luxemburg a paper, containing their demands, drawn up in eight articles, and their concessions in ten.[5] The states in-

[1] Bor, x. 761. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., x. 762.

[4] Strada, x. 512. The anecdote is, however, related differently by other historians, according to some of whom the intimation was made indirectly on the part of the Prince of Orange, through Elbertus Leoninus to Don John, that if he chose to assume the sovereignty himself, he might rely on the support of the Protestants and patriot party. According to the same authorities, Don John neither accepted nor rejected the offer.—See Ev. Reid, ann. ii. 27; Wagenaer, vii. 237.—Compare V. d. Vynckt, who relates the circumstance much in the same manner as Strada. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 227, 228.—Also, Tassis, iii. 241, who states that the Governor was so angry with the deputy—"ut punire audaciam propriis manibus vix abstinuerit."—Compare J. P. Van Capelle, Elb. Leoninus in Bijdragen tot de Gesch. der Ned., 47–49. The story of Reid is entirely improbable, and is consistent with the character of neither of the principal personages implicated.

[5] See the articles in Bor, x. 762, 763.

sisted on the immediate removal of the troops, with the understanding that they were never to return, but without prohibition of their departure by sea; they demanded the immediate release of all prisoners; they insisted on the maintenance of the Ghent treaty, *there being nothing therein* which did not tend to the *furtherance* of the *Catholic* religion; they claimed an act of amnesty; they required the convocation of the states-general, on the basis of that assembly before which took place the abdication of Charles the Fifth; they demanded an oath, on the part of Don John, to maintain all the charters and customs of the country.

Should these conditions be complied with, the deputies consented on the part of the estates, that he should be acknowledged as Governor, and that the Catholic religion and the authority of his Majesty should be maintained. They agreed that all foreign leagues should be renounced, their own foreign soldiery disbanded, and a guard of honor, native Netherlanders, such as his Majesty was contented with at his "Blythe Entrance," provided. A truce of fifteen days, for negotiations, was furthermore proposed.[1]

Don John made answers to these propositions by adding a brief comment, as apostille,[2] upon each of the eighteen articles, in succession. He would send away the troops, but, at the same time, the states must disband their own. He declined engaging himself not to recall his foreign soldiery, should necessity require their service. With regard to the Ghent Pacification, he professed himself ready for a general peace negotiation, on condition that the supremacy of the Catholic Church and the authority of his Majesty were properly secured. He would settle upon some act of amnesty after due consultation with the State Council. He was willing that the states should be convoked in general assembly, provided sufficient security were given him that nothing should be there transacted preiudicial to the Catholic religion and the King's sovereignty. As for their privileges, he would govern as had been done *in the time of his imperial father.* He expressed his satisfaction with most of the promises offered by the estates, particularly with their expression in favor of the Church and of his Majesty's authority; the two all-important points to secure which he had come thither unattended, and at the peril of his life, but he received their offer of

[1] See the articles in Bor, x. 762, 763.

[2] Bor, x. 762, 763.

a body-guard, by which his hirelings were to be superseded, with very little gratitude. He was on the point, he said, of advancing as far as Marche en Famine, and should take with him as strong a guard as he considered necessary, and composed of such troops as he had at hand.[1] Nothing decisive came of this first interview. The parties had taken the measures of their mutual claims, and after a few days, fencing with apostilles, replies, and rejoiners, they separated, their acrimony rather inflamed than appeased.

The departure of the troops and the Ghent treaty were the vital points in the negotiation. The estates had originally been content that the troops should go by sea. Their suspicions were, however, excited by the pertinacity with which Don John held to this mode of removal. Although they did not suspect the mysterious invasion of England, a project which was the real reason why the Governor objected to their departure by land,[2] yet they soon became aware that he had been secretly tampering with the troops at every point. The effect of these secret negotiations with the leading officers of the army was a general expression of their unwillingness, on account of the lateness of the season, the difficult and dangerous condition of the roads and mountain-passes, the plague in Italy, and other pretexts, to undertake so long a journey by land.[3] On the other hand, the states, seeing the anxiety and the duplicity of Don John upon this particular point, came to the resolution to thwart him at all hazards, and insisted on the land journey. Too long a time, too much money, too many ships would be necessary, they said, to forward so large a force by sea, and in the meantime it would be necessary to permit them to live for another indefinite period at the charge of the estates.[4]

With regard to the Ghent Pacification, the estates, in the course of December, procured an express opinion from the eleven professors of theology, and doctors *utriusque juris* of Louvain, that the treaty contained nothing which conflicted with the supremacy of the Catholic religion.[5] The various bishops, deacons, abbots, and pastors of the Netherlands made a similar decision.[6] An elaborate paper, drawn up by the State-Council, at the request of the states-general, declared

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[1] Bor, x. 762, 763.
[2] Bor, x. 765. Hoofd, xi. 769.—Compare Strada, ix. 429.
[3] Bor, x. 765, 766.
[4] Bor, x. 766. Hoofd, 479, 480.
[5] See the document in Bor, x. 766.
[6] Ibid.

that there was nothing in the Pacification derogatory to the supreme authority of his Majesty.[1] Thus fortified with opinions which, it must be confessed, were rather dogmatically than argumentatively drawn up, and which it would have been difficult very logically to defend, the states looked forward confidently to the eventful acceptance of Don John of the terms proposed. In the meantime, while there was still an indefinite pause in the negotiations, a remarkable measure came to aid the efficacy of the Ghent Pacification.

Early in January, 1577, the celebrated "Union of Brussels" was formed.[2] This important agreement was originally signed by eight leading personages, the Abbot of Saint Gertrude, the Counts Lalain and Bossu, and the Seigneur de Champagny being among the number. Its tenor was to engage its signers to compass the immediate expulsion of the Spaniards and the execution of the Ghent Pacification, to maintain the Catholic religion and the King's authority, and to defend the fatherland and all its constitutions. Its motive was to generalize the position assumed by the Ghent treaty. The new act was to be signed, not by a few special deputies alone, like a diplomatic convention, but by all the leading individuals of all the provinces, in order to exhibit to Don John such an array of united strength that he would find himself forced to submit to the demands of the estates.[3] The tenor, motive, and effect were all as had been proposed and foreseen. The agreement to expel the Spaniards, under the Catholic and loyal manifestations indicated, passed from hand to hand through all the provinces. It soon received the signature and support of all the respectability, wealth, and intelligence of the whole country. Nobles, ecclesiastics, citizens, hastened to give to it their adhesion. The states-general had sent it, by solemn resolution, to every province, in order that every man might be forced to range himself either upon the side of the fatherland or of despotism. Two copies of the signatures procured in each province were ordered, of which one was to be deposited in its archives, and the other forwarded to Brussels. In a short time, every province, with the single exception of Luxemburg, had loaded the document with signatures. This was a great step in advance. The Ghent

[1] Bor, x. 768, Opinion of the State Council.
[2] De Jonghe, De Unie van Brussel. Dewez Hist. Gen. de la Belg. vi. 58, 59. Gr. v. Prinsterer, v. 589, sqq. Bor, x. 769.
[3] Bor, x. 769, 770, and Meteren, vi. 116, 117.

Pacification, which was in the nature of a treaty between the Prince and the estates of Holland and Zeeland on the one side, and a certain number of provinces on the other, had only been signed by the envoys of the contracting parties. Though received with deserved and universal acclamation, it had not the authority of a popular document. This, however, was the character studiously impressed upon the "Brussels Union." The people, subdivided according to the various grades of their social hierarchy, had been solemnly summoned to council, and had deliberately recorded their conviction. No restraint had been put upon their freedom of action, and there was hardly a difference of opinion as to the necessity of the measure.[1]

A rapid revolution in Friesland, Groningen, and the dependencies, had recently restored that important country to the national party. The Portuguese De Billy had been deprived of his authority as King's stadholder, and Count Hoogstraaten's brother, Baron de Ville, afterwards as Count Renneberg infamous for his treason to the cause of liberty, had been appointed by the estates in his room.[2] In all this district the "Union of Brussels" was eagerly signed by men of every degree. Holland and Zeeland, no less than the Catholic provinces of the south willingly accepted the compromise which was thus laid down, and which was thought to be not only an additional security for the past, not only a pillar more for the maintenance of the Ghent Pacification, but also a sure precursor of a closer union in the future. The Union of Brussels became, in fact, the stepping-stone to the "Union of Utrecht," itself the foundation-stone of a republic destined to endure more than two centuries. On the other hand, this early union held the seed of its own destruction within itself. It was not surprising, however, that a strong declaration in favor of the Catholic religion should be contained in a document intended for circulation through all the provinces. The object was to unite as large a force, and to make as striking a demonstration before the eyes of the Governor-General as was practicable under the circumstances. The immediate purpose was answered, temporary union was formed, but it was impossible that a permanent crystallization should take

[1] De Jonghe, De Unie van Brussel. Hoofd, xi. 479, 480. Meteren, vi. 116. Dewez Hist. Gen. de la Belgique, vi. c. ix. 56–68.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 589, sqq.

[2] Bor, x. 750–752. Hoofd, xi. 473–475.

place where so strong a dissolvent as the Catholic clause had been admitted. In the sequel, therefore, the union fell asunder precisely at this fatal flaw. The next union[1] was that which definitely separated the provinces into Protestant and Catholic, into self-governing republics, and the dependencies of a distant despotism. The immediate effect, however, of the "Brussels Union" was to rally all lovers of the fatherland and haters of a foreign tyranny upon one vital point—the expulsion of the stranger from the land. The foot of the Spanish soldier should no longer profane their soil. All men were forced to pronounce themselves boldly and unequivocally, in order that the patriots might stand shoulder to shoulder, and the traitors be held up to infamy. This measure was in strict accordance with the advice given more than once by the Prince of Orange, and was almost in literal fulfilment of the Compromise, which he had sketched before the arrival of Don John.[2]

The deliberations were soon resumed with the new Governor, the scene being shifted from Luxemburg to Huy.[3] Hither came a fresh deputation from the states-general—many signers of the Brussels Union among them—and were received by Don John with stately courtesy. They had, however, come, determined to carry matters with a high and firm hand, being no longer disposed to brook his imperious demeanor, nor to tolerate his dilatory policy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the courtesy soon changed to bitterness, and that attack and recrimination usurped the place of the dignified but empty formalities which had characterized the interviews at Luxemburg.[4]

The envoys, particularly Sweveghem and Champagny, made no concealment of their sentiments towards the Spanish soldiery and the Spanish nation, and used a freedom of tone and language which the petulant soldier had not been accustomed to hear. He complained, at the outset, that the Netherlanders seemed new-born—that instead of bending the knee, they seemed disposed to grasp the sceptre. Insolence had taken the place of pliancy, and the former slave now applied the chain and whip to his master. With such exacerbation of

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[1] The "new or closer Union of Brussels," however admirable as a manifestation, and important as an example, cannot, from its very brief duration, be considered as anything but an unsuccessful attempt at union.

[2] Avis du Prince d'Orange, etc., Archives, etc., v. 437, sqq.

[3] Bor, x. 771.

[4] Bor, x. 772, 773. Tassis, iii. 246.

temper at the commencement of negotiations, their progress was of necessity stormy and slow.[1]

The envoys now addressed three concise questions to the Governor. Was he satisfied that the Ghent Pacification contained nothing conflicting with the Roman religion and the King's authority? If so, was he willing to approve that treaty in all its articles? Was he ready to dismiss his troops at once, and by land, the sea voyage being liable to too many objections?[2]

Don John answered these three questions—which, in reality, were but three forms of a single question—upon the same day, January 24th. His reply was as complex as the demand had been simple. It consisted of a proposal in six articles, and a requisition in twenty-one, making in all twenty-seven articles. Substantially he proposed to dismiss the foreign troops—to effect a general pacification of the Netherlands—to govern on the basis of the administration in his imperial father's reign—to arrange affairs in and with regard to the assembly-general as the King should judge to be fitting—to forgive and forget past offences—and to release all prisoners. On the other hand, he required the estates to pay the troops before their departure, and to provide ships enough to transport them, as the Spaniards did not choose to go by land, and as the deputies at Luxemburg had consented to their removal by sea. Furthermore, he demanded that the states should dismiss their own troops. He required ecclesiastical authority to prove the Ghent Pacification not prejudicial to the Catholic religion; legal authority that it was not detrimental to his Majesty's supremacy; and an oath from the states-general to uphold both points inviolably, and to provide for their maintenance in Holland and Zeeland. He claimed the right to employ about his person soldiers and civil functionaries of any nation he might choose, and he exacted from the states a promise to prevent the Prince of Orange from removing his son, Count van Buren, forcibly or fraudulently, from his domicile in Spain.[3]

The deputies were naturally indignant at this elaborate trifling. They had, in reality, asked him but one question, and that a simple one—Would he maintain the treaty of Ghent? Here were twenty-seven articles in reply, and yet no

[1] "—— Austriacum non lenibus nec modestis modis sed loris ac fustibus ut servum ad suam voluntatem adigere," etc.—Tassis, iii. 246.

[2] Bor, x. 773.

[3] Articles in Bor, x. 772, 773.

answer to that question. They sat up all night, preparing a violent protocol, by which the Governor's claims were to be utterly demolished. Early in the morning, they waited upon his Highness, presented the document, and at the same time asked him plainly, by word of mouth, did he or did he not intend to uphold the treaty. Thus pressed into a corner in presence of the deputies, the members of the State Council who were in attendance from Brussels, and the envoys whom the Emperor had recently sent to assist at these deliberations, the Governor answered, No. He would not and could not maintain the treaty, because the Spanish troops were in that instrument denounced as rebels, because he would not consent to the release of Count Van Buren—and on account of various other reasons not then specified.[1] Hereupon ensued a fierce debate, and all day long the altercation lasted, without a result being reached. At ten o'clock in the evening, the deputies having previously retired for a brief interval, returned with a protest[2] that they were not to be held responsible for the termination of the proceedings, and that they washed their hands of the bloodshed which might follow the rupture. Upon reading this document, Don John fell into a blazing passion. He vehemently denounced the deputies as traitors. He swore that men who came to him thus prepared with ready-made protests in their pockets, were rebels from the commencement, and had never intended any agreement with him. His language and gestures expressed unbounded fury. He was weary of their ways, he said. They had better look to themselves, for the King would never leave their rebellion unpunished. He was ready to draw the sword at once—not his own, but his Majesty's, and they might be sure that the war which they were thus provoking, should be the fiercest ever waged.[3] More abusive language in this strain was uttered, but it was not heard with lamb-like submission. The day had gone by when the deputies of the states-general were wont to quail before the wrath of vicarious royalty. The fiery words of Don John were not oil to troubled water, but a match to a mine. The passions of the deputies exploded in their turn, and from hot words they had nearly come to hard blows. One of the deputies replied with so much boldness and vehemence that the Governor, seizing a heavy silver bell which stood on the table, was about to hurl

[1] Bor. x. 772, 774. [2] See the protest in Bor, x. 774, 775. [3] Bor, x. 775.

it at the offender's head, when an energetic and providential interference on the part of the imperial envoys, prevented the unseemly catastrophe.[1]

The day thus unprofitably spent, had now come to its close, and the deputies left the presence of Don John with tempers as inflamed as his own. They were, therefore, somewhat surprised at being awakened in their beds, after midnight, by a certain Father Trigoso, who came to them with a conciliatory message from the Governor. While they were still rubbing their eyes with sleep and astonishment, the Duke of Aerschot, the Bishop of Liege, and several councillors of state, entered the room. These personages brought the news that Don John had at last consented to maintain the Pacification of Ghent, as would appear by a note written in his own hand, which was then delivered. The billet was eagerly read, but unfortunately did not fulfil the anticipations which had been excited. "I agree," said Don John, "to approve the peace made between the states and the Prince of Orange, on condition that nothing therein may seem detrimental to the authority of his Majesty and the supremacy of the Catholic religion, and also with reservation of the points mentioned in my last communication."[2]

Men who had gone to bed in a high state of indignation were not likely to wake in much better humor, when suddenly aroused in their first nap, to listen to such a message as this. It seemed only one piece of trifling the more. The deputies had offered satisfactory opinions of divines and jurisconsults, as to the two points specified which concerned the Ghent treaty. It was natural, therefore, that this vague condition concerning them, the determination of which was for the Governor's breast alone, should be instantly rejected, and that the envoys should return to their disturbed slumbers with an increase of ill-humor.

On the morrow, as the envoys, booted and spurred, were upon the point of departure for Brussels, another communication was brought to them from Don John.[3] This time, the language of the Governor seemed more to the purpose. "I agree," said he, "to maintain the peace concluded between the states and the Prince of Orange, on condition of receiving from the ecclesiastical authorities, and from the University of Louvain, satisfactory assurance that the said treaty contains

[1] Tassis, iii. 246. [2] Bor, x. 775. [3] Ibid.

nothing derogatory to the Catholic religion—and similar assurance from the State Council, the Bishop of Liege, and the imperial envoys, that the treaty is in no wise prejudicial to the authority of his Majesty." Here seemed, at last, something definite. These conditions could be complied with. They had, in fact, been already complied with. The assurances required as to the two points had already been procured, as the deputies and as Don John well knew. The Pacification of Ghent was, therefore, virtually admitted. The deputies waited upon the Governor accordingly, and the conversation was amicable. They vainly endeavored, however, to obtain his consent to the departure of the troops by land—the only point then left in dispute. Don John, still clinging to his secret scheme, with which the sea voyage of the troops was so closely connected, refused to concede. He reproached the envoys, on the contrary, with their importunity in making a fresh demand, just as he had conceded the Ghent treaty, upon his entire responsibility and without instructions. Mentally resolving that this point should still be wrung from the Governor, but not suspecting his secret motives for resisting it so strenuously, the deputies took an amicable farewell of the Governor, promising a favorable report upon the proceedings, so soon as they should arrive in Brussels.[1]

Don John, having conceded so much, was soon obliged to concede the whole. The Emperor Rudolph had lately succeeded his father, Maximilian.[2] The deceased potentate, whose sentiments on the great subject of religious toleration were so much in harmony with those entertained by the Prince of Orange, had, on the whole, notwithstanding the ties of relationship and considerations of policy, uniformly befriended the Netherlands, so far as words and protestations could go, at the court of Philip. Active co-operation, practical assistance, he had certainly not rendered. He had unquestionably been too much inclined to accomplish the impossibility of assisting the states without offending the King —an effort which, in the homely language of Hans Jenitz, was "like wishing his skin washed without being wet."[3] He had even interposed many obstacles to the free action of the Prince, as has been seen in the course of this history, but

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[1] Bor, x. 775.

[2] The Emperor Maximilian died on the 12th of October, 1576.

[3] "—— und gehts nach dem sprichwort, wasche mir den beltz und mache mir ihn nicht nasz."—MS. cited by Groen v. Prinst, Archives, etc., v. 725.

nevertheless, the cause of the Netherlands, of religion, and of humanity had much to lose by his death. His eldest son and successor, Rudolph the Second, was an ardent Catholic, whose relations with a proscribed prince and a reformed population could hardly remain long in a satisfactory state. The new Emperor had, however, received the secret envoys of Orange with bounty,[1] and was really desirous of accomplishing the pacification of the provinces. His envoys had assisted at all the recent deliberations between the estates and Don John, and their vivid remonstrances removed, at this juncture, the last objection on the part of the Governor-General. With a secret sign, he deferred the darling and mysterious hope which had lighted him to the Netherlands, and consented to the departure of the troops by land.[2]

All obstacles having been thus removed, the memorable treaty called the Perpetual Edict was signed at Marche en Famine on the 12th, and at Brussels on the 17th of February, 1577.[3] This document, issued in the name of the King, contained nineteen articles. It approved and ratified the Peace of Ghent, in consideration that the prelates and clergy, with the doctors *utriusque juris* of Louvain, had decided that nothing in that treaty conflicted either with the supremacy of the Catholic Church or the authority of the King, but, on the contrary, that it advanced the interests of both.[4] It promised that the soldiery should depart "freely, frankly, and without delay, by land,[5] never to return except in case of foreign war"—the Spaniards to set forth within forty days, the Germans and others so soon as arrangements had been made by the states-general for their payment. It settled that all prisoners, on both sides, should be released, excepting the Count Van Buren, who was to be set free so soon as the states-general having been convoked, the Prince of Orange should have fulfilled the resolutions to be passed by that assembly. It promised the maintenance of all the privileges, charters, and constitutions of the Netherlands. It required of the state an oath to maintain the Catholic religion. It recorded their agreement to disband their troops. It settled that Don John should be received as Governor-General, immediately

[1] Archives, etc., v. 426. [2] Bor, x. 786.

[3] Bor, x. 786–789. Hoofd, xi 485–487. Meteren, vi. f. 117–119. Cabrera, xi. 901, 902. Strada, ix. 430. Bor and Meteren publish the treaty in full.

[4] Art. 2—"Niet nadelig maer ter contrarie tot vordering van de selve," etc.

[5] Art. 3—"Te lande, vry, vrank en onbelet," etc.

upon the departure of the Spaniards, Italians, and Burgundians from the provinces.[1]

These were the main provisions of this famous treaty, which was confirmed a few weeks afterwards by Philip, in a letter addressed to the states of Brabant, and by an edict issued at Madrid.[2] It will be seen that everything required by the envoys of the states, at the commencement of their negotiations, had been conceded by Don John. They had claimed the departure of the troops, either by land or sea. He had resisted the demand a long time, but had at last consented to despatch them by sea. Their departure by land had then been insisted upon. This again he had most reluctantly conceded. The ratification of the Ghent treaty, he had peremptorily refused. He had come to the provinces, at the instant of its conclusion, and had, of course, no instructions on the subject. Nevertheless, slowly receding, he had agreed, under certain reservations, to accept the treaty. Those reservations relating to the great points of Catholic and royal supremacy, he insisted upon subjecting to his own judgment alone. Again he was overruled. Most unwillingly he agreed to accept, instead of his own conscientious conviction, the dogmas of the State Council and of the Louvain doctors. Not seeing very clearly how a treaty which abolished the edicts of Charles the Fifth and the ordinances of Alva—which removed the religious question in Holland and Zeeland from the King's jurisdiction to that of the states-general—which had caused persecution to surcease—had established toleration—and which, moreover, had confirmed the arch rebel and heretic of all the Netherlands in the government of the two rebellious and heretic provinces, as stadholder for the King—not seeing clearly how such a treaty was "advantageous rather than prejudicial to royal absolutism and an exclusive Catholicism," he naturally hesitated at first.

The Governor had thus disconcerted the Prince of Orange, not by the firmness of his resistance, but by the amplitude of his concessions. The combinations of William the Silent were, for an instant, deranged. Had the Prince expected such liberality, he would have placed his demands upon a higher basis, for it is not probable that he contemplated or desired a pacification. The Duke of Aerschot and the Bishop

[1] See in particular Articles 8, 10, 11, and 16.
[2] Bor, x. 789, 790. V. d, Vynckt, ii. 232.

of Liege in vain essayed to prevail upon his deputies at Marche en Famine to sign the agreement of January 27th, upon which was founded the Perpetual Edict.[1] They refused to do so without consulting the Prince and the estates. Meantime, the other commissioners forced the affair rapidly forward. The states sent a deputation to the Prince to ask his opinion, and signed the agreement before it was possible to receive his reply.[2] This was to treat him with little courtesy, if not absolutely with bad faith. The Prince was disappointed and indignant. In truth, as appeared from all his language and letters, he had no confidence in Don John. He believed him a consummate hypocrite, and as deadly a foe to the Netherlands as the Duke of Alva, or Philip himself. He had carefully studied twenty-five intercepted letters from the King, the Governor, Jerome de Roda, and others, placed recently in his hands by the Duke of Aerschot,[3] and had found much to confirm previous and induce fresh suspicion. Only a few days previously to the signature of the treaty, he had also intercepted other letters from influential personages, Alonzo de Vargas and others, disclosing extensive designs to obtain possession of the strong places in the country, and then to reduce the land to absolute subjection.[4] He had assured the estates, therefore, that the deliberate intention of the government, throughout the whole negotiation, was to deceive, whatever might be the public language of Don John and his agents. He implored them, therefore, to have "pity upon the poor country," and to save the people from falling into the trap which was laid for them. From first to last, he had expressed a deep and wise distrust, and justified it by ample proofs. He was, with reason, irritated, therefore, at the haste with which the states had concluded the agreement with Don John—at the celerity with which, as he afterwards expressed it, "they had rushed upon the boar-spear of that sanguinary heart."[5] He believed that everything had been signed and sworn by the Governor, with the mental reservation that such agreements were valid only until he should repent having made them. He doubted the good faith and

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[1] Bor. x. 786.

[2] Archives et Corresp., v. 629. Bor, x. 791. Letter of Estates of Holland.

[3] Archives et Corresp., v. 588, sqq. Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 97.

[4] Letter of Orange to the States-General, 2nd of February, 1577, Acta Statuum Belgii, i. f. 258. MS., Hague Archives.

[5] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 98.

the stability of the grand seigneurs. He had never felt confidence in the professions of the time-serving Aerschot, nor did he trust even the brave Champagny, notwithstanding his services at the sack of Antwerp. He was especially indignant that provision had been made, not for demolishing but for restoring to his Majesty those hateful citadels, nests of tyranny, by which the flourishing cities of the land were kept in perpetual anxiety. Whether in the hands of King, nobles, or magistrates, they were equally odious to him, and he had long since determined that they should be razed to the ground. In short, he believed that the estates had thrust their heads into the lion's mouth, and he foresaw the most gloomy consequences from the treaty which had just been concluded. He believed, to use his own language, "that the only difference between Don John and Alva or Requesens was, that he was younger and more foolish than his predecessors, less capable of concealing his venom, more impatient to dip his hands in blood."[1]

In the Pacification of Ghent, the Prince had achieved the prize of his life-long labors. He had banded a mass of provinces by the ties of a common history, language, and customs, into a league against a foreign tyranny. He had grappled Holland and Zeeland to their sister provinces by a common love for their ancient liberties, by a common hatred to a Spanish soldiery. He had exorcised the evil demon of religious bigotry by which the body politic had been possessed so many years; for the Ghent treaty, largely interpreted, opened the door to universal toleration. In the Perpetual Edict the Prince saw his work undone. Holland and Zeeland were again cut adrift from the other fifteen provinces, and war would soon be let loose upon that devoted little territory. The article stipulating the maintenance of the Ghent treaty he regarded as idle wind; the solemn saws of the State Council and the quiddities from Louvain being likely to prove but slender bulwarks against the returning tide of tyranny. Either it was tacitly intended to tolerate the Reformed religion, or to hunt it down. To argue that the Ghent treaty, loyally interpreted, strengthened ecclesiastical or royal despotism, was to contend that a maniac was more dangerous in fetters than

[1] Letter of Prince of Orange and the States of Holland, Bor, x. 791.—Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 559, sqq., and "Instruction from le Sieur de Haultain," etc. Archives, etc., v. 579, sqq. Apologie du Prince d'Orange, 97.

when armed with a sword; it was to be blind to the difference between a private conventicle and a public scaffold. The Perpetual Edict, while affecting to sustain the treaty, would necessarily destroy it at a blow, while during the brief interval of repose, tyranny would have renewed its youth like the eagles. Was it possible, then, for William of Orange to sustain the Perpetual Edict, the compromise with Don John? Ten thousand ghosts from the Lake of Haarlem, from the famine and plague-stricken streets of Leyden, from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, rose to warn him against such a composition with a despotism as subtle as it was remorseless.

It was, therefore, not the policy of William of Orange, suspecting, as he did, Don John, abhorring Philip, doubting the Netherland nobles, confiding only in the mass of the citizens, to give his support to the Perpetual Edict. He was not the more satisfied because the states had concluded the arrangement without his sanction, and against his express advice.[1] He refused to publish or recognize the treaty in Holland and Zeeland.[2] A few weeks before, he had privately laid before the states of Holland and Zeeland a series of questions, in order to test their temper, asking them, in particular, whether they were prepared to undertake a new and sanguinary war for the sake of their religion, even although their other privileges should be recognized by the new government, and a long and earnest debate had ensued, of a satisfactory nature, although no positive resolution was passed upon the subject.[3] As soon as the Perpetual Edict had been signed, the states-general had sent to the Prince, requesting his opinion and demanding his sanction.[4] Orange, in the name of Holland and Zeeland, instantly returned an elaborate answer,[5] taking grave exceptions to the whole tenor of the Edict. He complained that the constitution of the land was violated, because the ancient privilege of the states-general to assemble at their pleasure, had been invaded, and because the laws of every province were set at nought by the continued imprisonment of Count Van Buren, who had committed no crime, and whose detention proved that no man, whatever might be promised, could expect security for life or liberty. The ratification of the

[1] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 98.
[2] Letter of Prince d'Orange and the States of Holland, Bor, x. 791–973.
[3] Bor, x. 776.
[4] Bor, x. 790. Hoofd, vii. 490.
[5] The letter is published at length in Bor, x. 790–792.—Compare Wagenaer, vii. 144, 145. Meteren, vi. 119. Cabrera, xi. 902, 903.

Ghent treaty, it was insisted, was in no wise distinct and categorical, but was made dependent on a crowd of deceitful subterfuges.[1] He inveighed bitterly against the stipulation in the Edict, that the states should pay the wages of the soldiers, whom they had just proclaimed to be knaves and rebels, and at whose hands they had suffered such monstrous injuries. He denounced the cowardice which could permit this band of hirelings to retire with so much jewelry, merchandise, and plate, the result of their robberies. He expressed, however, in the name of the two provinces, a willingness to sign the Edict, provided the states-general would agree solemnly beforehand, in case the departure of the Spaniards did not take place within the stipulated time, to abstain from all recognition of, or communication with, Don John, and themselves to accomplish the removal of the troops by force of arms.[2]

Such was the first and solemn manifesto made by the Prince in reply to the Perpetual Edict; the states of Holland and Zeeland uniting heart and hand in all that he thought, wrote and said. His private sentiments were in strict accordance with the opinions thus publicly recorded. "Whatever appearance Don John may assume to the contrary," wrote the Prince to his brother, "'tis by no means his intention to maintain the Pacification, and less still to cause the Spaniards to depart, with whom he keeps up the most strict correspondence possible."[3]

On the other hand, the Governor was most anxious to conciliate the Prince. He was most earnest to win the friendship of the man without whom every attempt to recover Holland and Zeeland, and to re-establish royal and ecclesiastical tyranny, he knew would be hopeless. "This is the pilot," wrote Don John to Philip, "who guides the bark. He alone can destroy or save it. The greatest obstacles would be removed if he could be gained." He had proposed, and Philip had approved the proposition, that the Count Van Buren should be clothed with his father's dignities, on condition that the Prince should himself retire into Germany.[4] It was soon evident, however, that such a proposition would meet with little favor, the office of father of his country and protector of her liberties not being transferable.

[1] Letter of Prince of Orange and the Estates, Bor, ubi sup.—"Tot een ontalligkheid van bedreegelijke uitvluchten," etc.

[2] Letter of Prince of Orange, etc. [3] Archives, etc., v. 111.

[4] Ext. from MS. letter, 16th of March, 1577, in Gachard; preface to vol. iii. Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., p. li.

While at Louvain, whither he had gone after the publication of the Perpetual Edict, Don John had conferred with the Duke of Aerschot, and they had decided that it would be well to send Doctor Leoninus on a private mission to the Prince. Previously to his departure on this errand, the learned envoy had therefore a full conversation with the Governor. He was charged to represent to the Prince the dangers to which Don John had exposed himself in coming from Spain to effect the pacification of the Netherlands. Leoninus was instructed to give assurance that the treaty just concluded should be maintained, that the Spaniards should depart, that all other promises should be inviolably kept, and that the Governor would take up arms against all who should oppose the fulfilment of his engagements. He was to represent that Don John, in proof of his own fidelity, had placed himself in the power of the states. He was to intimate to the Prince that an opportunity was now offered him to do the crown a service, in recompense for which he would obtain, not only pardon for his faults, but the favor of the monarch, and all the honors which could be desired; that by so doing he would assure the future prosperity of his family; that Don John would be his good friend, and, as such, would do more for him than he could imagine.[1] The envoy was also to impress upon the Prince, that if he persisted in his opposition every man's hand would be against him, and the ruin of his house inevitable. He was to protest that Don John came but to forgive and to forget, to restore the ancient government and the ancient prosperity, so that, if it was for those objects the Prince had taken up arms, it was now his duty to lay them down, and to do his utmost to maintain peace and the Catholic religion. Finally, the envoy was to intimate that if he chose to write to Don John, he might be sure to receive a satisfactory answer. In these pacific instructions and friendly expressions, Don John was sincere. "The name of your Majesty," said he, plainly, in giving an account of this mission to the King, "is as much abhorred and despised in the Netherlands as that of the Prince of Orange is loved and feared. I am negotiating with him, and giving him every security, for I see that the establishment of peace, as well as the maintenance of the Catholic religion, and the obedience to your Majesty, depend now upon him. Things have

[1] Gachard, Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface lii.

reached that pass that 'tis necessary to make a virtue of necessity. If he lend an ear to my proposals, it will be only *upon very advantageous conditions*, but to these it will be necessary to submit, rather than to lose everything.[1]

Don John was in earnest; unfortunately he was not aware that the Prince was in earnest also. The crusader, who had sunk thirty thousand paynims at a blow, and who was dreaming of the Queen of Scotland and the throne of England, had not room in his mind to entertain the image of *a patriot*. Royal favors, family prosperity, dignities, offices, orders, advantageous conditions, these were the baits with which the Governor angled for William of Orange. He did not comprehend that attachment to a half-drowned land and to a despised religion, could possibly stand in the way of those advantageous conditions and that brilliant future. He did not imagine that the rebel, once assured not only of pardon but of advancement, could hesitate to refuse the royal hand thus amicably offered. Don John had not accurately measured his great antagonist.

The results of the successive missions which he despatched to the Prince were destined to enlighten him.[2] In the course of the first conversation between Leoninus and the Prince at Middelburg, the envoy urged that Don John had entered the Netherlands without troops, that he had placed himself in the power of the Duke of Aerschot, that he had since come to Louvain without any security but the promise of the citizens and of the students; and that all these things proved the sincerity of his intentions. He entreated the Prince *not to let slip so favorable an opportunity for placing his house above the reach of every unfavorable chance*, spoke to him of Marius, Sylla, Julius Caesar, and other promoters of civil wars, and on retiring for the day, begged him to think gravely on what he had thus suggested, and to pray that God might inspire him with good resolutions.

Next day, William informed the envoy that, having prayed to God for assistance, he was more than ever convinced of his obligation to lay the whole matter before the states, whose

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[1] "El nombre y servicio de V. M^d. estan aborrecido, y poco estimado cuanto temido y amado el del Principe de Oranges," etc.—Ibid.

[2] Full details of the mission of Leoninus are given in the preface to Gachard's 3rd volume of the Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., pages liv., sqq. That distinguished publicist has condensed them from a MS. relation made by Leoninus, on his return to Louvain, a narrative, of which a Spanish translation was found by M. Gachard in the archives of Simancas.

servant he was. He added, that he could not forget the deaths of Egmont and Horn, nor the manner in which the promise made to the confederate nobles by the Duchess of Parma had been visited, nor the conduct of the French monarch towards Admiral Coligny. He spoke of information which he had received from all quarters, from Spain, France, and Italy, that there was a determination to make war upon him and upon the states of Holland and Zeeland. He added that they were taking their measures in consequence, and that they were well aware that a Papal nuncio had arrived in the Netherlands, to intrigue against them.[1] In the evening, the Prince complained that the estates had been so precipitate in concluding their arrangements with Don John. He mentioned several articles in the treaty which were calculated to excite distrust; dwelling particularly on the engagement entered into by the estates to maintain the Catholic religion. This article he declared to be in direct contravention to the Ghent treaty, by which this point was left to the decision of a future assembly of the estates-general. Leoninus essayed, as well as he could, to dispute these positions. In their last interview, the Prince persisted in his intention of laying the whole matter before the states of Holland and Zeeland. Not to do so, he said, would be to expose himself to ruin on one side, and on the other, to the indignation of those who might suspect him of betraying them. The envoy begged to be informed if any hope could be entertained of a future arrangement. Orange replied that he had no expectation of any, but advised Doctor Leoninus to be present at Dort when the estates should assemble.[2]

Notwithstanding the unfavorable result of this mission, Don John did not even yet despair of bending the stubborn character of the Prince. He hoped that, if a personal interview between them could be arranged, he should be able to remove many causes of suspicion from the mind of his adversary. "In such times as these," wrote the Governor to Philip, "we can make no election, nor do I see any remedy to preserve the state from destruction, save to gain over this man, who has so much influence with the nation."[3] The Prince had, in truth, the whole game in his hands. There was scarcely a living creature in Holland and Zeeland who was not

[1] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. lvi.
[2] Ibid., lviii. sqq.
[3] Gachard, Correspondance, etc., p. lx., MS. letter of the 16th of March, 1577.

willing to be bound by his decision in every emergency. Throughout the rest of the provinces, the mass of the people looked up to him with absolute confidence, the clergy and the prominent nobles respecting and fearing him, even while they secretly attempted to thwart his designs. Possessing dictatorial power in two provinces, vast influences in the other fifteen, nothing could be easier for him than to betray his country. The time was singularly propitious. The revengeful King was almost on his knees to the denounced rebel. Everything was proffered: pardon, advancement, power. An indefinite vista was opened. "You cannot imagine," said Don John, "how much it will be within my ability to do for you." The Governor was extremely anxious to purchase the only enemy whom Philip feared. The Prince had nothing personally to gain by a continuance of the contest. The ban, outlawry, degradation, pecuniary ruin, assassination, martyrdom—these were the only guerdons he could anticipate. He had much to lose: but yesterday loaded with dignities, surrounded by pomp and luxury, with many children to inherit his worldly gear, could he not recover all, and more than all, to-day? What service had he to render in exchange? A mere nothing. He had but to abandon the convictions of a lifetime, and to betray a million or two of hearts which trusted him.

As to the promises made by the Governor to rule the country with gentleness, the Prince could not do otherwise than commend the intention, even while distrusting the fulfilment. In his reply to the two letters of Don John, he thanked his Highness, with what seemed a grave irony, for the benign courtesy and signal honor which he had manifested to him, by inviting him so humanely and so carefully *to a tranquil life*, wherein, according to his Highness, consisted the perfection of felicity in this mortal existence, and by promising him so liberally favor and grace.[1] He stated, however, with earnestness, that the promises in regard to the pacification of the poor Netherland people were much more important. He had ever expected, he said, beyond all comparison, the welfare and security of the public before his own; "hav-

[1] Letter of the Prince of Orange to Don John of Austria, May 24, 1577, in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 289–291.

ing always placed his particular interests under his foot, even as he was still resolved to do, as long as life should endure."[1]

Thus did William of Orange receive the private advances made by the government towards himself. Meantime, Don John of Austria came to Louvain.[2] Until the preliminary conditions of the Perpetual Edict had been fulfilled, and the Spanish troops sent out of the country, he was not to be received as Governor-General, but it seemed unbecoming for him to remain longer upon the threshold of the provinces. He therefore advanced into the heart of the country, trusting himself without troops to the loyalty of the people, and manifesting a show of chivalrous confidence which he was far from feeling. He was soon surrounded by courtiers, time-servers, noble office-seekers. They who had kept themselves invisible, so long as the issue of a perplexed negotiation seemed doubtful, now became obsequious and inevitable as his shadow. One grand seignior wanted a regiment, another a government, a third a chamberlain's key; all wanted titles, ribbons, offices, livery, wages. Don John distributed favors and promises with vast liberality.[3] The object with which Philip had sent him to the Netherlands, that he might conciliate the hearts of its inhabitants by the personal graces which he had inherited from his imperial father, seemed in a fair way of accomplishment, for it was not only the venal applause of titled sycophants that he strove to merit, but he mingled gaily and familiarly with all classes of citizens.[4] Everywhere his handsome face and charming manner produced their natural effect. He dined and supped with the magistrates in the Town-house, honored general banquets of the burghers with his presence, and was affable and dignified, witty, fascinating, and commanding, by turns. At Louvain, the five military guilds held a solemn festival. The usual invitations were sent to the other societies, and to all the martial brotherhoods, the country round. Gay and gaudy processions, sumptuous banquets, military sports, rapidly succeeded each other. Upon the day of the great trial of skill, all the high functionaries of the land were, according to custom, invited, and the Governor was graciously pleased to honor the solemnity with his presence. Great was the joy of

[1] Letter of the Prince of Orange, etc., 290.—"Aiant, tousjours mis dessoubz les pieds mon regard particulier, ainsi que suis encore résolu de faire, tant qua la vie me demeurera."

[2] Bor, x. 804. Hoofd, xi. 493.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Tassis, iii. 257, sqq. Cabrera, xi. 904.

[4] Bor, Hoofd, Tassis, ubi sup.

the multitude when Don John, complying with the habit of imperial and princely personages in former days, enrolled himself, cross-bow in hand, among the competitors. Greater still was the enthusiasm, when the conqueror of Lepanto brought down the bird, and was proclaimed king of the year, amid the tumultuous hilarity of the crowd. According to custom, the captains of the guild suspended a golden popinjay around the neck of his Highness, and placing themselves in procession, followed him to the great church. Thence, after the customary religious exercises, the multitude proceeded to the banquet, where the health of the new king of the cross-bowmen was pledged in deep potations.[1] Long and loud was the merriment of this initiatory festival, to which many feasts succeeded during those brief but halcyon days, for the good-natured Netherlanders already believed in the blessed advent of peace. They did not dream that the war, which had been consuming the marrow of their commonwealth for ten flaming years, was but in its infancy, and that neither they nor their children were destined to see its close.

For the moment, however, all was hilarity at Louvain. The Governor, by his engaging deportment, awoke many reminiscences of the once popular Emperor. He expressed unbounded affection for the commonwealth, and perfect confidence in the loyalty of the inhabitants. He promised to maintain their liberties, and to restore their prosperity. Moreover, he had just hit the popinjay with a skill which his imperial father might have envied, and presided at burgher banquets with a grace which Charles could have hardly matched. His personal graces, for the moment, took the rank of virtues. "Such were the beauty and vivacity of his eyes," says his privy councillor, Tassis, "that with a single glance he made all hearts his own,"[2] yet, nevertheless, the predestined victim secretly felt himself the object of a marksman who had no time for painted popinjays, but who rarely missed his aim. "The whole country is at the devotion of the Prince, and nearly every one of its inhabitants;"[3] such was his secret language to his royal brother, at the very moment of the exuberant manifestations which preceded his own entrance to Brussels.

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[1] Tassis, iii. 237, 258. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 50.

[2] Tassis, iv. 326.

[3] Letter of Don John to Philip, April 7, 1577, in the appendix to the intercepted letters, Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc. Qui ont contrainct les Estats-Generaux de pourveoir a leur defence contre le Seign^r. D. Jehan d'Austrice, p. 41—Ed. G. Sylvius, Anvers., 1577.

While the Governor still tarried at Louvain, his secretary, Escovedo, was busily engaged in arranging the departure of the Spaniards,[1] for, notwithstanding his original reluctance and the suspicions of Orange, Don John loyally intended to keep his promise. He even advanced twenty-seven thousand florins towards the expense of their removal,[2] but to raise the whole amount required for transportation and arrears, was a difficult matter. The estates were slow in providing the one hundred and fifty thousand florins which they had stipulated to furnish. The King's credit, moreover, was at a very low ebb. His previous bonds had not been duly honored, and there had even been instances of royal repudiation, which by no means lightened the task of the financier, in effecting the new loans required.[3] Escovedo was very blunt in his language upon this topic, and both Don John and himself urged punctuality in all future payments. They entreated that the bills drawn in Philip's name upon Lombardy bankers, and discounted at a heavy rate of interest, by the Fuggers of Antwerp, might be duly provided for at maturity. "I earnestly beg," said Escovedo, "that your Majesty will see to the payment of these bills, at all events;" adding, with amusing simplicity, "this will be a means of recovering your Majesty's credit, and as for my own, I don't care to lose it, small though it be." Don John was even more solicitous. "For the love of God, Sire," he wrote, "do not be delinquent now. You must reflect upon the necessity of recovering your credit. If this receives now the final blow, all will desert your Majesty, and the soldiers too will be driven to desperation."[4]

By dint of great diligence on the part of Escovedo, and through the confidence reposed in his character, the necessary funds were raised in the course of a few weeks. There was, however, a difficulty among the officers, as to the right of commanding the army on the homeward march. Don Alonzo de Vargas, as chief of the cavalry, was appointed to the post by the Governor, but Valdez, Romero, and other veterans, indignantly refused to serve under one whom they declared their inferior officer. There was much altercation and heartburning, and an attempt was made to compromise the matter by the appointment of Count Mansfeld to the chief command.

[1] Letter of Escovedo, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 24, sqq. [2] Bor, x. 806, 807.
[3] See the letters of Escovedo in the intercepted letters, Discours Sommier, etc., passim.
[4] Letter of Escovedo to the King, 6 Avril, 1577, in Discours Sommier, etc., p. 11. Letter of Don John to the King, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 34, appendix.

This was, however, only adding fuel to the flames. All were dissatisfied with the superiority accorded to a foreigner, and Alonzo de Vargas, especially offended, addressed most insolent language to the Governor.[1] Nevertheless, the arrangement was maintained, and the troops finally took their departure from the country, in the latter days of April.[2] A vast concourse of citizens witnessed their departure, and could hardly believe their eyes, as they saw this incubus at last rolling off, by which the land had so many years been crushed.[3] Their joy, although extravagant, was, however, limited by the reflection that ten thousand Germans still remained in the provinces, attached to the royal service, and that there was even yet a possibility that the departure of the Spaniards was a feint. In truth, Escovedo, although seconding the orders of Don John, to procure the removal of these troops, did not scruple to express his regret to the King, and his doubts as to the result. He had been ever in hopes that an excuse might be found in the condition of affairs in France, to justify the retention of the forces near that frontier. He assured the King that he felt very doubtful as to what turn matters might take, after the soldiers were gone, seeing the great unruliness which even their presence had been insufficient completely to check.[4] He had hoped that they might be retained in the neighborhood, ready to seize the islands at the first opportunity. "For my part," he wrote, "I care nothing for the occupation of places within the interior, but the islands must be secured. To do this," he continued, with a deceitful allusion to the secret projects of Don John, "is, in my opinion, more difficult than to effect the scheme upon England. If the one were accomplished, the other would be easily enough managed, and would require but moderate means. Let not your Majesty suppose that I say this as favoring the plan of Don John, for this I put entirely behind me."[5]

Notwithstanding these suspicions on the part of the people,

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[1] Bor, x. 807. Hoofd, xii. 495.

[2] Bor, v. 807. Hoofd, xii. 496. Strada, ix. 433.

[3] Among the many witticisms perpetrated upon this occasion, the following specimen may be thought worth preserving:—

"Boetica gens Abiit; cur ploras Belgica? dicam
A quod in O non est litera versa queror."
Bor, x. 807. Hoofd, xii. 496.

[4] Letter of Escovedo to the King, 6 April, 1577, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 16, appendix.

[5] Letter of Escovedo, 9 April, 1577, Discours Sommier, p. 50.

this reluctance on the part of the government, the troops readily took up their line of march, and never paused till they reached Lombardy.[1] Don John wrote repeatedly to the King, warmly urging the claims of these veterans, and of their distinguished officers, Romero, Avila, Valdez, Montesdocca, Verdugo, Mondragon, and others, to his bountiful consideration. They had departed in very ill humor, not having received any recompense for their long and arduous services. Certainly, if unflinching endurance, desperate valor, and congenial cruelty, could atone in the monarch's eyes for the mutiny, which had at last compelled their withdrawal, then were these laborers worthy of their hire. Don John had pacified them by assurances that they should receive adequate rewards on their arrival in Lombardy, and had urged the full satisfaction of their claims and his promises in the strongest language. Although Don Alonzo de Vargas had abused him "with flying colors,"[2] as he expressed himself, yet he hastened to intercede for him with the King in the most affectionate terms. "His impatience has not surprised me," said the Governor, "although I regret that he has been offended, for I love and esteem him much. He has served many years with great distinction, and I can certify that his character for purity and religion is something extraordinary."[3]

The first scene in the withdrawal of the troops had been the evacuation of the citadel of Antwerp, and it had been decided that the command of this most important fortress should be conferred upon the Duke of Aerschot.[4] His claims as commander-in-chief, under the authority of the State Council, and as chief of the Catholic nobility, could hardly be passed over, yet he was a man whom neither party trusted. He was too visibly governed by interested motives. Arrogant where he felt secure of his own, or doubtful as to another's position, he could be supple and cringing when the relations changed. He refused an interview with William of Orange before consulting with Don John, and solicited one afterwards when he found that every effort was to be made to conciliate the Prince.[5] He was insolent to the Governor-General himself in February, and respectful in March. He usurped the first

[1] Mendoza, xvi. 336. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 233. Strada, ix. 433.

[2] Letter of Don John to the King, 7 April, 1577, in Discours Sommier, p. 29, appendix.—"Y quexase tan a banderas desplegadas de mi."

[3] Ibid. [4] Bor, x. 805. Cabrera, xi. 907. Meteren, vi. 119.

[5] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., Preface, p. lv. and note 1.

place in the church,[1] before Don John had been acknowledged Governor, and was the first to go forth to welcome him after the matter had been arranged. He made a scene of virtuous indignation in the State Council,[2] because he was accused of place-hunting, but was diligent to secure an office of the highest dignity which the Governor could bestow. Whatever may have been his merits, it is certain that he inspired confidence neither in the adherents of the King nor of the Prince; while he by turns professed the warmest regard both to the one party and the other. Spaniards and patriots, Protestants and Catholics, suspected the man at the same moment, and ever attributed to his conduct a meaning which was the reverse of the apparent.[3] Such is often the judgment passed upon those who fish in troubled waters only to fill their own nets.

The Duke, however, was appointed Governor of the citadel. Sancho d'Avila, the former constable, refused, with Castilian haughtiness, to surrender the place to his successor, but appointed his lieutenant, Martin d'Oyo, to perform that ceremony.[4] Escovedo, standing upon the drawbridge with Aerschot, administered the oath: "I, Philip, Duke of Aerschot," said the new constable, "solemnly swear to hold this castle for the King, and for no others." To which Escovedo added, "God help you, with all his angels, if you keep your oath; if not, may the Devil carry you away, body and soul." The few by-standers cried Amen; and with this hasty ceremony, the keys were delivered, the prisoners, Egmont, Capres, Goignies, and others, liberated, and the Spaniards ordered to march forth.[5]

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[1] Tassis, iii. 241.—Compare Van d. Vynckt, ii. 228.
[2] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 66.
[3] Ibid., vi. 66, 67.—Compare letter of Escovedo, Discours Sommier, p. 13, appendix.
[4] Bor, x. 805. Meteren, vi. 119. Hoofd, xii. 494. Cabrera, xi. 907.
[5] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza, xvi. 325, 326. Cabrera, xi. 908.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE UNDER SIDE OF THE CARDS.

Triumphal entrance of Don John into Brussels—Reverse of the picture—Analysis of the secret correspondence of Don John and Escovedo with Antonio Perez—Plots against the Governor's liberty—His desponding language and gloomy anticipations—Recommendation of severe measures—Position and principles of Orange and his family—His private views on the question of peace and war—His toleration to Catholics and Anabaptists censured by his friends—Death of Viglius—New mission from the Governor to Orange—Details of the Gertruydenberg conferences—Nature and results of these negotiations—Papers exchanged between the envoys and Orange—Peter Panis executed for heresy—Three parties in the Netherlands—Dissimulation of Don John—His dread of capture.

As already narrated, the soldiery had retired definitely from the country at the end of April, after which Don John made his triumphal entrance into Brussels on May 1st. It was long since so festive a May-day had gladdened the hearts of Brabant. So much holiday magnificence had not been seen in the Netherlands for years. A solemn procession of burghers, preceded by six thousand troops, and garnished by the free companies of archers and musketeers, in their picturesque costumes, escorted the young prince along the streets of the capital. Don John was on horseback, wrapped in a long green cloak, riding between the Bishop of Liege and the Papal nuncio.[1] He passed beneath countless triumphal arches. Banners waved before him, on which the battle of Lepanto, and other striking scenes in his life, were emblazoned. Minstrels sang verses, poets recited odes, rhetoric clubs enacted fantastic dramas in his honor, as he rode along. Young virgins crowned him with laurels. Fair women innumerable were clustered at every window, roof,

[1] Bor, x. 811. Meteren, vi. 120. Hoofd, xii. 500, sqq. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 233. Strada, ix. 433. Lettre de Barthelemi Liebart (avocat et bailli General de Tournay) 3me Mai, 1577.—"Estant le Sr. Dom Jean affublé d'un manteau de drap de couleur verd," etc. The Duke of Aerschot was magnificent as usual—"Vestu d'un collet de velours rouge cremoisy brodé d'or," etc., etc.—Ibid., apud Gachard, Documens Inédits concernant l'Histoire de la Belgique (Bruxelles, 1833). i. 362–364.

and balcony, their bright robes floating like summer clouds above him. "Softly from those lovely clouds," says a gallant chronicler, "descended the gentle rain of flowers."[1] Garlands were strewed before his feet, laurelled victory sat upon his brow. The same conventional enthusiasm and decoration which had characterized the holiday marches of a thousand conventional heroes were successfully produced. The proceedings began with the church, and ended with the banquet, the day was propitious, the populace pleased, and after a brilliant festival, Don John of Austria saw himself Governor-General of the provinces.

Three days afterwards, the customary oaths, to be kept with the customary conscientiousness, were rendered at the Town House,[2] and for a brief moment all seemed smiling and serene.

There was a reverse to the picture. In truth, no language can describe the hatred which Don John entertained for the Netherlands and all the inhabitants. He had come to the country only as a stepping-stone to the English throne, and he never spoke, in his private letters, of the provinces or the people but in terms of abhorrence. He was in a "Babylon of disgust," in a "Hell," surrounded by "drunkards," "wine-skins," "scoundrels," and the like. From the moment of his arrival he had strained every nerve to retain the Spanish troops, and to send them away by sea when it should be no longer feasible to keep them. Escovedo shared in the sentiments and entered fully into the schemes of his chief. The plot, the secret enterprise, was the great cause of the advent of Don John in the uncongenial clime of Flanders. It had been, therefore, highly important, in his estimation, to set, as soon as possible, about the accomplishment of this important business. He accordingly entered into correspondence with Antonio Perez, the King's most confidential Secretary of State at that period. That the Governor was plotting no treason is sufficiently obvious from the context of his letters. At the same time, with the expansiveness of his character, when he was dealing with one whom he deemed his close and trusty friend, he occasionally made use of expressions which might be made to seem equivocal. This was still more the case with poor Escovedo. Devoted to his master, and de-

[1] "Een lieflyke reeghen uit zoo heldere wolken."—Hoofd, xii. 500.
[2] Bor, x. 812. Meteren, vi. 120.

pending most implicitly upon the honor of Perez, he indulged in language which might be tortured into a still more suspicious shape, when the devilish arts of Perez and the universal distrust of Philip were tending steadily to that end. For Perez—on the whole, the boldest, deepest, and most unscrupulous villain in that pit of duplicity, the Spanish court—was engaged at that moment with Philip, in a plot to draw from Don John and Escovedo, by means of this correspondence, the proofs of a treason which the King and minister both desired to find. The letters from Spain were written with this view—those from Flanders were interpreted to that end. Every confidential letter received by Perez was immediately laid by him before the King, every letter which the artful demon wrote was filled with hints as to the danger of the King's learning the existence of the correspondence, and with promises of profound secrecy upon his own part, and was then immediately placed in Philip's hands, to receive his comments and criticisms, before being copied and despatched to the Netherlands.[1] The minister was playing a bold, murderous, and treacherous game, and played it in a masterly manner. Escovedo was lured to his destruction, Don John was made to fret his heart away, and Philip—more deceived than all—was betrayed in what he considered his affections, and made the mere tool of a man as false as himself and infinitely more accomplished.

Almost immediately after the arrival of Don John in the Netherlands, he had begun to express the greatest impatience for Escovedo, who had not been able to accompany his master upon his journey, but without whose assistance the Governor could accomplish none of his undertakings. "Being a man, not an angel, I cannot do all which I have to do," said he to Perez, "without a single person in whom I can confide."[2] He protested that he could do no more than he was then doing. He went to bed at twelve and rose at seven, without having an hour in the day in which to take his food regu-

[1] Many of these letters are contained in a very valuable MS. collection belonging to the royal library at the Hague, and entitled "Cartas qu'el Señor Don Juan de Austria y el Secretario Joan de Escobedo, descifradas, escribieron à Su. Magd. y Antonio Perez, desde Flandes." It is probable that these copies were made by the direction of Perez himself, when obliged to deposit the originals before the judges of Aragon.—Vide Gachard, Notice sur un Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Royale de la Haye, etc. Bullet. Com. Roy. xiii.

[2] Cartas del Señor Don J. d'Austria y el Señor Escobedo, MS. f. 1–4, 21 Dic., 1576.

larly; in consequence of all which he had already had three fevers. He was plunged into a world of distrust. Every man suspected him, and he had himself no confidence in a single individual throughout that whole Babylon of disgusts. He observed to Perez that he was at liberty to show his letters to the King, or to read them in the Council, as he meant always to speak the truth in whatever he should write. He was sure that Perez would do all for the best; and there is something touching in these expressions of an honest purpose towards Philip, and of generous confidence in Perez, while the two were thus artfully attempting to inveigle him into damaging revelations.[1] The Netherlanders certainly had small cause to love or trust their new Governor, who very sincerely detested and suspected them, but Philip had little reason to complain of his brother. "Tell me if my letters are read in Council, and what his Majesty says about them," he wrote; "and, above all, send money. I am driven to desperation at finding myself *sold to this people*, utterly unprovided as I am, and knowing the slow manner in which all affairs are conducted in Spain."[1]

He informed the King that there was but one man in the Netherlands, and that he was called the Prince of Orange. To him everything was communicated, with him everything was negotiated, opinions expressed by him were implicitly followed. The Governor vividly described the misgivings with which he had placed himself in the power of the states by going to Louvain, and the reluctance with which he had consented to send away the troops. After this concession, he complained that the insolence of the states had increased. "They think that they can do and undo what they like, now that I am at their mercy," he wrote to Philip. "Nevertheless, I do what you command without regarding *that I am sold*, and that I am in great danger of losing my liberty, a loss which I dread more than anything in the world, for I wish to remain justified before God and men."[2] He expressed, however, no hopes as to the result. Disrespect and rudeness could be pushed no further than it had already gone, while the Prince of Orange, the actual governor of the country, considered his own preservation dependent upon maintaining things as they then were. Don John, therefore,

[1] Cartas del Señor Don J. d'Austria y el Señor Escobedo, MS. f. 1–4, 21 Dic., 1576.

[2] Cartas del S. Don Joan, etc., MS., f. 4–12, 2 Jan., 1577.

advised the King steadily to make preparations for "a rude and terrible war,"[1] which was not to be avoided, save by a miracle, and which ought not to find him in this unprepared state. He protested that it was impossible to exaggerate the boldness which the people felt at seeing him thus defenceless. "They say publicly," he continued "that your Majesty is not to be feared, not being capable of carrying on a war, and having consumed and exhausted every resource. One of the greatest injuries ever inflicted upon us was by Marquis Havré, who, after his return from Spain, went about publishing everywhere the poverty of the royal exchequer. This has emboldened them to rise, for they believe that, whatever the disposition, there is no strength to chastise them. They see a proof of the correctness of their reasoning in the absence of new levies, and in the heavy arrearages due to the old troops."[2]

He protested that he desired, at least, to be equal to the enemy, without asking, as others had usually done, for double the amount of the hostile force. He gave a glance at the foreign complications of the Netherlands, telling Philip that the estates were intriguing both with France and England. The English envoy had expressed much uneasiness at the possible departure of the Spanish troops from the Netherlands by sea, coupling it with a probable attempt to liberate the Queen of Scots. Don John, who had come to the provinces for no other purpose, and whose soul had been full of that romantic scheme, of course stoutly denied and ridiculed the idea. "Such notions," he said to the envoy, "were subjects for laughter. If the troops were removed from the country, it was to strengthen his Majesty's force in the Levant."[3] Mr. Rogers, much comforted, had expressed the warm friendship which Elizabeth entertained both for his Majesty and his Majesty's representative; protestations which could hardly seem very sincere, after the series of attempts at the Queen's life, undertaken so recently by his Majesty and his Majesty's former representative. Nevertheless, Don John had responded with great cordiality, had begged for Elizabeth's portrait, and had expressed the intention, if affairs went as he hoped, to go privately to England for the purpose of kissing her royal hand.[4] Don John frther informed the King, upon

[1] "Una cruda y terible guerra."—Cartas del S. Don Joan, etc., MS., f. 4–12, 2 Jan. 1577.

[2] Cartas del S. Don Joan, etc., MS., f. 4–12, 2 Jan., 1577. [3] Ibid.

[4] "—— y yo compedirle su retrato y diciendo que si las cossas de aqui to-

the envoy's authority, that Elizabeth had refused assistance to the estates, saying, if she stirred it would be to *render aid to Philip*, especially if France should meddle in the matter. As to France, the Governor advised Philip to hold out hopes to Alençon of espousing the Infanta, but by no means ever to fulfil such a promise, as the Duke, "besides being the shield of heretics, was unscrupulously addicted to infamous vices."[1]

A month later, Escovedo described the downfall of Don John's hopes and his own in dismal language.—"You are aware," he wrote to Perez, "*that a throne*—a chair with a canopy—is our intention and our appetite, and all the rest is good for nothing. Having failed in our scheme, we are desperate and like madmen. All is now weariness and death."[2] Having expressed himself in such desponding accents, he continued, a few days afterwards, in the same lugubrious vein. "I am ready to hang myself," said he, "and I would have done it already, if it were not for keeping myself as executioner for those who have done us so much harm. Ah, Senor Antonio Perez!" he added, "what terrible pertinacity have those devils shown in making us give up our plot. It seems as though hell were opened and had sent forth heaps of demons to oppose our schemes."[3] After these vigorous ejaculations he proceeded to inform his friend that the English envoy and the states, governed by the Prince of Orange, in whose power were the much-coveted ships, had prevented the departure of the troops by sea. "These devils complain of the expense," said he; "but we would willingly swallow the cost if we could only get the ships." He then described Don John as so cast down by his disappointment as to be fit for nothing, and most desirous of quitting the Netherlands as soon as possible. He had no disposition to govern these wine-

massen assiento come esperava, hiria prividamente a besar la las *manos*."—Ibid. Upon this passage in his brother's letter, Philip made the pithy annotation, "*Mucho decir fue esto;* that was saying a good deal."—Ibid.

[1] "Porque de mas de ser este el escudo de los hereges, se tiene entendido que no hace escrupulo del pecado nefando."—Ibid.

[2] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12, 3 Feb., 1577.—"Vin se prevenga y crea que silla y cortina es muestro intento y apetito, y que todo lo demas es ymproprio y que abiendose caydo la traça de aquel amigo con loqual estamos desperados y como locos; todo a de ser cansancio y muerte."

[3] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7 Feb., 1577.—"Estoy por aorcarme, ya lo habia hecho sino me guardase para verdugo de quien tanto mal nos hace. Al Señor Antonio Perez y que pertinacia y terribilidad a sido la desos demonios en quitarnos nuestra traça; el ynfierno parece que sea abierto y que enbian de allà gentés a montones à este efeto."

skins.[1] Anyone who ruled in the provinces was obliged to do exactly what they ordered him to do. Such rule was not to the taste of Don John. Without any comparison, a woman would answer the purpose better than any man, and Escovedo accordingly suggested the Empress Dowager, or Madame de Parma, or even Madame de Lorraine. He further recommended that the Spanish troops, thus forced to leave the Netherlands by land, should be employed against the heretics in France. This would be a salve for the disgrace of removing them.[2] It would be read in history," continued the Secretary, "that the troops went to France in order to render assistance in a great religious necessity; while, at the same time, they will be on hand to chastise these drunkards, if necesssary.[3] To have the troops in France is almost as well as to keep them here." He begged to be forgiven if he spoke incoherently. 'Twas no wonder that he should do so, for his reason had been disordered by the blow which had been received. As for Don John, he was dying to leave the country, and although the force was too small for so great a general, yet it would be well for him to lead these troops to France in person. "It would sound well in history," said poor Escovedo, who always thought of posterity, without ever dreaming that his own private letters would be destined, after three centuries, to comment and earnest investigation; "it would sound well in history, that Don John went to restore the French kingdom and to extirpate heretics, with six thousand foot and two thousand horse. 'Tis a better employment, too, than to govern such vile creatures as these."[4]

If, however, all their plans should fail, the Secretary suggested to his friend Antonio, that he must see and make courtiers of them. He suggested that a strong administration might be formed in Spain, with Don John, the Marquis de Los Velez, and the Duke of Sesa. "With such chiefs, and with Anthony and John[5] for acolytes," he was of opinion that much good work might be done, and that Don John might become "the staff for his Majesty's old age."[6] He implored Perez, in the most urgent language, to procure Philip's con-

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[1] "Y para gobiernar estos cueros realmente no lo quiere."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7 Feb., 1577. [2] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7 Feb., 1577.

[3] "Y tanbien servirá esto de refrenar estos borrachos."—Ibid.

[4] "Se olgará mas de servir en esto que no en govierno de tan ruin gente."—Ibid.

[5] Viz., John of Escovedo and Antony Perez.

[6] El baculo por su bexez."—Cartas, etc., MS., 12–16, 7 Feb., 1577.

sent that his brother should leave the provinces. "Otherwise," said he, "we shall see the destruction of the friend whom we so much love! He will become seriously ill, and if so, good night to him![1] His body is too delicate." Escovedo protested that he would rather die himself. "In the catastrophe of Don John's death," he continued, "adieu the court, adieu the world!" He would incontinently bury himself among the mountains of San Sebastian, "preferring to dwell among wild animals than among courtiers." Escovedo accordingly, not urged by the most disinterested motives certainly, but with as warm a friendship for his master as princes usually inspire, proceeded to urge upon Perez the necessity of aiding the man who was able to help them. The first step was to get him out of the Netherlands. That was his constant thought, by day and night. As it would hardly be desirable for him to go alone, it seemed proper that Escovedo should, upon some pretext, be first sent to Spain. Such a pretext would be easily found, because, as Don John had accepted the government, "it would be necessary for him to do all which the rascals bade him."[2] After these minute statements, the Secretary warned his correspondent of the necessity of secrecy, adding that he especially feared "all the court ladies, great and small, but that he in *everything confided entirely in Perez.*"

Nearly at the same time, Don John wrote to Perez in a similar tone. "Ah, Señor Antonio, "he exclaimed, "how certain is my disgrace and my misfortune. Ruined is our enterprise, after so much labor and such skilful management."[3] He was to have commenced the work with the very Spanish soldiers who were now to be sent off by land, and he had nothing for it but to let them go, or to come to an open rupture with the states. "The last, his conscience, his duty, and the time, alike forbade."[4] He was therefore obliged to submit to the ruin of his plans, and "could think of nothing save to turn hermit, a condition in which a man's labors, be-

[1] "Y es de cuerpo tan delicado que lo temo dexarnos hia a buenas noches."—Cartas, etc., MS., 12–16, 7 Feb., 1577.

[2] "Porque recebido el gobierno a de acer lo que le aconsejaren estos bellacos."—Ibid.

[3] Cartas, etc., MS., 16 Feb., 1577, f. 16–18.—"A, Señor Antonio y cuan cierto es de mi desgracia y desdicha—la quiebra de nostro designio tras muy trabajado y bien guido que se tenia."

[4] Cartas, etc., MS., 16 Feb., 1577, f. 16–18.

ing spiritual, might not be entirely in vain."[1] He was so overwhelmed by the blow, he said, that he was constantly thinking of an anchorite's life. That which he had been leading had become intolerable. He was not fitted for the people of the Netherlands, nor they for him. Rather than stay longer than was necessary in order to appoint his successor, there was no resolution he might not take, even to leaving everything and coming upon them when they least expected him, although he were to receive a bloody punishment in consequence. He, too, suggested the Empress, who had all the qualities which he lacked himself, or Madame de Parma, or Madame de Lorraine, as each of them was more fit to govern the provinces that he pretended to be. "The people," said he, plainly, "*are beginning to abhor me, and I abhor them already.*"[2] He entreated Perez to get him out of the country by fair means or foul, "*per fas aut per nefas.*"[3] His friends ought to procure his liberation, if they wished to save him from the sin of disobedience, and even of infamy. He expressed the most unbounded confidence in the honor of his correspondent, adding that if nothing else could procure his release, the letter might be shown to the King. In general, the Governor was always willing that Perez should make what changes he thought advisable in the letters for his Majesty, altering or softening whatever seemed crude or harsh, provided always the main point—that of procuring his recall—were steadily kept in view. In this, said the Governor, vehemently, my life, my honor, and my soul are all at stake; for as to the two first, I shall forfeit them both certainly, and, in my desperate condition, I shall run great risk of losing the last.[4]

On the other hand, Perez was profuse in his professions of friendship both to Don John and to Escovedo; dilating in all his letters upon the difficulty of approaching the King upon the subject of his brother's recall, but giving occasional information that an incidental hint had been ventured which might not remain without effect. All these letters were, however, laid before Philip, for his approval, before being

[1] "Pues no sé en que pensar sino en una hermita y donde no sera en vano lo que el hombre trabaja se con el espiritu."—Cartas, etc., MS., 16 Feb., 1577, f. 16–18.

[2] "Por lo que me enpieçan avorrecer y por lo que yo les aborresco."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Cartas, etc., MS., 1 Marzo, 1577, f. 18–19.—"Qua en hacerlo me va la vida y onra y alma, porque las dos primeras partes perderé cierto—— y la tercera de puro desperado hira a gran riesgo."

despatched, and the whole subject thoroughly and perpetually discussed between them, about which Perez pretended that he hardly dared breathe a syllable to his Majesty. He had done what he could, he said, while reading, piece by piece, to the King, during a fit of the gout, the official despatches from the Netherlands, to insinuate such of the arguments used by the Governor and Escovedo as might seem admissible, but it was soon obvious that no impression could be made upon the royal mind. Perez did not urge the matter, therefore, "because," said he, "if the King should suspect that we had any other object than his interests, *we should all be lost.*"[1] Every effort should be made by Don John and all his friends to secure his Majesty's entire confidence, since by that course more progress would be made in their secret plans, than by proceedings concerning which the Governor wrote "with such fury and anxiety of heart."[2] Perez warned his correspondent, therefore, most solemnly, against the danger of "striking the blow without hitting the mark," and tried to persuade him that his best interests required him to protract his residence in the provinces for a longer period. He informed Don John that his disappointment as to the English scheme had met with the warmest sympathy of the King, who had wished his brother success. "I have sold to him, at as high a price as I could," said Perez, "the magnanimity with which your Highness had sacrificed, on that occasion, a private object to his service."[3]

The minister held the same language, when writing, in a still more intimate and expansive style, to Escovedo. "We must avoid, by a thousand leagues, the possibility of the King's thinking us influenced by private motives," he observed; "for we know the King and the delicacy of these matters. The only way to gain the good-will of the man is carefully to accommodate ourselves to his tastes, and to have the appearance of being occupied solely with his interests."[4] The

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[1] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 20–24.

[2] Ibid.—"Con tanta furia y cuidado de coraçon."

[3] "Su Magd. ha manifestado gran deseo de que se hubiera podido executar en esta occasion; y yo le he vendido quan caro he savido el aber popuesto V. Aa. su particular servicio."—Cartas, etc., MS. 20–24.

[4] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 24–27.—"Me parece que hemos de huir mil leguas de que piense el rey que tratamos tan de proposito de lo que toca al Señor Don Juan —— pues conocemos al rey y cuan delicadas materios de estado son estas, pues por el mismo caso no nos fiara nada y el camino *para ganar este hombre la voluntad* no a de ser sino tratar solamente de su negocio y accomodalle los estados y los negocios a su gusto."

letter, like all the rest, being submitted to "the man" in question, before being sent, was underlined by him at this paragraph and furnished with the following annotation:—"but you must enlarge upon the passage which I have marked—say more, even if you are obliged to copy the letter, in order that we may see the *nature of the reply.*"[1]

In another letter to Escovedo, Perez enlarged upon the impropriety, the impossibility of Don John's leaving the Netherlands at that time. The King was so resolute upon that point, he said, that 'twas out of the question to suggest the matter. "We should, by so doing, only lose all credit with him in other things. You know what *a terrible man* he is; if he should once suspect us of having a private end in view, we should entirely miss our mark.[2] Especially the secretary was made acquainted with the enormous error which would be committed by Don John in leaving his post. Perez "had ventured into the water" upon the subject, he said, by praising the Governor warmly to his Majesty. The King had responded by a hearty eulogium, adding that the greatest comfort in having such a brother was, that he might be where his Majesty could not be. Therefore, it was out of the question for Don John to leave the provinces. The greatest tact was necessary, urged Perez, in dealing with the King. If he should once suspect that we have a private purpose we are lost, and no Demosthenes or Cicero would be able to influence him afterwards."[3] Perez begged that his ardent attachment to Don John might be represented in the strongest colors to that high personage, who was to be assured that every effort would be made to place him at the head of affairs in Spain, according to the suggestion of Escovedo. "It would never do, however," he continued, "*to let our man see* that we desire it, for then we should never succeed. The only way to conquer him is to make him believe that things are going on *as he wishes*, not as his Highness may desire, and that we have none of us any will but the King's."[4] Upon this passage the "terrible man" made a brief annotation:

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[1] Mas os aviades de alargar en lo que yo rayo. Decid mas aunque se copie la carta, para ver el animo de la respuesta."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 24–27.

[2] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 27–32.—"Porque no perdemos el credito con el para otras cosas, que como Vm. sabe es terribile hombre," etc., etc.

[3] "Porque la ora que lleguemos a esto somos perdidos, y no abra Demosthenes ni Ciceron qui le persuada despues."—Cartas, etc., MS., 27–32.

[4] "Pero no lo mostremos a este ombre jamas que lo deseamos porque nunca lo veramos," etc.—Ibid.

"this paragraph does admirably," he said, adding, with characteristic tautology, "*and what you say in it is also excellent.*"[1]

"Therefore," continued the minister, "God forbid, Master Escovedo, that you should come hither now; for we should all be lost. In the English matter, I assure you that his Majesty was extremely anxious that the plan should succeed, either through the Pope, or otherwise. That puts me in mind," added Perez, "to say, body of God! Señor Escovedo! how the devil came you to send that courier to Rome about the English plot without giving me warning?"[2] He then proceeded to state that the papal nuncio in Spain had been much troubled in mind upon the subject, and had sent for him. "I went," said Perez, "and after he had closed the door, and looked through the keyhole to see that there were no listeners, he informed me that he had received intelligence from the Pope as to the demands made by Don John upon his Holiness for bulls, briefs, and money to assist him in his English scheme, and that eighty thousand ducats had already been sent to him in consequence." Perez added that the nuncio was very anxious to know how the affair should best be communicated to the King, without prejudice to his Highness. He had given him the requisite advice, he continued, and had himself subsequently told the King that, no doubt, letters had been written by Don John to his Majesty, communicating these negotiations at Rome, but that probably the despatches had been forgotten. Thus, giving himself the appearance of having smoothed the matter with the King, Perez concluded with a practical suggestion of much importance—the necessity, namely, of procuring the assassination of the Prince of Orange as soon as possible. "Let it never be absent from your mind," said he, "that a good occasion must be found *for finishing Orange*, since, besides the service which will thus be rendered *to our master*, and to the states, it will be worth *something to ourselves.*"[3]

[1] "Este capitulo va muy bien, y lo que decis en el tanbien."—Cartas, etc., MS., 27–32.

[2] "Cuerpo de Dios, Señor Escobedo, como diablos despacharon el correo a Roma sobre esto de Inglaterra," etc.—Ibid. Upon this passage the King has also noted with his own hand: "and this paragraph is even still more to the purpose, ("Y este capitulo va aun mejor al proposito.")—Ibid.

[3] "Ojo que no dexe Vm. de llevar en su pensamiento para si conviniesse y se pudiesse en ocasion pero compuesto todo de los estados a *acavar a Oranxe*, que demas del servicio que se ara a nuestro Señor y bien a esos estados *nos valdria algo*, y crea me que le digo la verdad y creame le digo otra vez."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 27–32.

No apology is necessary for laying a somewhat extensive analysis of this secret correspondence before the reader. If there be any value in the examples of history, certainly few chronicles can furnish a more instructive moral. Here are a despotic king and his confidential minister laying their heads together in one cabinet; the viceroy of the most important provinces of the realm, with his secretary, deeply conferring in another, not as to the manner of advancing the great interests, moral or material, of the people over whom God has permitted them to rule, but as to the best means of arranging conspiracies against the throne and life of a neighboring sovereign, with the connivance and subsidies of the Pope. In this scheme, and in this only, the high conspirators are agreed. In every other respect, mutual suspicion and profound deceit characterize the scene. The Governor is filled with inexpressible loathing for the whole nation of "drunkards and wine-skins" who are at the very moment strewing flowers in his path, and deafening his ears with shouts of welcome; the king, while expressing unbounded confidence in the viceroy, is doing his utmost, through the agency of the subtlest intriguer in the world, to inveigle him into confessions of treasonable schemes, and the minister is filling reams of paper with protestations of affection for the governor and secretary, with sneers at the character of the King, and with instructions as to the best method of deceiving him, and then laying the despatches before his Majesty for correction and enlargement. To complete the picture, the monarch and his minister are seen urging the necessity of murdering the foremost man of the age upon the very dupe who, within a twelvemonth, was himself to be assassinated by the self-same pair; while the arch-plotter who controls the strings of all these complicated projects is equally false to King, Governor, and Secretary, and is engaging all the others in these blind and tortuous paths, for the accomplishment of his own secret and most ignoble aims.

In reply to the letters of Perez, Don John constantly expressed the satisfaction and comfort which he derived from them in the midst of his annoyances. "He was very disconsolate," he said, "to be in that hell, and to be obliged to remain in it,"[1] now that the English plot had fallen to the

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., 26 Mayo, 1577, f. 32-34.—"Tiene me muy desconsolado por que estar en este ynfierno y aver destar."

ground, but he would nevertheless take patience, and wait for a more favorable conjuncture.

Escovedo expressed the opinion, however, notwithstanding all the suggestions of Perez, that the presence of Don John in the provinces had become entirely superfluous. "An old woman with her distaff," suggested the Secretary, "would be more appropriate; for there would be nothing to do, if the states had their way, save to sign everything which they should command."[1] If there should be war, his Highness would, of course, not abandon his post, even if permitted to do so; but otherwise, nothing could be gained by a prolonged residence. As to the scheme of assassinating the Prince of Orange, Escovedo prayed Perez to believe him incapable of negligence on the subject. "You know that the *finishing of Orange* is very near my heart," wrote the poor dupe to the man by whom he was himself so soon to be finished. "You may believe that I have never forgotten it, and never will forget it, until it be done. Much, and very much, artifice is, however, necessary to accomplish this object. A proper person to undertake a task fraught with such well-known danger, is hard to find. Nevertheless, I will not withdraw my attention from the subject till such a person be procured, and the deed be done."[2]

A month later, Escovedo wrote that he was about to visit Spain. He complained that he required rest in his old age, but that Perez could judge how much rest he could get in such a condition of affairs. He was, unfortunately, not aware, when he wrote, how soon his correspondent was to give him a long repose. He said, too, that the pleasure of visiting his home was counterbalanced by the necessity of traveling back to the Netherlands;[3] but he did not know that Perez was to spare him that trouble, and to send him forth upon a much longer journey.

The Governor-General had, in truth, not inspired the popular party or its leader with confidence, nor did he place the least reliance upon them. While at Louvain, he had com-

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[1] Cartas, etc., MS., 29 Màyo, 1577, f. 33–37.—"El Señor Don Juan no sera menester sino una dueña con su rueca que firme lo quellos quisieren."

[2] "Ya Vm. save cuanto que tengo en el pensamiento *el acavar a Oranxe* pues bien crera que no se me a *olvidado ni olvidara hasta acerlo;* que es menester mucho y muy mucho artificio y *persona tal que se encargue* del casso que como trae consigo tan conocido peligro no acavo de allarla aunque la he buscado. *No perdere al cuidado della asta ver lo hecho.*"—Ibid.

[3] Cartas, etc., MS., 21 Jùnio, 1577, f. 36–37.

plained that a conspiracy had been formed against his life and liberty. Two French gentlemen, Bonnivet and Bellangreville, had been arrested on suspicion of a conspiracy to secure his person, and to carry him off a prisoner to Rochelle. Nothing came of the examination which followed; the prisoners were released, and an apology was sent by the states-general to the Duke of Alençon, as well for the indignity which had been offered to two of his servants, as for the suspicion which had been cast upon himself.[1] Don John, however, was not satisfied. He persisted in asserting the existence of the conspiracy, and made no secret of his belief that the Prince of Orange was acquainted with the arrangement.[2] As may be supposed, nothing was discovered in the course of the investigation to implicate that astute politician. The Prince had indeed secretly recommended that the Governor should be taken into custody on his first arrival, not for the purpose of assassination or personal injury, but in order to extort better terms from Philip, through the affection or respect which he might be supposed to entertain for his brother. It will be remembered that unsuccessful attempts had also been made to capture the Duke of Alva and the Commander Requesens. Such achievements comported with the spirit of the age, and although it is doubtful whether any well-concerted plot existed against the liberty of the Governor, it is certain that he entertained no doubt on the subject himself.[3]

In addition to these real or suspected designs, there was an ever-present consciousness in the mind of Don John that the enthusiasm which greeted his presence was hollow, that no real attachment was felt for his person, that his fate was leading him into a false position, that the hearts of the people were fixed upon another, and that they were never to be won by himself. Instinctively he seemed to feel a multitude of invisible threads twining into a snare around him, and the courageous heart and the bounding strength became uneasily conscious of the act in which they were to be held captive till life should be wasted quite away.

The universal affection for the rebel Prince, and the hope-

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[1] Bor, x. 805. Hoofd, xi. 493.

[2] Cabrere asserts that Count Lalain, with other deputies of the estates, had conspired ("por persuasion del Principe de Orange y orden del Duque de Alençon") to make the capture of Don John's person; adding that the confession would have been extorted from them upon the rack, there being sufficient proofs of their guilt, but the affair was hushed up.—xi. 909[a] and[b].

[3] See the remarks of Groen van Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 42, 43.

less abandonment of the people to that deadliest of sins, the liberty of conscience, were alike unquestionable. "They mean to remain free, Sire," wrote Escovedo to Philip, "and to live as they please. To that end they would be willing that the Turk should come to be master of the country. By the road which they are travelling, however, it will be the Prince of Orange—which comes to quite the same thing."[1] At the same time, however, it was hoped that something might be made of this liberty of conscience. All were not equally sunk in the horrible superstition, and those who were yet faithful to Church and King might be set against their besotted brethren. Liberty of conscience might thus be turned to account. While two great parties were "by the ears, and pulling out each other's hair, all might perhaps be reduced together."[2] His Majesty was warned, nevertheless, to expect the worst, and to believe that the country could only be cured with fire and blood.[3] The position of the Governor was painful and perplexing. "Don John," said Escovedo, "*is thirty years old.* I promise your Majesty nothing, save that if he finds himself without requisite assistance, he will take himself off when your Majesty is least thinking of such a thing."[4]

Nothing could be more melancholy than the tone of the Governor's letters. He believed himself disliked, even in the midst of affectionate demonstrations. He felt compelled to use moderate counsels, although he considered moderation of no avail. He was chained to his post, even though the post could, in his opinion, be more advantageously filled by another. He would still endeavor to gain the affections of the people, although he believed them hopelessly alienated. If patience would cure the malady of the country, he professed himself capable of applying the remedy, although the medicine had so far done but little good, and although he had no very strong hopes as to its future effects.[5] "Thus far, however," said he, "I am but as one crying in the wilderness."[6] He took occasion to impress upon his Majesty, in very strong language, the necessity of money. Secret agents, spies, and spies

[1] Letter of Escovedo to the King, March 27, 1577, Discours Sammier, etc., p. 4, appendix.

[2] Letter of Escovedo, etc., Discours Sommier, p. 16.

[3] "Este negocio no esta para curarse con buenas razones, sino con fuego y con sangre."—Ibid.

[4] Letter of Escovedo, Discours Sommier, appendix. p. 16.

[5] Letter of Don John to the King, 7 Abríl, 1577, Discours Sommier, p. 27.

[6] "Pero veo que hasta agora es todo predicar en desierto."—Letter of Don John, 7 Abríl, 1577, Discours Sommier, etc., appendix, p. 36.

upon spies, were more necessary than ever, and were very expensive portions of governmental machinery. Never was money more wanted. Nothing could be more important than to attend faithfully to the financial suggestions of Escovedo, and Don John, therefore, urged his Majesty, again and again, not to dishonor their drafts. "Money is the gruel," said he, "with which we must cure this sick man;"[1] and he therefore prayed all those who wished well to his efforts, to see that his Majesty did not fail him in this important matter. Notwithstanding, however, the vigor of his efforts, and the earnestness of his intentions, he gave but little hope to his Majesty of any valuable fruit from the pacification just concluded. He saw the Prince of Orange strengthening himself, "with great fury," in Holland and Zeeland;[2] he knew that the Prince was backed by the Queen of England, who, notwithstanding her promises to Philip and himself, had offered her support to the rebels in case the proposed terms of peace were rejected in Holland, and he felt that "nearly the whole people was at the devotion of the Prince."[3]

Don John felt more and more convinced, too, that a conspiracy was on foot against his liberty. There were so many of the one party, and so few of the other, that if he were once fairly "trussed," he affirmed that not a man among the faithful would dare to budge an inch.[4] He therefore informed his Majesty that he was secretly meditating a retreat to some place of security; judging very properly that, if he were still his own master, he should be able to exert more influence over those who were still well disposed, than if he should suffer himself to be taken captive. A suppressed conviction that he could effect nothing, except with his sword, pierced through all his more prudent reflections. He maintained that, after all, there was no remedy for the body but to cut off the diseased parts at once,[5] and he therefore begged his Majesty for the means of performing the operation handsomely. The general expressions which he had previously used in favor of broths and mild treatment hardly tallied with the severe am-

[1] "—— en materia de dinero; porque este el pisto con que a de bolver en si este enformo," etc.—Letter of Don John to Perez, Discours Sommier, p. 44.

[2] "El Principe de Oranges continue el fortificar á gran fuia en Olanda y Zelanda."—Letter of Don John to the King, Discours Sommier, p. 35.

[3] Ibid., p. 36.—"La mayor parte de las estados esta a su devocion y casi todo el pueblo," etc.

[4] Ibid., p. 36.

[5] "Pues no tiene este cuerpo otro remedio que el cortar lo dañado del: lo qual se a de hazer ajora haziendo la provision que supliao de neuvo," etc., etc.—Ibid., p. 38.

putation thus recommended. There was, in truth, a constant struggle going on between the fierceness of his inclinations and the shackles which had been imposed upon him. He already felt entirely out of place, and although he scorned to fly from his post so long as it seemed the post of danger, he was most anxious that the King should grant him his dismissal, so soon as his presence should no longer be imperiously required. He was sure that the people would never believe in his Majesty's forgiveness until the man concerning whom they entertained so much suspicion should be removed; for they saw in him only the "thunderbolt of his Majesty's wrath."[1] Orange and England confirmed their suspicions, and sustained their malice. Should he be compelled, against his will, to remain, he gave warning that he might do something which would be matter of astonishment to everybody.[2]

Meantime, the man in whose hands really lay the question of war and peace, sat at Middelburg, watching the deep current of events as it slowly flowed towards the precipice. The whole population of Holland and Zeeland hung on his words. In approaching the realms of William the Silent, Don John felt that he had entered a charmed circle, where the talisman of his own illustrious name lost its power, where his valor was paralyzed, and his sword rested irrevocably in its sheath. "The people here," he wrote "are *bewitched* by the Prince of Orange. They love him, they fear him, and wish to have him for their master. They inform him of everything, and take no resolution without consulting him."[3]

While William was thus directing and animating the whole nation with his spirit, his immediate friends became more and more anxious concerning the perils to which he was exposed. His mother, who had already seen her youngest-born, Henry, her Adolphus, her chivalrous Louis, laid in their bloody graves for the cause of conscience, was most solicitous for the welfare of her "heart's-beloved lord and son," the Prince of Orange. Nevertheless, the high-spirited old dame was even more alarmed at the possibility of a peace in which that religious liberty for which so much dear blood had been poured forth should be inadequately secured. "My heart

[1] Letter of Don John to Philip, Discours Sommier, p. 44.

[2] "Seré forçado á hazer alguna cosa que de mucho que maravillat á todos," etc.—Letter to Perez, Discours Sommier, p. 45.

[3] "—— los tiene encantados porque la aman y temen y quieren por Señor. Ellos le avisan de todo y sin el no resuelven cosa."—Extract of MS. letter in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface, lxiii., note 3.

longs for certain tidings from my lord," she wrote to William, "for methinks the peace now in prospect will prove but an oppression for soul and conscience. I trust my heart's dearly-beloved lord and son will be supported by Divine grace to do nothing against God and his own soul's salvation. 'Tis better to lose the temporal than the eternal."[1] Thus wrote the mother of William, and we can feel the sympathetic thrill which such tender and lofty words awoke in his breast. His son, the ill-starred Philip, now for ten years long a compulsory sojourner in Spain, was not yet weaned from his affection for his noble parent, but sent messages of affection to him whenever occasion offered, while a less commendable proof of his filial affection he had lately afforded, at the expense of the luckless captain of his Spanish guard. That officer having dared in his presence to speak disrespectfully of his father, was suddenly seized about the waist by the enraged young Count, hurled out of a window, and killed stone-dead upon the spot.[2] After this exhibition of his natural feelings, the Spanish government thought it necessary to take more subtle means to tame so turbulent a spirit. Unfortunately they proved successful.

Count John of Nassau, too, was sorely pressed for money. Six hundred thousand florins, at least, had been advanced by himself and brothers to aid the cause of Netherland freedom.[3] Louis and himself had, unhesitatingly and immediately, turned into that sacred fund the hundred thousand crowns which the King of France had presented them for their personal use,[4] for it was not the Prince of Orange alone who had consecrated his wealth and his life to the cause, but the members of his family, less immediately interested in the country, had thus furnished what may well be called an enormous subsidy, and one most disproportioned to their means. Not only had they given all the cash which they could command by mortgaging their lands and rents, their plate and furniture, but, in the words of Count John himself, "they had taken the chains and jewels from the necks of their wives, their children, and their mother, and had hawked them about, as if they had themselves been traders and hucksters."[5] And yet, even now, while stooping under this prodigious debt, Count John asked not for present repayment. He only wrote to the

[1] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 49, 50.
[2] De la Pise, p. 603. Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 102.
[3] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 95, sqq. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

Prince to signify his extreme embarrassment, and to request some obligation or recognition from the cities of Holland and Zeeland, whence hitherto no expression of gratitude or acknowledgment had proceeded.[1]

The Prince consoled and assured, as best he could, his mother, son, wife, and brother, even at the same moment that he comforted his people. He also received at this time a second and more solemn embassy from Don John.[2] No sooner had the Governor exchanged oaths at Brussels, and been acknowledged as the representative of his Majesty, than he hastened to make another effort to conciliate the Prince. Don John saw before him only a grand seignior of lofty birth and boundless influence, who had placed himself towards the Crown in a false position, from which he might even yet be rescued; for to sacrifice the whims of a reforming and transitory religious fanaticism, which had spun itself for a moment about so clear a brain, would, he thought, prove but a trifling task for so experienced a politician as the Prince. William of Orange, on the other hand, looked upon his young antagonist as the most brilliant impersonation which had yet been seen of the foul spirit of persecution.

It will be necessary to follow, somewhat more in detail than is usually desirable, the interchange of conversation, letters, and protocols, out of which the brief but important administration of Don John was composed; for it was exactly in such manifestations that the great fight was really proceeding. Don John meant peace, wise William meant war, for he knew that no other issue was possible. Peace, in reality, was war in its worst shape. Peace would unchain every priestly tongue, and unsheath every knightly sword in the fifteen provinces against little Holland and Zeeland. He had been able to bind all the provinces together by the hastily forged chain of the Ghent treaty, and had done what he could to strengthen that union by the principle of mutual religious respect. By the arrival of Don John that work had been deranged. It had, however, been impossible for the Prince thoroughly to infuse his own ideas on the subject of toleration into the hearts of his nearest associates. He could not hope to inspire his deadly enemies with a deeper sympathy. Was he not himself the mark of obloquy among the Reformers, because of his leniency to Catholics? Nay more, was not his intimate

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 95, sqq.
[2] Bor, x. 814. Meteren, vii. 121.

councillor, the accomplished Saint Aldegonde, in despair because the Prince refused to exclude the Anabaptists of Holland from the rights of citizenship? At the very moment when William was straining every nerve to unite warring sects, and to persuade men's hearts into a system by which their consciences were to be laid open to God alone—at the moment when it was most necessary for the very existence of the fatherland that Catholic and Protestant should mingle their social and political relations, it was indeed a bitter disappointment for him to see wise statesmen of his own creed unable to rise to the idea of toleration. "The affair of the Anabaptists," wrote Saint Aldegonde, "has been renewed. The Prince objects to exclude them from citizenship. He answered me sharply, that their yea was equal to our oath, and that we should not press this matter, unless we were *willing to confess that it was just for the Papists to compel us* to a divine service which was against our conscience." It seems hardly credible that this sentence, containing so sublime a tribute to the character of the Prince, should have been indited as a bitter censure, and that, too, by an enlightened and accomplished Protestant. "In short," continued Saint Aldegonde, with increasing vexation, "I don't see how we can accomplish our wish in this matter. The Prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over consciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk who was not long ago here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that when the time came it would be black enough. In short, the Prince fears that after a few centuries the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing."[1]

Early in the month of May, Doctor Leoninus and Caspar Schetz, Seigneur de Grobbendonck, had been sent on a mission from the states-general to the Prince of Orange.[2] While their negotiations were still pending, four special envoys from Don John arrived at Middelburg. To this commission was informally adjoined Leoninus, who had succeeded to the general position of Viglius. Viglius was dead.[3] Since the memorable arrest of the State Council, he had not appeared on the scene of public affairs. The house-arrest, to which he had

[1] See the letter of Saint Aldegonde in Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, i. b. xi. 588, 589.

[2] Bor, x. 814. Hoofd, xii. 501.

[3] He died May 8, 1577.—Bor, x. 812. Hoofd, xii. 501.

been compelled by a revolutionary committee, had been indefinitely prolonged by a higher power, and after a protracted illness he had noiselessly disappeared from the stage of life. There had been few more learned doctors of both laws than he. There had been few more adroit politicians, considered from his point of view. His punning device was "*Vita mortalium vigilia*,"[1] and he acted accordingly, but with a narrow interpretation. His life had indeed been a vigil, but it must be confessed that the vigils had been for Viglius. The weather-beaten Palinurus, as he lŏved to call himself, had conducted his own argosy so warily that he had saved his whole cargo, and perished in port at last, while others, not sailing by his compass were still tossed by the tempest.

The agents of Don John were the Duke of Aerschot, the Seigneur de Hierges, Seigneur de Willerval, and Doctor Meetkercke, accompanied by Doctor Andrew Gaill, one of the imperial commissioners.[2] The two envoys from the states-general, Leoninus and Schetz, being present at Gertruydenberg were added to the deputation.[3] An important conference took place, the details of which have been somewhat minutely preserved.[4] The Prince of Orange, accompanied by Saint Aldegonde and four other councillors, encountered the seven champions from Brussels in a long debate, which was more like a passage of arms or a trial of skill than a friendly colloquy with a pacific result in prospect; for it must be remembered that the Prince of Orange did not mean peace. He had devised the Pacification of Ghent as a union of the other provinces with Holland and Zeeland, against Philip. He did not intend that it should be converted into a union of the other provinces with Philip, against Holland and Zeeland.

Meetkercke was the first to speak. He said that the Governor had despatched them to the Prince, to express his good intentions, to represent the fidelity with which his promises

[1] Bor, x. 812. Meteren, vi. 120.—Another motto of his was, "*En groot Jurist een booser Christ;*" that is to say, A good lawyer is a bad Christian.—Meteren, vi. 120. Unfortunately his own character did not give the lie satisfactorily to the device.

[2] Bor. x. 814. Hoofd, xii. 502.

[3] Bor, x. 816. Hoofd, xii. 502.

[4] By the learned and acute Gachard, to whom the history of the Netherlands is under such great obligations. Vide Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. preface, lxii. lxiii., and appendice, pp. 447–459, where is to be found the "Vraye Narration des Propos da Costé et d'aultre tenuz entre des Deputes d'Hollande et de Zelande á Gheertrudenberg au mois de May, 1577." "On reconnait," says M^r. Gachard, "en lisant cette curieuse relation, qu'elle fut l'ouvrage d'un des conseillers du Prince, peut-être l'auteur en est il Philippe de Marnix (St. Aldegonde) lui-même."—Note to p. 447, Guillaume le Tacit, iii.

had thus far been executed, and to entreat the Prince, together with the provinces of Holland and Zeeland, to unite with their sister provinces in common allegiance to his Majesty. His Highness also proposed to advise with them concerning the proper method of convoking the states-general.[1] As soon as Meetkercke had finished his observations, the Prince demanded that the points and articles should be communicated to him in writing. Now this was precisely what the envoys preferred to omit. It was easier, and far more agreeable to expatiate in a general field of controversy, than to remain tethered to distinct points. It was particularly in these confused conferences, where neither party was entirely sincere, that the volatile word was thought preferable to the permanent letter. Already so many watery lines had been traced, in the course of these fluctuating negotiations, that a few additional records would be, if necessary, as rapidly effaced as the rest.

The commissioners, after whispering in each other's ears for a few minutes, refused to put down anything in writing. Protocols, they said, only engendered confusion.

"No, no," said the Prince, in reply, "we will have nothing except in black and white. Otherwise things will be said on both sides, which will afterwards be interpreted in different ways. Nay, it will be denied that some important points have been discussed at all. We know that by experience. Witness the solemn treaty of Ghent, which ye have tried to make fruitless, under pretence that some points, arranged by word of mouth, and not stated particularly in writing, had been intended in a different sense from the obvious one. Governments given by royal commission, for example; what point could be clearer? Nevertheless, ye have hunted up glosses and cavils to obscure the intention of the contracting parties. Ye have denied my authority over Utrecht, because not mentioned expressly in the treaty of Ghent."[2]

"But," said one of the envoys, interrupting at this point, "neither the Council of State nor the Court of Mechlin consider Utrecht as belonging to your Excellency's government."[3]

"Neither the Council of State," replied the Prince, "nor the Court of Mechlin have anything to do with the matter. 'Tis in my commission, and all the world knows it."[4] He

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 447, 448. [2] Ibid., 449, 450.
[3] See details of Conferences at Gertruydenberg, preserved by Bor x, 819.
[4] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504.

added that instead of affairs being thrown into confusion by being reduced to writing, he was of opinion, on the contrary, that it was by that means alone they could be made perfectly clear.

Leoninus replied, good naturedly, that there should be no difficulty upon that score, and that writings should be exchanged. In the meantime, however, he expressed the hope that the Prince would honor them with some preliminary information as to the points in which he felt aggrieved, as well as to the pledges which he and the states were inclined to demand.

"And what reason have we to hope," cried the Prince, "that your pledges, if made, will be redeemed? That which was promised so solemnly at Ghent, and ratified by Don John and his Majesty, has not been fulfilled."[1]

"Of what particular point do you complain?" asked Schetz. "Wherein has the Pacification been violated?"

Hereupon the Prince launched forth upon a flowing stream of invective. He spoke to them of his son detained in distant captivity—of his own property at Breda withheld—of a thousand confiscated estates—of garrisons of German mercenaries—of ancient constitutions annihilated—of the infamous edicts nominally suspended, but actually in full vigor. He complained bitterly that the citadels, those nests and dens of tyranny, were not yet demolished. "Ye accuse me of distrust," he cried; "but while the castles of Antwerp, Ghent, Namur, and so many more are standing, 'tis yourselves who show how utterly ye are without confidence in any permanent and peaceful arrangement.[2]

"And what," asked the deputy, smoothly, "is the point which touches you most nearly? What is it that your Excellency most desires? By what means will it be possible for the government fully to give you contentment?"[3]

"I wish," he answered, simply, "the full execution of the Ghent Pacification. If you regard the general welfare of the land, it is well, and I thank you. If not, 'tis idle to make propositions, for I regard my country's profit, not my own."[4] Afterwards, the Prince simply repeated his demand that the Ghent treaty should be executed; adding, that after the states-general should have been assembled, it would be time to propose the necessary articles for mutual security.

[1] Vraye Narration, etc. Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 450.
[2] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504. Compare Cabrera, xi. 913, 914.
[3] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504.
[4] Ibid., xii. 504.

Hereupon Doctor Leoninus observed that the assembly of the states-general could hardly be without danger. He alluded to the vast number of persons who would thus be convoked, to the great discrepancy of humors which would thus be manifested. Many men would be present neither discreet nor experienced. He therefore somewhat coolly suggested that it might be better to obviate the necessity of holding any general assembly at all. An amicable conference, for the sake of settling doubtful questions, would render the convocation superfluous, and save the country from the dangers by which the step would be attended. The Doctor concluded by referring to the recent assemblies of France, the only result of which had been fresh dissensions.[1] It thus appeared that the proposition on the part of Don John meant something very different from its apparent signification. To advise with the Prince as to the proper method of assembling the estates really meant, to advise with him as to the best means of preventing any such assembly. Here, certainly, was a good reason for the preference expressed by the deputies, in favor of amicable discussions over formal protocols. It might not be so easy in a written document to make the assembly, and the prevention of the assembly, appear exactly the same thing.

The Prince replied that there was a wide difference between the condition of France and of the Netherlands. Here, was one will and one intention. There, were many factions, many partialities, may family intrigues. Since it had been agreed by the Ghent treaty that certain points should be provisionally maintained and others settled by a speedy convocation of the states-general, the plainest course was to maintain the provisional points, and to summon the states-general at once.[2] This certainly was concise and logical. It is doubtful, however, whether he were really as anxious for the assembly-general as he appeared to be. Both parties were fencing at each other, without any real intention of carrying their points, for neither wished the convocation, while both affected an eagerness for that event.—The conversation proceeded.

"At least," said an envoy, "you can tell beforehand in what you are aggrieved, and what you have to propose."

"We are aggrieved in nothing, and we have nothing to propose," answered the Prince, "so long as you maintain the Pacification. We demand no other pledge, and are willing to refer everything afterwards to the assembly."

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[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 451. [2] Ibid., 452.

"But," asked Schetz, "what security do you offer us that you will yourselves maintain the Pacification?"

"We are not bound to give assurances," answered the Prince. "The Pacification is itself an assurance. 'Tis a provisional arrangement, to be maintained by both parties, until after the decision of the assembly. The Pacification must therefore be maintained or disavowed. Choose between the two. Only, if you mean still to acknowledge it, you must keep its articles. This *we* mean to do, and if up to the present time you have any complaint to make of our conduct, as we trust you have not, we are ready to give you satisfaction."[1]

"In short," said an envoy, "you mean, after we shall have placed in your hands the government of Utrecht, Amsterdam, and other places, to deny us any pledges on your part to maintain the Pacification."

"But," replied the Prince, "if we are already accomplishing the Pacification, what more do you wish?"

"In this fashion," cried the others, "after having got all that you ask, and having thus fortified yourselves more than you were ever fortified before, you will make war upon us."

"War?" cried the Prince, "what are you afraid of? We are but a handful of people; a worm compared to the King of Spain. Moreover, ye are fifteen provinces to two. What have you to fear?"[2]

"Ah," said Meetkercke, "we have seen what you could do, when you were masters of the sea. Don't make yourselves out quite so little."[3]

"But," said the Prince, "the Pacification of Ghent provides for all this. Your deputies were perfectly satisfied with the guarantees it furnished. As to making war upon you, 'tis a thing without foundation or appearance of probability. Had you believed then that you had anything to fear, you would not have forgotten to demand pledges enough. On the contrary, you saw how roundly we were dealing with you then, honestly disgarnishing the country, even before the peace had been concluded. For ourselves, although we felt the right to demand guarantees, we would not do it, for we were treating with you on terms of confidence. We declared expressly that had we been dealing with the King, we should have exacted stricter pledges. As to demanding them of us at the moment,

[1] Vraye Narration, 452, 453.
[2] Ibid.
[3] "—— et pourtant ne vous faites pas si petits comme vous faictes."—Ibid.

'tis nonsense. We have neither the means of assailing you, nor do we deem it expedient to do so."[1]

"To say the truth," replied Schetz, "we are really confident that you will not make war upon us. On the other hand, however, we see you spreading your religion daily, instead of keeping it confined within your provinces. What assurance do you give us that, after all your demands shall have been accorded, you will make no innovation in religion."[2]

"The assurance which we give you," answered the Prince, "is that we will really accomplish the Pacification."

"But," persisted Schetz, "do you fairly promise to submit to all which the states-general shall ordain, as well on this point of religious exercise in Holland and Zeeland, as on all the others?"[3]

This was a home thrust. The Prince parried it for a while. In his secret thoughts he had no expectation or desire that the states-general, summoned in a solemn manner by the Governor-General, on the basis of the memorable assembly before which was enacted the grand ceremony of the imperial abdication, would ever hold their session, and although he did not anticipate the prohibition by such assembly, should it take place, of the Reformed worship in Holland and Zeeland, he did not intend to submit to it, even should it be made.

"I cannot tell," said he, accordingly, in reply to the last question, "for ye have yourselves already broken and violated the Pacification; having made an accord with Don John without our consent, and having already received him as Governor."

"So that you don't mean," replied Schetz, "to accept the decision of the states?"[4]

"I don't say that," returned the Prince, continuing to parry; "it is possible that we might accept it; it is possible that we might not. We are no longer in our entire rights, as we were at the time of our first submission at Ghent."

"But we will make you whole," said Schetz.

"That you cannot do," replied the Prince, "for you have broken the Pacification all to pieces. We have nothing, therefore to expect from the states, but to be condemned offhand."[5]

"You don't mean, then," repeated Schetz, "to submit to the estates touching the exercise of religion?"

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[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 454. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 455. [4] bid., 456.
[5] "Que d'estre condemnès à pur et à plain."—Ibid.

"No, we do not!" replied the Prince, driven into a corner at last, and striking out in his turn. "We certainly do not. To tell you the truth, we see that you intend our extirpation, and we don't mean to be extirpated."[1]

"Ho!" said the Duke of Aerschot, "there is nobody who wishes that."

"Indeed, but you do," said the Prince. "We have submitted ourselves to you in good faith, and you now would compel us and all the world to maintain exclusively the Catholic religion. This cannot be done except by extirpating us."

A long, learned, vehement discussion upon abstract points, between Saint Aldegonde, Leoninus, and Doctor Gaill, then ensued, during which the Prince, who had satisfied himself as to the result of the conference, retired from the apartment. He afterwards had a private convention with Schetz and Leoninus, in which he reproached them with their inclination to reduce their fatherland to slavery.[2] He also took occasion to remark to Hierges, that it was a duty to content the people; that whatever might be accomplished for them was durable, whereas the will of kings was perishing. He told the Duke of Aerschot that if Utrecht were not restored, he would take it by force. He warned the Duke that to trust the King was to risk his head. He, at least, would never repose confidence in him, having been deceived too often. The King cherished the maxim, *haereticis non est servanda fides;* as for himself, he was *calbo y calbanista*, and meant to die so.[3]

The formal interchange of documents soon afterwards took place. The conversation thus held between the different parties shows, however, the exact position of affairs. There was no change in the intentions of either Reformers or Royalists. Philip and his representatives still contended for two points, and claimed the praise of moderation that their demands were so few in number. They were willing to concede everything, save the unlimited authority of the King and the exclusive maintenance of the Catholic religion. The Prince of Orange, on his side, claimed two points also—the

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 456.

[2] Vraye Narration, etc., 459.

[3] Extracts from the MS. letters (28th and 29th of May, 1577) of Don John to the King, given by M. Gachard in the preface to the third vol. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., p. lxiii.

ancient constitutions of the country and religious freedom. It was obvious enough that the contest was the same, in reality, as it had ever been. No approximation had been made towards a reconciling absolutism with national liberty, persecution with toleration. The Pacification of Ghent had been a step in advance. That Treaty opened the door to civil and religious liberty,[1] but it was an agreement among the provinces, not a compact between the people and the monarch. By the casuists of Brussels and the licentiates of Louvain, it had, to be sure, been dogmatically pronounced orthodox, and had been confirmed by royal edict. To believe, however, that his Catholic Majesty had faith in the dogmas propounded, was as absurd as to believe in the dogmas themselves. If the Ghent Pacification really had made no breach in royal and Roman infallibility, then the efforts of Orange and the exultation of the Reformers had indeed been idle.

The envoys accordingly, in obedience to their instructions, made a formal statement to the Prince of Orange and the states of Holland and Zeeland, on the part of Don John.[2] They alluded to the departure of the Spaniards, as if that alone had fulfilled every duty and authorized every claim. They therefore demanded the immediate publication in Holland and Zeeland of the Perpetual Edict. They insisted on the immediate discontinuance of all hostile attempts to reduce Amsterdam to the jurisdiction of Orange; required the Prince to abandon his pretensions to Utrecht, and denounced the efforts making by him and his partisans to diffuse their heretical doctrines through the other provinces. They observed, in conclusion, that the general question of religion was not to be handled, because reserved for the consideration of the states-general, according to the treaty of Ghent.[3]

The reply, delivered on the following day by the Prince of Orange and the deputies, maintained that the Perpetual Edict was widely different from the Pacification of Ghent, which it affected to uphold; that the promises to abstain from all violation of the ancient constitutions had not been kept,

[1] Even Tassis admits this fact, which is indeed indisputable.—"Abhorrebat Austriacus," says he (liii. p. 245), "a confirmatione Pacis Gandavensis, quod per eam tacite introducebatur libertas Religionis."

[2] See it in Bor, x. 816, 817.—Compare the letter of instruction published by Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 438–446.

[3] Bor, x. 816, 817. Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 438–446.

that the German troops had not been dismissed, that the property of the Prince in the Netherlands and Burgundy had not been restored, that his son was detained in captivity, that the government of Utrecht was withheld from him, that the charters and constitution of the country, instead of being extended, had been contracted, and that the Governor had claimed the right to convoke the states-general at his pleasure, in violation of the ancient right to assemble at their own. The document further complained that the adherents of the Reformed religion were not allowed to frequent the different provinces in freedom, according to the stipulations of Ghent; that Don John, notwithstanding all these shortcomings, had been acknowledged as Governor-General, without the consent of the Prince; that he was surrounded with a train of Spaniards, Italians, and other foreigners—Gonzaga, Escovedo, and the like—as well as by renegade Netherlanders like Tassis, by whom he was unduly influenced against the country and the people, and by whom a "back door was held constantly open" to the admission of evils innumerable."[1] Finally, it was asserted that, by means of this last act of union, a new form of inquisition had been introduced, and one which was much more cruel than the old system; inasmuch as the Spanish Inquisition did not take information against men except upon suspicion, whereas, by the new process, all the world would be examined as to their conscience and religion, under pretence of maintaining the union.[2]

Such was the result of this second mission to the Prince of Orange on the part of the Governor-General. Don John never sent another. The swords were now fairly measured between the antagonists, and the scabbard was soon to be thrown away. A few weeks afterwards, the Governor wrote to Philip that there was nothing in the world which William of Orange so much abhorred as his Majesty; adding, with Castillian exaggeration, that if the Prince could drink the King's blood he would do so with great pleasure.[3]

Don John, being thus seated in the saddle, had a moment's leisure to look around him. It was but a moment,

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[1] "Dat Don Johan een achter deure open houd met de boven genoemede en andere van gelijke stoffe," etc., etc.

[2] Reply of the States of Holland. Bor, x. 818b.

[3] Extract from MS. letter (28th of July, 1577) of Don John to the King, apud Gachard, preface to Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. lxiv., notes 112.

for he had small confidence in the aspect of affairs, but one of his first acts after assuming the government afforded a proof of the interpretation which he had adopted of the Ghent Pacification. An edict was issued, addressed to all bishops, "heretic-masters,"[1] and provincial councils, commanding the strict enforcement of the Canons of Trent, and other ecclesiastical decrees. These authorities were summoned instantly to take increased heed of the flocks under their charge, "and to protect them from the ravening wolves which were seeking to devour them."

The measure bore instant fruit. A wretched tailor of Mechlin, Peter Panis by name, an honest man, but a heretic, was arrested upon the charge of having preached or exhorted at a meeting in that city. He confessed that he had been present at the meeting, but denied that he had preached. He was then required to denounce the others who had been present, and the men who had actually officiated. He refused, and was condemned to death. The Prince of Orange, while the process was pending, wrote an earnest letter to the Council of Mechlin, imploring them not now to rekindle the fires of religious persecution.[2] His appeal was in vain. The poor tailor was beheaded at Mechlin on June 15th, the Conqueror of Lepanto being present at the execution,[3] and adding dignity to the scene. Thus, at the moment when William of Orange was protecting the Anabaptists of Middelburg in their rights of citizenship, even while they refused its obligations, the son of the Emperor was dipping his hands in the blood of a poor wretch who had done no harm but to listen to a prayer without denouncing the preacher. The most intimate friends of the Prince were offended with his liberality. The imperial shade of Don John's father might have risen to approve the son who had so dutifully revived his bloody edicts and his ruthless policy.

Three parties were now fairly in existence: the nobles, who hated the Spaniards, but who were disposed to hold themselves aloof from the people; the adherents of Don John, commonly called "Johanists;" and the partisans of the Prince of Orange—for William the Silent had always felt the necessity of leaning for support on something more substantial than the court party, a reed shaken by the wind,

[1] "Ketter meesters."—See the edict, Bor, vi. 819, 820.
[2] Bor, x. 820. Hoofd, xii. 507. Meteren, vii. 122a.
[3] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

and failing always when most relied upon. His efforts were constant to elevate the middle class, to build up a strong third party which should unite much of the substantial wealth and intelligence of the land, drawing constantly from the people, and deriving strength from national enthusiasm —a party which should include nearly all the political capacity of the country; and his efforts were successful. No doubt the Governor and his Secretary were right when they said the people of the Netherlands were inclined to brook the Turk as easily as the Spaniard for their master, and that their hearts were in reality devoted to the Prince of Orange.

As to the grandees, they were mostly of those who "sought to swim between two waters," according to the Prince's expression. There were but few unswerving supporters of the Spanish rule, like the Berlaymont and the Tassis families. The rest veered daily with the veering wind. Aerschot, the great chief of the Catholic party, was but a cringing courtier, false and fawning both to Don John and the Prince. He sought to play a leading part in a great epoch; he only distinguished himself by courting and betraying all parties, and being thrown away by all. His son and brother were hardly more respectable. The Prince knew how little dependence could be placed on such allies, even although they had signed and sworn the Ghent Pacification. He was also aware how little it was the intention of the Governor to be bound by that famous Treaty. The Spanish troops had been, indeed, disbanded, but there were still between ten and fifteen thousand German mercenaries in the service of the King; these were stationed in different important places, and held firm possession of the citadels. The great keys of the country were still in the hands of the Spaniards. Aerschot, indeed, governed the castle of Antwerp, in room of Sancho d'Avila, but how much more friendly would Aerschot be than Avila, when interest prompted him to sustain Don John against the Prince?

Meanwhile, the estates, according to their contract, were straining every nerve to raise the requisite sum for the payment of the German troops. Equitable offers were made, by which the soldiers were to receive a certain proportion of the arrears due to them in merchandise, and the remainder in cash.[1] The arrangement was rejected, at the

[1] Bor, x. 820.

secret instance of Don John.[1] While the Governor affected an ingenuous desire to aid the estates in their efforts to free themselves from the remaining portion of this incumbrance, he was secretly tampering with the leading German officers, in order to prevent their acceptance of any offered terms.[2] He persuaded these military chiefs that a conspiracy existed, by which they were not only to be deprived of their wages, but of their lives. He warned them to heed no promises, to accept no terms. Convincing them that he, and he only, was their friend, he arranged secret plans by which they should assist him in taking the fortresses of the country into still more secure possession,[3] for he was not more inclined to trust to the Aerschots and the Havrés than was the Prince himself.

The Governor lived in considerable danger, and in still greater dread of capture, if not of assassination. His imagination, excited by endless tales of ambush and half-discovered conspiracies, saw armed soldiers behind every bush, a pitfall in every street. Had not the redoubtable Alva been nearly made a captive? Did not Louis of Nassau nearly entrap the Grand Commander? No doubt the Prince of Orange was desirous of accomplishing a feat by which he would be placed in regard to Philip on the vantage ground which the King had obtained by his seizure of Count Van Buren, nor did Don John need for warnings coming from sources far from obscure. In May, the Viscount De Gand had forced his way to his bedside in the dead of night, and wakening him from his sleep, had assured him, with great solemnity, that his life was not worth a pin's purchase if he remained in Brussels. He was aware, he said, of a conspiracy by which both his liberty and his life were endangered, and assured him that in immediate flight lay his only safety.[4]

The Governor fled to Mechlin, where the same warnings were soon afterwards renewed, for the solemn sacrifice of Peter Panis, the poor preaching tailor of that city, had not been enough to strike terror to the hearts of all the Netherlands. One day, toward the end of June, the Duke of Aerschot, riding out with Don John,[5] gave him a circumstantial

[1] Meteren, vii. 122. Bor, x. 820, sqq. Hoofd, xii. 505.
[2] Meteren, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. [3] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.
[4] Vera et Simplex Narratio Eorum quae ab Adventu D. Joannis Austriaci, etc., gesta sunt, p. 13.—Luxumbergi, 1578. [5] Ibid., p. 17.

account of plots, old and new, whose existence he had discovered or invented, and he showed a copy of a secret letter, written by the Prince of Orange to the estates, recommending the forcible seizure of his Highness. It is true that the Duke was, at that period and for long after, upon terms of the most "fraternal friendship" with the Prince, and was in the habit of signing himself "his very affectionate brother and cordial friend to serve him,"[1] yet this did not prevent him from accomplishing what he deemed his duty, in secretly denouncing his plans. It is also true that he, at the same time, gave the Prince private information concerning the government, and sent him intercepted letters from his enemies,[2] thus easing his conscience on both sides, and trimming his sails to every wind which might blow. The Duke now, however, reminded his Highness of the contumely with which he had been treated at Brussels, of the insolent threats with which the citizens had pursued his servants and secretaries even to the very door of his palace.[3] He assured him that the same feeling existed at Mechlin, and that neither himself nor family were much safer there than in the capital, a plot being fully organized for securing his person. The conspirators, he said, were openly supported by a large political party, who called themselves anti-Johanists, and who clothed themselves in symbolic costume, as had been done by the disaffected in the days of Cardinal Granvelle. He assured the Governor that nearly all the members of the states-general were implicated in these schemes. "And what becomes, then, of their promises?" asked Don John. "That for their promises!" cried the Duke, snapping his fingers;[4] "no man in the land feels bound by engagements now." The Governor demanded the object of the states in thus seeking to deprive him of his liberty. The Duke informed him that it was to hold him in captivity until they had compelled him to sign every paper which they chose to lay before him. Such things had been done in the Netherlands in former days, the Duke observed, as he proceeded to narrate how a predecessor of his

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 141–143.

[2] See the letter last quoted, Archives, etc., vi. 143, 144.

[3] Vera et Simplex Narratio, etc., p. 14.—Compare the Memoire de Grobbendonck, p. 172; Bull. Com. Roy., x.

[4] Ibid., p. 19.—See also the letter of Don John to the states-general, dated August 24, 1577, in Bor, xi, 864, 865.—"Dareop by antwoorde klickende mette fingern, etc.

Highness and a prince of the land, after having been compelled to sign innumerable documents, had been, in conclusion, tossed out of the windows of his own palace, with all his retinue, to perish upon the pikes of an insurgent mob below.[1] The Governor protested that it did not become the son of Charles the Fifth and the representative of his Catholic Majesty to hear such intimations a second time. After his return, he brooded over what had been said to him for a few days, and he then broke up his establishment at Mechlin, selling off his superfluous furniture and even the wine in his cellars.[2] Thus showing that his absence, both from Brussels and Mechlin, was to be a prolonged one, he took advantage of an unforeseen occurrence again to remove his residence.

[1] Vera Narratio, etc.. p. 18, 19. Letter of Don John, ubi sup.
[2] Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc., p. 17, Bor, x. 828.

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